Liberty

JANUARY 6, 1945
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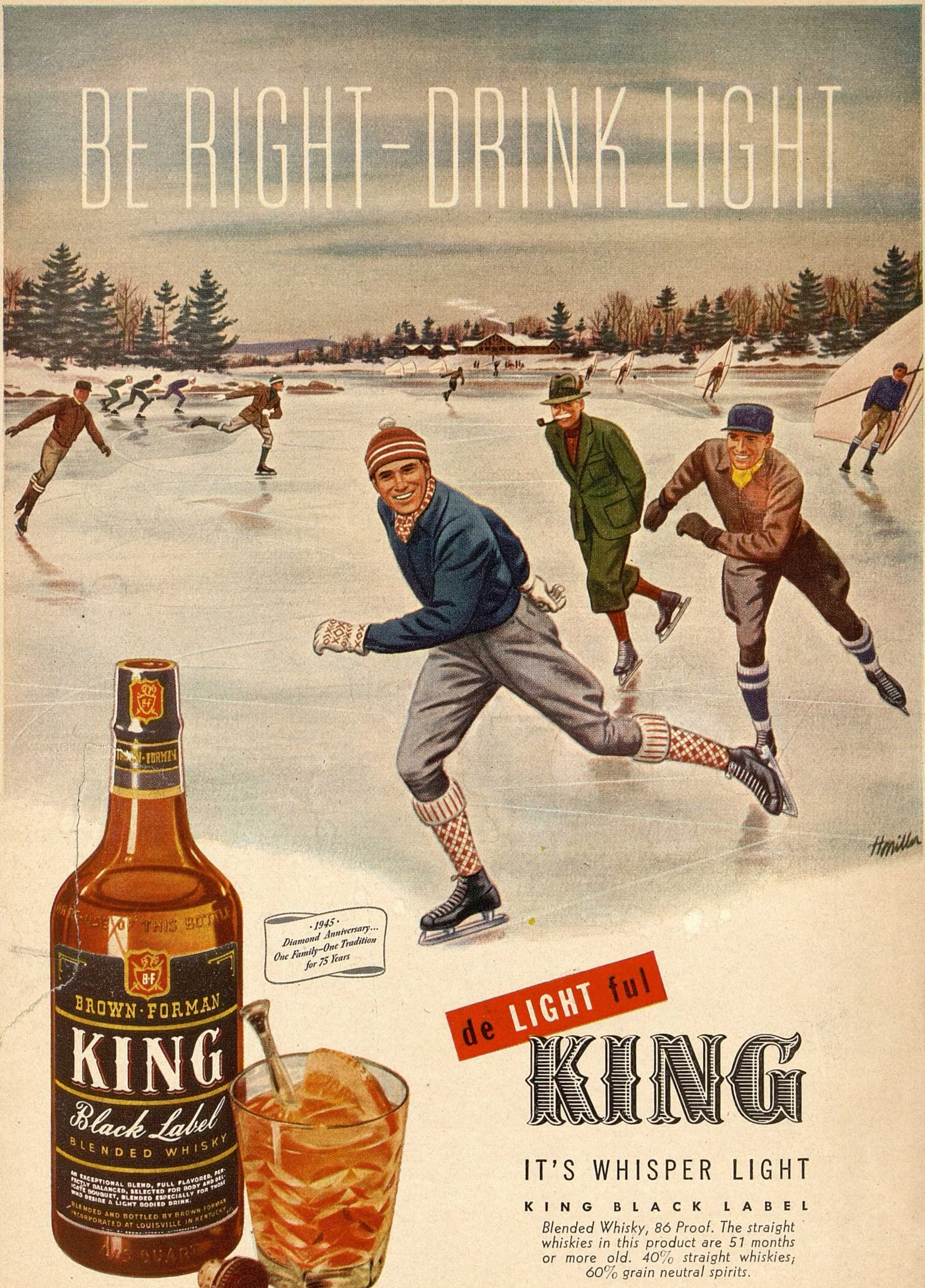
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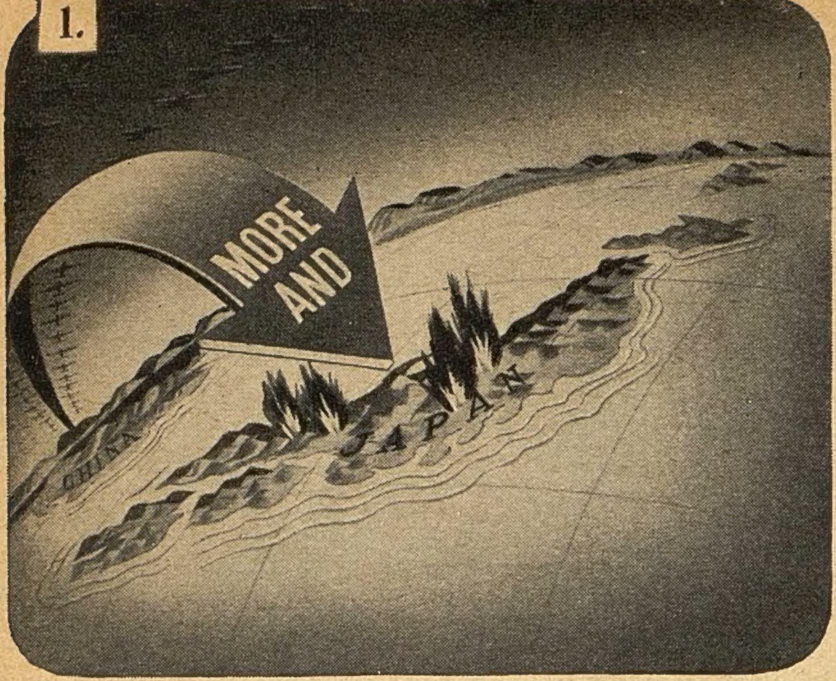
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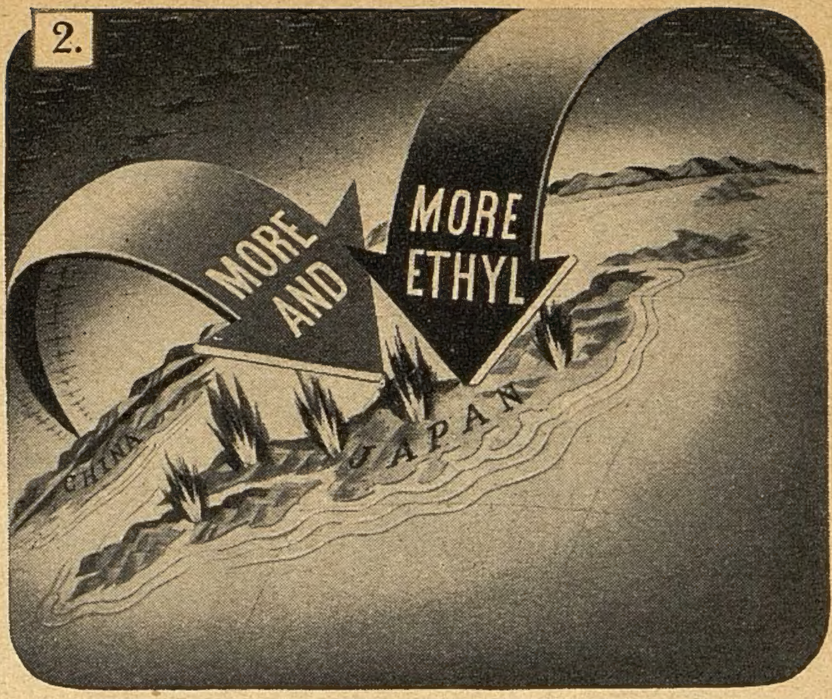
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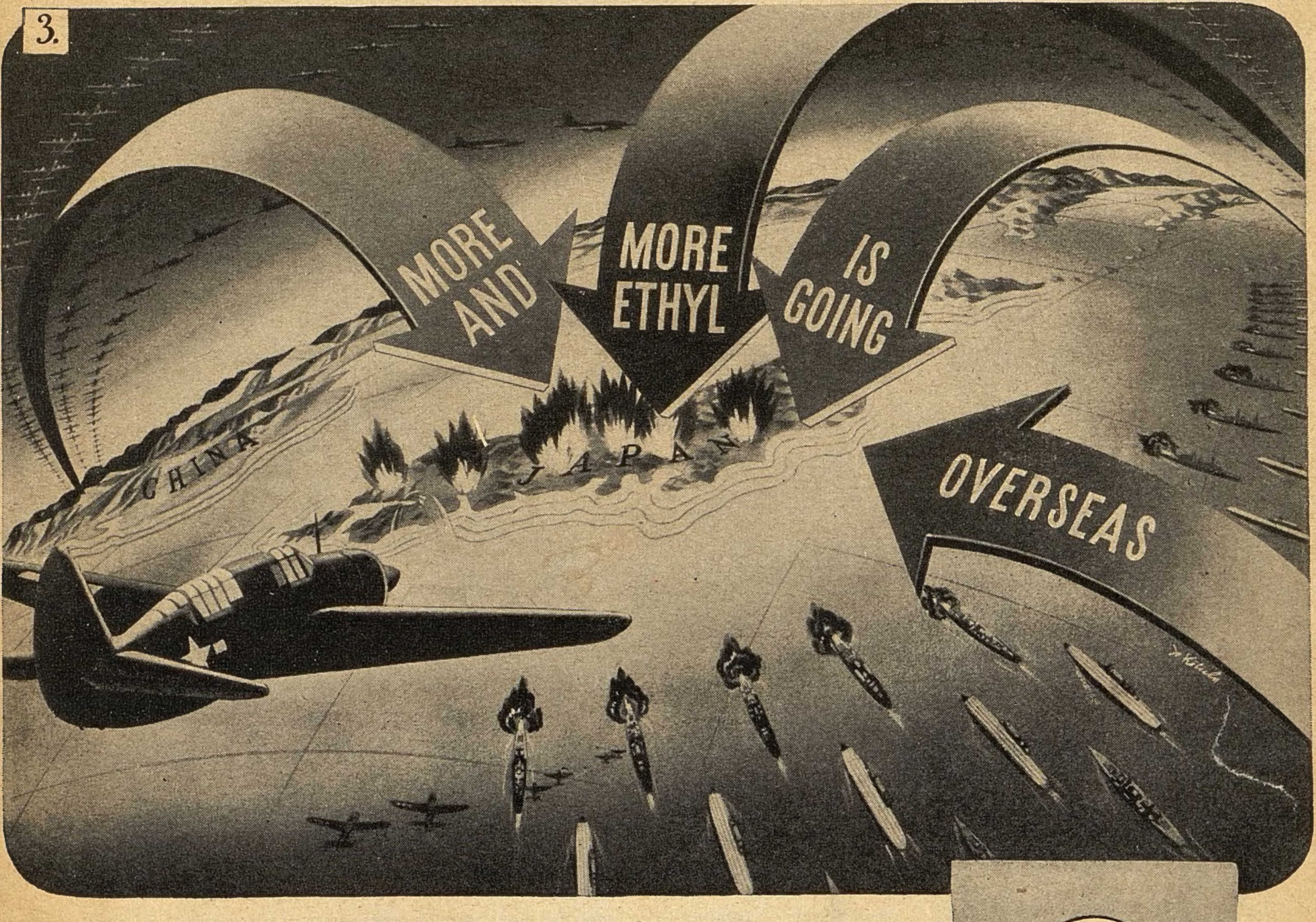
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"Softening up" Japan isn't a matter of a bombing raid or two. It takes more than that to whip 72,875,800 fanatics who are pledged to war and ready to die for their emperor.

Our Air Forces will hit them again and again . . . with more and more planes . . . around the clock . . . from every point of the compass. And *that* is going to take a lot of high-octane gasoline.

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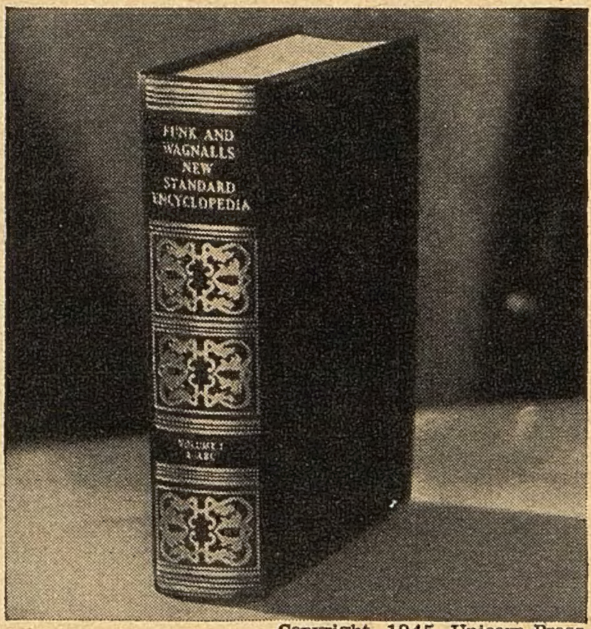

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VOX POP

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THE CAPTAIN AND SENATOR MEAD

Belgium—I have just finished reading the condensation of Senator Mead's book Tell the Folks Back Home (September 2). What America needs today is more men like Senator Mead who will tell the folks back home from firsthand experience what this war means to the boys fighting it. I think that senators, congressmen, and other high officials should be allowed to visit war fronts at least once a month with the specific intent of writing an interesting article about what they see our soldiers doing. The reading public is being exposed to too many "hero stories" of the war, and the actual conditions of war that exist for 95 per cent of our fighting men are not brought to the readers' attention.

Senator Mead's book outlines the living conditions and characteristics of the people with whom our men have to live as well as the climate of the particular spot where they're located. It tells about mosquitoes, malaria, and loneliness—things the soldier lives with every day. Not only does this article act as an eye-opener to the people at home but, next to a letter from home, it is the greatest type of morale builder for the men about whom he writes. Men like to know that a senator is interested enough about a dump truck they drive to write "the dump truck is one of the secret weapons that is winning the war."—*Captain Joseph A. Ballard, C. E.*

ANTICLIMAX

Flagstaff, Ariz.—Just lately I was reading a story in Liberty called Sucker Bait (October 21). It was really exciting, and I enjoyed what I read to the fullest. And then —bingo!—I find it's continued in the next issue.

Now, what I want to know is, why in heck should anybody ruin a good story like Sucker Bait by publishing it in two parts? I wish you could tell me.—*Alex Loos, A. S.*

We felt the story was much too good to cut down to fit one issue, so, we ran it in two parts. But cheer up, sailor; it doesn't happen very often.—Vox Pop Editor.

WARTIME ARTIST

Ramsey, N. J.—I just want to thank you for the double-page picture The Battle for Fox Green Beach, painted by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, U. S. N. R. (November 25). I unclipped the magazine carefully, mounted the picture and hung it in my dining room.

It helps a lot when you're a civilian at home to look at a picture which was painted right on the scene. Such paintings, being the real thing, like our war newsreels, make the war a lot more real to civilians. At any rate, they make me realize what our boys are going through day after day and what we are—missing.—*J. S.*

THE CASE OF THE UNCOOKED LOBSTER

Hawthorne, Calif.—Tell "Naturalist" H. C. Thorbahn, who said lobsters are not red when still uncooked (November 25 Vox Pop), to come out to the West Coast and we'll catch him a red lobster any morning before breakfast. The Pacific lobster is always red in its natural state.—*H. M. Bennett.*

SLANT EYES

Phoenix, Ariz.—While reading Fan-Tan Dan Comes Home, by Walter C. Brown (November 25), I noticed on page 19, center column, a sentence starting "The slant-eyed men of Ho-Tai," etc.

Before Mr. Brown wrote the story he should have checked on whether or not Chinese are slant-eyed. Japs *are*. Chinese eyes are as straight as Caucasian eyes, but they have a natural squint which makes them appear slanted at a quick glance.

I have many Chinese friends, so I know what I'm talking about.—*K. T. Hudson.*

WELCOME MAT

Chicago, Ill.—After reading Mrs. M. Fretch's letter (November 18 Vox Pop) regarding our treatment of Aussie brides of our servicemen, I want to tell her that not everyone in the States resents our boys marrying foreigners.

I'm sure that Mrs. Fretch, who has been much closer to the war than we, understands how strain shortens tempers and makes some of us lose all sense of balance. But this resentment is only a temporary thing. Some girls feel they may never have the chance to marry; some mothers resent the fact that their daughters will have to spend lonely lives. But when the war ends, they will realize that our boys always have used good judgment, and that soldiers' wives from Australia and all other countries will be a credit to our nation.

Speaking as a single person, like most other young women, I feel it would be a grave mistake to marry some boy whose heart is in another country.

Believe me, Mrs. Fretch, there are millions of us who are extremely glad to have you with us.—*H. Dunleavy.*

PERFECTIONIST!

Norfolk, Va.—Your November 4 cover, titled—Halloween: When a Sentry Needs a Friend! shows the soldier standing in the moonlight, but his watch reads 6.30! What gives? Is the watch on his wrist in the wrong position? Ha!—*W. J. Stanton.*

The watch hands point to midnight—the witching hour! The soldier must have been so nervous he put his watch on upside down!—Vox Pop Editor.

DENOUNCED BY A DANCER!

Oakland, Calif.—I have just finished reading the condensation of Deadline at Dawn, by William Irish (November 4). Evidently Irish was never in a "taxi" dance hall in his life and was simply drawing on his imagination!

TICK
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F C

For your information I have never heard of any "taxi" dance hall that had less than 200 dances a night, so a girl could make at least ten dollars a night. Any respectable dance-hall girl would spit in your eye if offered two and a half cents commission on each dime in place of five cents on each and every dance. And what's all this about giving a man a refund on his tickets because he didn't use them all up before closing time? Ha! Ha! Ha! Are you kidding? Having worked in all money-making dance halls up and down the coast for years, I should know!—*Miss F. C. Greblet.*

WAR, SPORTS, AND STYLES

Memphis, Tenn.—I've been following your Camera Eye feature ever since it started, and I just wanted to say that the November 25 Camera Eye was the best yet. The war pictures were excellent; so were the sports shots. And then there was just enough humor in the page to make it really good. I especially enjoyed the lady modeling the bra with the shoulder pads. Woo-woo!—*Joe Greene.*

AMERICANS AND PROPAGANDA

Norfolk, Va.—Your November 25 editorial What Shall We Do About Germany? makes me wonder how much effect propaganda has had on the American people so far.

According to propaganda, Germany must be turned into a farming country and starve, or allowed to retain her industries and thus prepare for another war. That is the picture painted by the commentators and writers. As a matter of fact the problem can be solved without starving Germany or allowing her to begin another war.

We should let Germany keep her industrial plants, and allow her people to use their skill to benefit humanity. Then we

(*Continued on page 8*)

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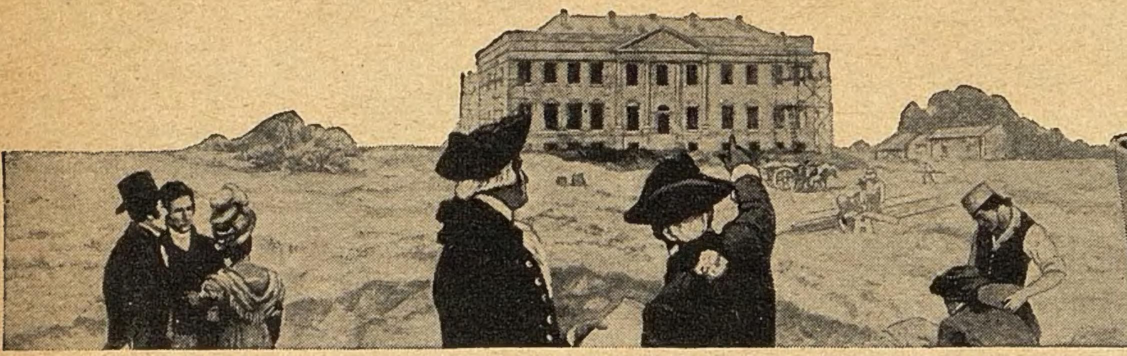

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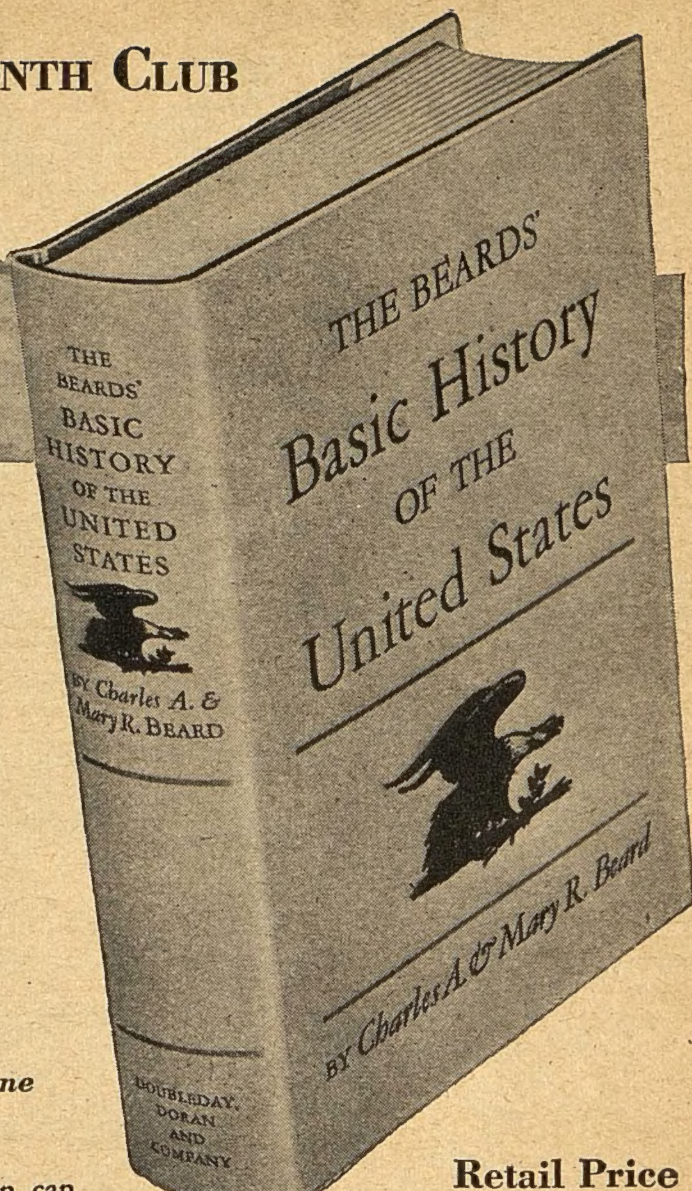
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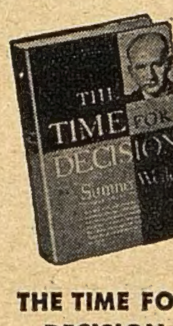

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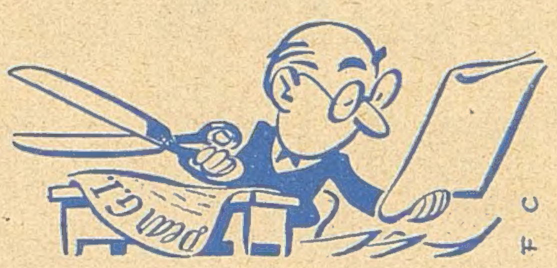
(Continued from page 6)

should divide Germany up among the neighboring nations, giving them each a part of Germany. By this means, the German people would not suffer, but they would not have a Germany to rebuild. They would not have a foundation upon which to build a new war machine. They would be building up as citizens of Holland, Denmark, Belgium, France, and other neighbors.

It would be difficult to build a new war machine to restore Germany if the German people were citizens of another country. The world would benefit by the above solution, for we can well do without Germany as a warring nation. Nothing will be lost by not having a Germany as a country. The police problem would be solved by each country, and thus we would not need an international police force.—*L. T. Dunning.*

THE LETTER FROM HOME

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have worked out an efficient system of making my letters to soldier friends vastly more interesting and useful. Perhaps some other people would like to follow suit. First I address a set of envelopes to all the people I write to. During the one- to two-week intervals between letters, I clip items from the papers and magazines that will appeal to each soldier and pop them in their respective envelopes.



Then, when a letter arrives, I dash off an answering note and insert it in the already-addressed envelope—chockful of vital items. The next step is to address a fresh envelope and start all over again!—*P. K. Thomajan.*

DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—I have just read the article High School Will Be Different, by Helen Weigel Brown (November 18). I am particularly happy that such a wide circulation of this article was made possible through your splendid magazine. I am confident that high schools will be different in the future. It will be most helpful to have an informed public to support changes which we hope will make for improved efficiency and service in our secondary schools.—*W. E. Buckey, Principal, Fairmont Senior High School.*

NO "SOFT" PEACE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Let's have more articles like Watch Out for German Whitewash, by Sigrid Schultz (November 25). This is the time—before the peace is signed—when we should talk out loud about what we are going to do with Germany. This is the time that all angles should be considered—especially those angles which the Germans will try to use to get a "soft" peace.

Let's talk while the situation is red hot! Let's back up our boys over there with constructive thinking now—so that when the chance comes for action we'll have the whole thing settled. Let's make this peace stick!—*A. B. K.*

Liberty
JAN. 13, 1945
Book: HIGH TIME
RUSSIA HOLDS TRUMPS AGAINST

NEXT WEEK

✓ HIGH TIME

By Mary Lasswell
Liberty's Book Condensation

The three indomitable old girls who made the country rock with laughter in Miss Lasswell's best seller, Suds in Your Eyes, are back again in all their glory. As they set out to help win the war, their behavior may not be in accordance with Emily Post, but it's strictly according to Hoyle!

✓ RUSSIA HOLDS TRUMPS AGAINST JAPAN

By William van Narvig

There's a short cut to Japan. It's ideal for a great mechanized army. Will Russia use it? When—and how?

✓ FOREVER WINSOR

By Art Cohn

A candid portrait of the amazingly pretty and amazingly young woman who created bawdy, best-selling Forever Amber, as sketched by the boss who once fired her from an $18-a-week job!

✓ THE "UNBELIEVABLE" BABY FLAT-TOPS

By Hannibal Coons

Meet the escort carriers, the little CVEs, and learn the part these "cardboard giant-killers" played in the rout of the Jap fleet in the Philippines.

✓ THE SILENT WAR ON RADIO SPIES

By Robert J. Lewis

Spies have a tough job communicating with their headquarters these days. As soon as an illicit radio station opens up our men are on the job to run it down.

✓ WHOSE BOOM?

By Darrell Huff

We're earning and saving more money than anybody ever did before—but what are we going to do with it? And who is "we"?

✓ FIRE ON THE DESERT

By Zachary Gold

Martha loved her husband enough to pull up stakes and share his restless roving, but in her heart was always a longing to strike root and call some place "home."

Here they come . . . out of "The Wild Blue Yonder" . . . flying straight into your heart!

MOSS HART'S

Winged Victory

The Army Air Forces' Own Great Stage Show Soars To The Screen In Cloud-Crashing Glory!

with

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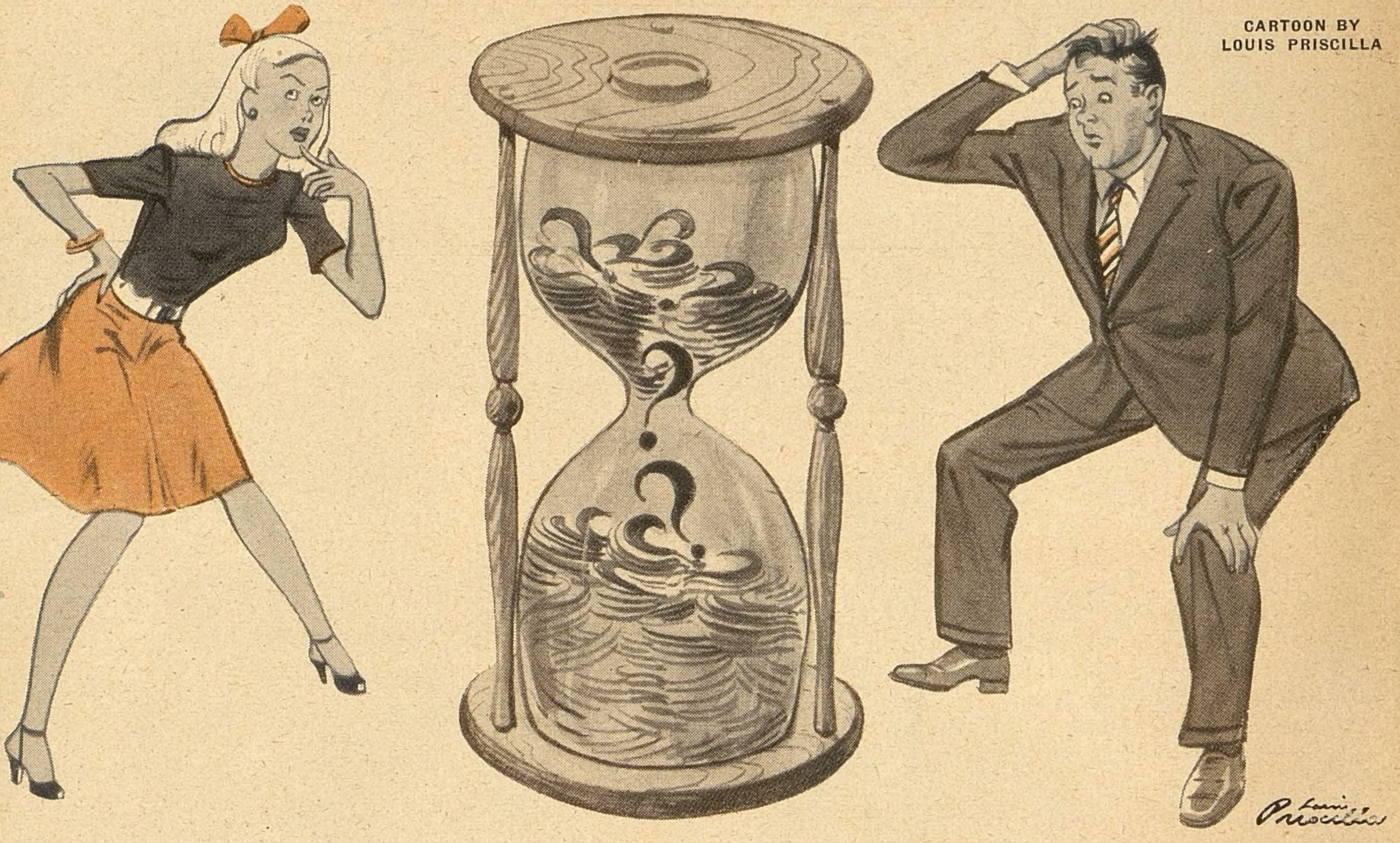
Sgt. Edmond O'Brien • Jane Ball
Sgt. Mark Daniels • Jo-Carroll Dennison
Cpl. Don Taylor • Judy Holliday
Cpl. Lee J. Cobb • T/Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes
Cpl. Alan Baxter

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Directed by GEORGE CUKOR Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart

What Do You Remember about 1944?

BY TED SHANE



CARTOON BY
LOUIS PRISCILLA

Priscilla

1. There were the major prophets: Identify (*a*) the congressman who in April said, "F. D. R. will not carry a single state north of the Mason-Dixon Line"; (*b*) the writer who in '43 had claimed that by February, '44, the U. S. A. would not have enough to eat and would face starvation.

2. What was the "crime that has no equal in German history"?

3. The word Pensive made headlines. Identify.

4. Who died and left a fortune with which to educate the Irish?

5. (*a*) What great polo player was killed abroad? (*b*) The son of what American ex-governor? (*c*) The son of what famous writer? (*d*) What general crashed to death in the Burmese jungle? (*e*) Who was Frederick Faust?

6. Bob Hope, after a trip abroad, returned with a definition of strategy: "Strategy is when the High Command gets together and decides how, where, and when to attack without getting —— —— caught in the crossfire." Fill in name Bob referred to.

7. The president of Murder, Inc., left us. Who was he, and how did he go?

8. Berlin, Wisconsin, sprang into prominence. Why?

9. Who called whom a "squalid caucus boss and butcher"?

10. June 6, 1944, was what besides Tuesday?

11. Both Father O'Malley and Father Orlemanski made history. Why?

12. In the world of sport: (*a*) Where did Brooklyn wind up in the National League race? (*b*) What big-league team was renamed the Blue Jays? (*c*) Who cared? (*d*) Who won the National Tennis Singles at Forest Hills? (*e*) What miler prayed before each race? (*f*) Who was Arne Andersson? (*g*) Explain 59-0.

13. Who made the biggest comeback of the year?

14. (*a*) Name the childish prattle that made the Hit Parade. (*b*) What hit song expressed parental skepticism?

15. Dr. Robert B. Woodward and William von Eggers Doering distinguished themselves how?

16. Who came out of a three-star doghouse and vindicated himself?

17. The Drayma: (*a*) A Broadway play was offered to Hollywood for $3,000,000. Name it. (*b*) A six-foot-two-inch rabbit was featured in a Broadway hit called what?

18. Where was (*a*) Hangman's Hill? (*b*) Garapan? (*c*) Hell Harbor? (*d*) Highway 6? (*e*) The Patch of Hell?

19. Name the persons described by these nicknames: (*a*) A Beautiful Hunk of Junk; (*b*) the Korean Tiger; (*c*) the Man from Olympus; (*d*) G. I. Nightingale; (*e*) the Cosmic Joan of Arc; (*f*) the Chocolate Soldier.

20. Why was Professor Alexander Fleming knighted?

21. About how much did Mr. Igor Sikorsky say his postwar helicopter would cost?

22. A vicious villain named the Brow met his doom in '44. Who was he, and how did he die?

23. The sound of a Bong rang clarion-like around the world. Why does it sound so gloomy to the Japs?

24. What famed aviator turned up in the Gilberts as a high-altitude flying teacher, was credited with a downed Zero, performed without battle training?

25. France introduced a new radical woman's hair-do. Explain.

26. The doodlebug struck where and how?

27. People made long trips. (*a*) A business man made a trip to Russia and came back richer—in business experience. (*b*) A great general retreated from China to the U. S. because of differences. (*c*) Two famed Americans visited Chungking. (*d*) A dog went to Hawaii. Name them.

28. Some folks were either promoted or demoted. Which of these was what: (*a*) Jimmy Forrestal; (*b*) Himmler; (*c*) Batista.

29. How did nineteen-year-old Alexander Ivanovich Dorogokupetz distinguish himself at the Paramount Theater in New York during a feminine riot in October?

30. There was a full-time functioning of the world of romance. Some wedded, others Reno-vated. Pair:

Westbrook Pegler
Elliott Roosevelt
Brian Aherne
Paulette Goddard
Jennifer Jones
F. D. R.
Hirohito
Lana Turner
Bulgaria
T. Manville, Jr.
Texas
Gerald P. Nye
Frau Ilse Hess

Stephen Crane
Germany
Henry A. Wallace
Bonnie Edwards
Martin V. Dies
South Dakota
Rudolf Hess
Robert Walker
Tojo
Roy Howard
Joan Fontaine
Ruth G. Roosevelt
Burgess Meredith

31. What public official, sworn enemy of horse racing, enjoined children of his municipality to tattle on their fathers if they bet on races?

32. Charles E. Kelly and Robert Kelly made headlines. Distinguish.

33. Translate these initials of 1944: (*a*) EAM; (*b*) FFI; (*c*) ABSIE.

34. Who claimed he would introduce a bill in Congress to put that body on the air during debates? (Heaven forbid!)

35. Name three reasons why 1944 could be named the Year of the Big Winds.

(*Answers will be found on page 73*)

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This is the big reason why *you* will enjoy the world's clearest, most beautiful radio tone in the coming new Zenith *Radionic* FM Radios and Radio-Phonographs . . . the reason they will combine advanced engineering and precision quality at low cost, as *never* combined before!

The day radios are again available for your home, it will pay you to be smart—to put *your* money on a winner. *Keep your eye on Zenith for genuine FM at its finest—and see Zenith first!*

Available now for America's hard-of-hearing—the famous new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Only $40 complete, at authorized Zenith Hearing Aid dispensers.

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WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

On embattled Saipan a Fourth Marine Air Wing transport plane, a speedy Curtiss R5C Commando "air ambulance," is loaded with wounded marines.

How Air Service Got Into Saipan

This story might have come out of Hollywood, but it didn't. It's a true story, with the setting on Saipan, 1,260 miles from the Japanese coast, and the time is a few weeks after the Yanks moved onto bitterly-contested Saipan. It all has to do with the trials and tribulations of operating a first-class air line right into the battle zone.

Given orders to start operating an air service into Saipan as soon as at least one part of the airfield was in U. S. hands, so that advanced forces could have their mail and needed supplies, and the wounded could be evacuated swiftly by air, the Naval Air Transport Service, Pacific Wing, sent Lieutenant Jim Cordon into Saipan with the first NATS flight to get a station in operation for regular service. Cordon was successful in setting up the first camp on the island and proudly put a NATS sign in front of his tent-office.

About thirteen days after the first Yanks hit the Saipan beaches, the first four-engined transport plane to reach that area arrived from the nearest airfield, about 1,000 miles away. There was plenty of action in progress and one end of the airfield was still in the range of enemy gunfire. But the huge sleek four-engined Douglas R5D landed, with tons of mail and cargo, and some high-priority passengers. Everything but the runway itself (thanks to the Japs having built a runway there) was a sea of mud.

Jim Cordon's Grass-Fueled Jeep

The big silvery airplane was something of an incongruous sight, but in the Pacific air transport moves as far forward as it possibly can. The big problem, always, is what to use for ground transportation to move the heavy mailbags and cargo. There wasn't a jeep on the island as yet. But Jim Cordon is never without an idea or resources, and here is what he did:

He had found a two-wheeled Jap oxcart. He also had noticed some water buffaloes roaming around, the Japs having used them for farm work and transport. He hooked up a water buffalo to the oxcart, and here was the ideal transportation to meet the NATS airplanes. It worked, too, until some marines got the idea that water buffalo was better than K rations—and it is said that they enjoyed their barbecued steak to the full. Jim Cordon never could assess the blame properly, and anyway the animal was no longer in existence, so Jim sought a substitute vehicle.

One of his men spotted a 1938 Jap Nissin sedan with five new tires and a Chrysler-built engine. Army authorities had not yet confiscated it, but several soldiers had found it and were hiding it for future use or bargaining. One of Cordon's men had brought along two quarts of "hard stuff" for just such purposes, since one has to barter a lot for goods and supplies in the forward areas, and NATS came into possession of the sedan after a little trading. But, as Cordon wrote his superiors, "we camouflaged the sedan and hid it out for several days as the title had not been cleared." It seems that Army officials in charge of civil affairs were to take possession of all such Jap equipment. By some more bargaining, chiefly with copies of newspapers flown from San Francisco, Cordon obtained the "pink slip" which meant that NATS could use the sedan for official airport service.

NATS Under Shellfire

Even though the transport problem was solved for the time being, NATS didn't have any easy time maintaining a service into Saipan. Not only was the airfield shelled, but so were the NATS personnel. One shell hit the exact spot on the airfield where a NATS airplane had been parked an hour previously. But no personnel were injured and no planes were lost. And NATS continued to carry in mail and keep communications open with the rear areas.

The story of NATS operating into Saipan would not be complete without mentioning Chief Mechanic James C. Wheeler of Springfield, Illinois. In his early twenties, Wheeler is known over the entire NATS Pacific system for his skill in keeping the airplanes in shape. No repair facilities could be established at Saipan, but Wheeler somehow is able to keep his planes in condition for a quick turn-around. Whenever he can get away, he goes into the hills after the Japs. He claims three to his credit.

Having been to Saipan recently, I saw the Jap cart and the sedan. Both are in disuse because NATS put a jeep into one of the planes and got it to Saipan before the sedan broke down from overwork. Lieutenant Jim Kratz, who was an accountant in the offices of TWA in Kansas City, Missouri, is now the officer in charge at Saipan because Cordon has gone forward to open new stations. The NATS "office" continued to be a tent until the route was switched to Guam. And you may be interested to know that being part of the NATS air-line system doesn't mean holding down a soft job; the men are constantly armed during the early days of occupation.

Here are several amusing side lines to my flying with NATS. One thing that impressed me deeply was the effort NATS makes to supply food to the crews and passengers. On the flying boats, the Coronados, the food service is super de luxe by war standards. There are no fancy trays, no comfortable seats, no plush trimmings—but the food itself is wonderful. Imagine sitting on a bench or on the side of a bunk in the interior of this big flying boat which resembles more a boat than a plane, and feasting on a steak or bacon and eggs or baked ham topped by a pineapple slice!

NATS has gone to great effort to train seamen as flight orderlies, and on each flying boat is a galley with stove and other galley equipment. These lads have turned out to be efficient cooks, and while the service lacks the luster of the Waldorf-Astoria, it is certainly ample and welcome after flying many hours across water. The passengers—all of whom are in uniform, of course—take turns eating, since the whole crowd can't be served at once. You may eat leaning up to a big crate of cargo, or maybe you'll sit on mail sacks. But you'll be served with at least three courses, starting with fruit juice, then a plate with meat and two vegetables, and then canned fruit of some sort. Between meals, coffee and fruit juice are served.

Soup, Turkey, Layer Cake

On the big landplanes the food facilities are only now being installed to provide each passenger with a full meal. But from the first there was at least a one-burner electric stove to provide the flight crews with good food. I've had everything from baked ham to hot turkey sandwiches and hot cream soup and layer cake.

The food service is so well established that the flight crews take for granted that they will eat as well as they would in the States, or better. Flying the 1,330-mile water hop from Kwajalein to Saipan on an R5D landplane, I was in the crew's quarters when the pilot asked the flight orderly, "Have you any more of that chocolate layer cake today?" And the orderly, with truly abject apologies, replied, "I'm ke today.”

This food service is no useless luxury. Flight crews must be kept in top physical condition. And passengers are often high-ranking officers who must arrive in the combat areas in top physical shape, ready for work. Even though the Pacific is being flown in a matter of hours, thirty-nine hours from San Francisco to Saipan can be mighty tiresome when there are no seats or no facilities for getting sleep except by lying on the flight deck wrapped up in a blanket. No air-transport service in the Pacific makes such an effort to provide at least minimum comforts as does NATS, and it pays dividends. Good food is essential to good physical condition—and good physical condition means clear thinking and swift action in the forward areas.

The Pacific as a Millpond

Flying with NATS in the Pacific is grim, rough, and rugged from many standpoints. The hops are long, there are few or no seats in the airplanes, and a good sleep often doesn't exist. But the flying itself is smooth and the operation is exceptionally efficient, besides the food being so good that the uniformed men like it.

Most important of all, NATS is doing a war job of linking the front lines with the rear.

The conquest of the Pacific during the last year by transport planes of all types and varieties has not only speeded the war against Japan, but it has immense significance for the future.

Tiny coral atolls that were not even inhabited a few years ago are now bustling air terminals with huge cargo and transport planes arriving and departing with the same frequency and dispatch that one finds at the largest airports in the United States.

Within the past two years Pacific distances have been shrunk from weeks to days, and from days to hours. The flying trip I recently completed in a month, with plenty of time on the ground to look around, would have required more than two years by surface transport before the war.

The best operating techniques and efficiency of the air lines of the United States have been transferred to the vast Pacific. The major difference is that the Pacific operations are 100-per-cent military, and the airplanes used on trunk routes are considerably larger and more powerful than those now being used in the United States.

Hats Off to TAG, SCAT, DAT, &c.

Most of my traveling was with NATS, which is one of the two big operators, the other being the Army's Air Transport Command which likewise has a network of routes operating day and night from the mainland to the far-advanced bases many thousands of miles westward.

These aren't the only air-transport groups, however. In the forward areas are such efficient and highly-organized outfits as TAG (Transport Air Group) in the Central Pacific, and SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport), which are combined Marine-Army-Navy task forces carrying supplies and mail to the forward areas and returning with casualties and mail for transshipment on the Navy and Army trunk routes to the mainland. In the Southwest Pacific there is the DAT (Directorate of Air Transport) which is a pooling of all air transportation in the MacArthur area.

In addition there are numerous other in the forward area.

Air transportation has proved itself to be a vital necessity in the Pacific war. Looked upon with skepticism in the early days, it is now indispensable. And the freight, mail, and passengers carried by all of the services total up to astronomical figures.

Marvels Now Routine

Here are some of the observations and conclusions I reached after flying as far as Saipan and Guam in the Central Pacific, to New Guinea and Australia in the Southwest, and to New Caledonia and the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific.

Whatever mystery there was to flying the Pacific before the war, there is none left today, and there is no "thrill," except the sensation of covering vast distances in mere hours. Transport flying is as routine as flying in the United States.

Since all-through trunk routes are operated twenty-four hours a day, the prewar idea that you couldn't fly at night in the Pacific is antiquated. So are all ideas that landplanes were unsuitable for transocean flying. The vast volume of Pacific flying today is with twin-engined and four-engined landplanes.

Probably the most startling single development in this new era of Pacific air transport is that at least 90 per cent of the flying is being done by men in the nineteen-to-twenty-six age bracket who had no aviation experience whatever before receiving Army or Navy fight training since the war began.

The safety record in Pacific transport flying would have been unbelievable if predicted five years ago. NATS each month carries thousands of passengers over millions of miles and has never so much as injured a passenger, and the same holds in the advanced area, often within range of enemy gunfire. The Army's record is exceptionally good also, even though the Army and several of the contract air-line carriers have had a few fatal accidents.

The aircraft engine is the key to Pacific operations, and the reliance placed upon the Pratt & Whitney and Wright engines is a tribute to the manufacturers. Second in importance is the airplane itself. Mechanical or technical failures have been insignificant.

Based on today's military experience, postwar planes should reduce Pacific air travel from the prewar transocean trip of a week to a matter of hours.

Hong Kong should not be over twenty-five hours from San Francisco, including refueling stops.

"Passengers" Aren't Civilians

Today's flying is strictly military. Passenger comfort is the last thing considered. Hauling cargo and mail and returning with casualties is the prime objective.

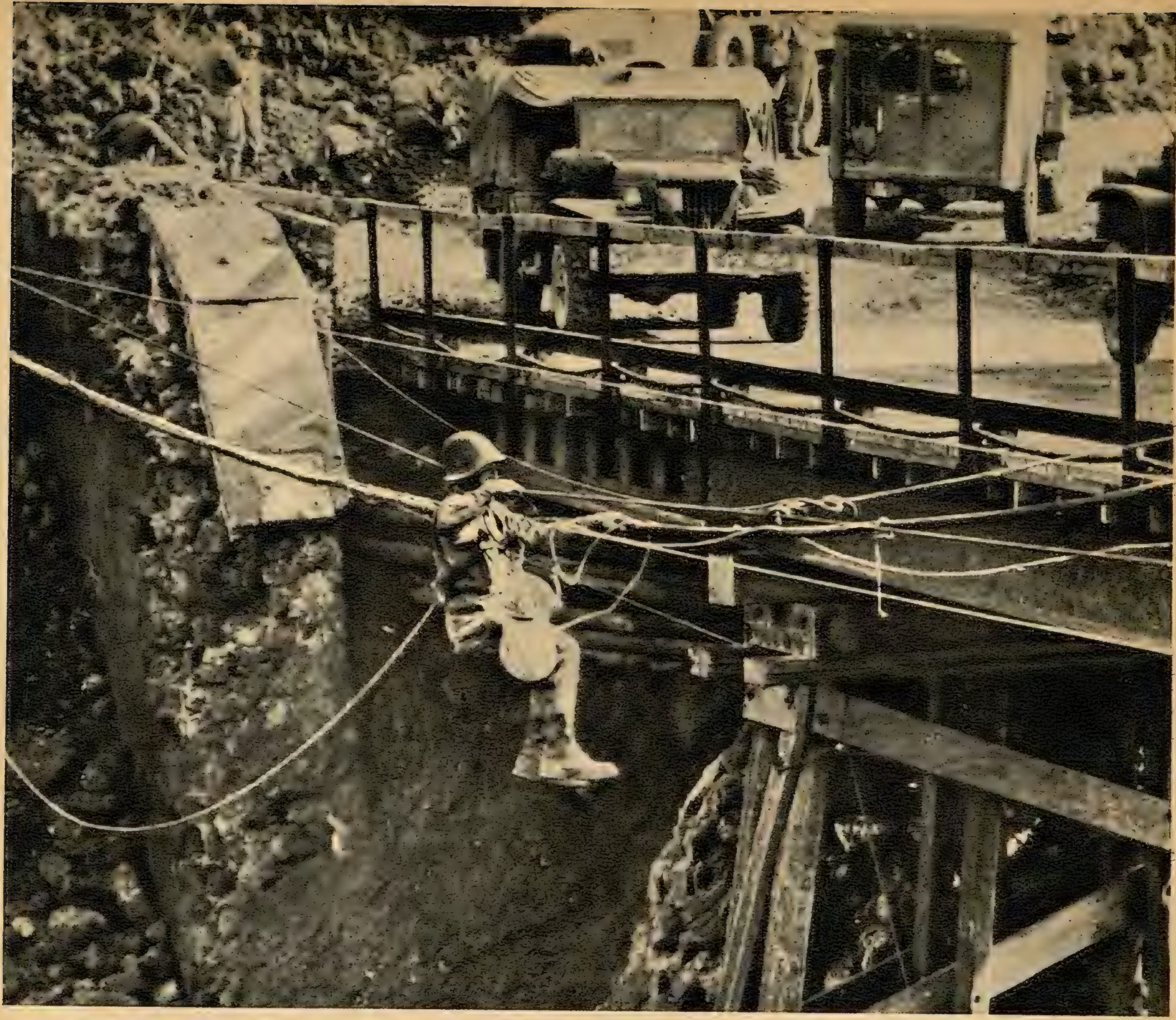
And when we refer to "passengers," we should make it clear that John Doe, civilian, is *not* flying in the Pacific. Not once did I see an American in civilian clothes, although a few important personages are carried from time to time. The "passengers" are officers reporting for new duties, or on special missions or special leave, or being transferred to new posts. Or they may be combat casualties evacuated to States-side within hours of being wounded. Or plain soldiers or seamen traveling on orders to new bases or new stations.

But by all odds the most popular use of the air-transport networks, as far as the men at the fronts are concerned, is mail. Within a few days a marine in an advanced area has his mail from home.

ADVERTISEMENT

PEPSI-COLA
JOHN HALL

"There ya' go again, Johnson—always thinking of a post-war job."



Members of a Signal Battalion string telephone cable beside bombed bridge. This is the type of work for which the Army needed civilian volunteers

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"SEND thirty cable splicers immediately". . . that was the gist of an urgent request from the Army shortly after the Normandy break-through.

The men were needed for building communications lines behind the retreating Nazis. Signal Corps forces already there were doing a great job but they needed help — and quick!

Many telephone men volunteered for this emergency overseas duty. A number were selected, granted leaves of absence, given physical examinations and flown across the Atlantic.

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THE MAGAZINE OF
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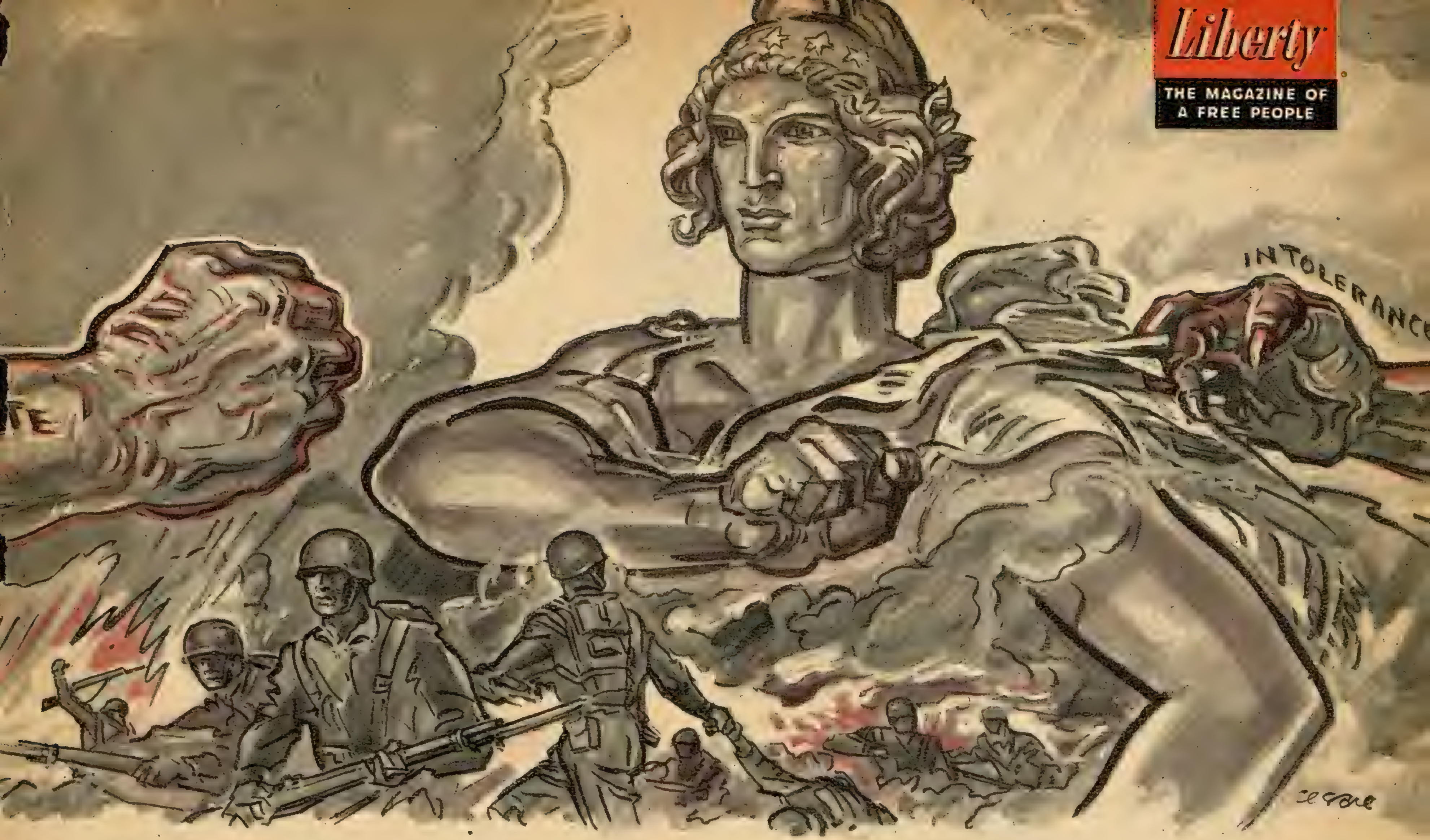


CARTOON BY CESARE

RACE HATE—The Enemy Bullets Can't Stop

It is a sobering fact that while we fight hate and prejudice abroad, these evils are increasing at home. One hundred million volunteers are needed to battle for American ideals

BY FRANK MURPHY

Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court

THE end of the war is in sight. All that our armies and the armies of our allies have struggled for is in our grasp or within our reach. To accomplish this we have given unstintingly in men, in materials, and in money. We have made many sacrifices, and we are prepared to make many more until final victory over all of our enemies shall be ours.

What has been the justification for this enormous expenditure of American lives and American resources? Why have we made these sacrifices? For conquest? For power? For vengeance? No. Our war aims lie deeper than any of these.

All that we are fighting for, all that we seek in the council of nations, is determined by one fundamental purpose: to safeguard this nation as our forefathers created it, as later generations preserved and extended it, and as we intend to hand it on to our children. If we lose in this, we lose in all else.

Victory in this war could be snatched from us by a secret enemy here at home even as our statesmen are signing the agreements which would end military hostilities. This enemy can't be stopped by guns. It can be stopped, and overcome, only by an awareness on the part of each one of us of the real nature of our country's glory.

The true greatness of our country is to be found in an idea—an unshakable belief in the essential goodness of man, in the basic God-given equality of all men, in man's right to personal liberty and to the respect of his neighbors. Our ancestors—those who came here three hundred years ago and those who came thirty years ago—all saw in this belief the hope of a new, better life. They came here to escape the hatreds and animosities of the Old World, to live in a land where men could be truly free.

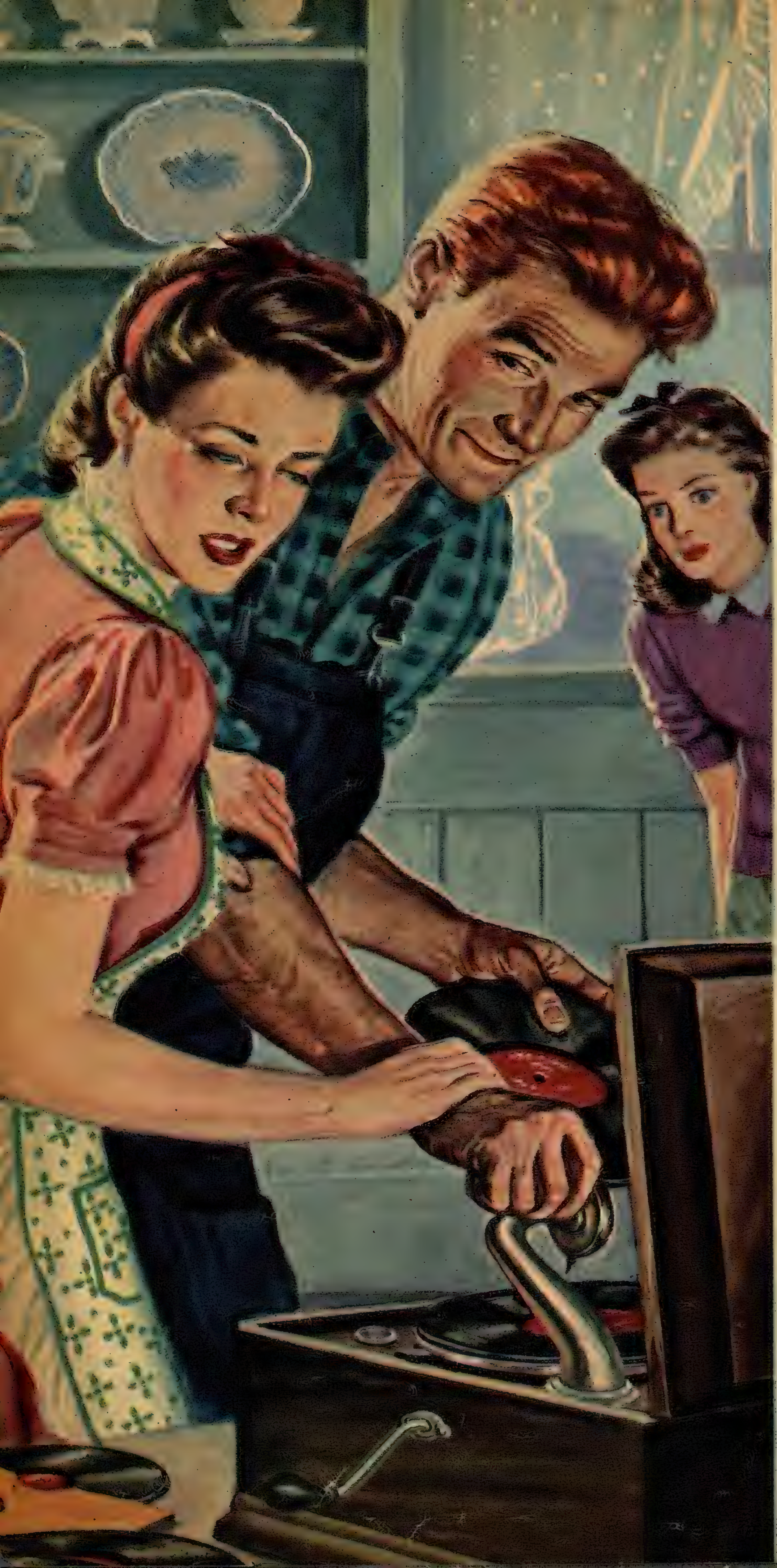
The Founding Fathers of the United States drew up a Declaration of Independence proclaiming that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Once independence had been won, the framers of the Constitution secured these rights in law by incorporating them into a Bill of Rights guaranteeing freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and equality before the law.

This, the mainspring of American life, is what our enemies would have us destroy even while our armies are winning victories overseas. They would have us forget our belief in the equality of man and adopt their own false standards of race supremacy. They would see us divided against ourselves, our national strength consumed in racial and religious hatreds. The America our troops sought to preserve would then have been destroyed by our own hands.

This attempt to bring about civil strife has met with more success than many of us care to admit. Propaganda aimed at setting one group against another has found its mark in many instances, and we have seen the sorry spectacle of religious bigotry and racial hatred rise where none had existed before. Or, where misunderstandings already existed, we have seen these misunderstandings somehow turned into animosities bitter enough to involve

(Continued on page 48)

We Shal



IT was milking time at last, and Annie Wiley milked the six cows herself—milking them with the quick nervous yanks that never got as much milk as the slower, gentler tugs of her husband, Gus.

All through this blowy day in early June Annie wished she had gone up to Denver with Gus to buy a separator with the pig money; because she was twice the bargainer Gus was. If she'd gone with him she bet she could make them allow something on the old relic of a separator they had; she wouldn't let on, of course, that it didn't get all the cream out of the milk. But, in the night, twelve-year-old Frank had had one of his stomach spells and Annie had had to let Gus drive off alone in the wagon before dawn. He would drive to Antelope and catch the early-morning train to Denver and come back on the evening train.

Annie had worked harder than usual through the day so the hours wouldn't drag so. She was a hard worker, Annie. A driver. And she resented it that she couldn't drive her husband, or her young daughter Livia, or the two half-grown boys. It was these two boys that had to be scolded, shamed—hounded even—to keep them at work.

What with blizzards in winter and drouths in summer and always a dry cauterizing wind whipping through planted fields, these last two years had been hardscrabble ones. But Gus moved through them with his same easy tempo.

It was typical that in this prairie country, settled by homesteaders, Gus Wiley was never called Mr. Wiley, but always Gus; and that Annie was never called Annie, but always "the missus." Neighbors liked to chin with Gus when they met him on the road, but not with the small, ramrod-stiff, black-eyed missus and her saying, "Come on, Gus—it's almost milking time," or "I've got to get the baby turkeys in."

All the time Annie milked, her ears listened for the barking of their dog and the distant rumble of Gus's wagon. Not that any of the rest of the family thought a new separator of prime importance, and that angered Annie too. Because she wanted a better separator so their piddling little cream checks would amount to more and she could do more for all of them. She'd take Frank up to Denver to see a good doctor about that unpredictable stomach of his.

The only doctor in the country was the Antelope doctor who had come out for tuberculosis and who looked after himself far more carefully than he did the sick and injured. His name was Dr. Winter, but because he wouldn't venture out in cold blizzardy weather, the country called him Doc Summer and joked about how they had to time their broken limbs and babies. When Annie had taken Frank in to him, Doc Summer hadn't even prescribed any medicine. He had only said his stomach was all right but his nerves were tight. What a fool thing to say, for what would make a heedless boy have nerves?

And Livia. Soon as the cream checks warranted it, Annie was going to send Livia up to her Aunt Kitty's. Livia wasn't any of the things a sixteen-year-old girl ought to be. She was shy and inept and had

"I don't want to hear the fool thing. It'd be different if times were good."

Have Music

By Lenora Mattingly Weber

A cream separator is a useful thing to have around a farm, but a "fool" music box has its uses, too. As to which gives you more for your money, who's to say?

no more get-up-and-git than a rabbit. But what chance did she have of meeting people and going places out here? No, that wasn't entirely true, for other girls her age went with boys to box suppers and pie socials. Last winter Annie had made Livia a flowered dimity with a blue ribbon sash and she and Gus tried to take her to a dance, but Livia wouldn't go. She shrank from it like a little girl afraid to play drop the handkerchief for fear she would never be chosen.

The dog barked and Annie left her cow half milked to go to the door of the cowshed. But it wasn't Gus bringing home the separator in the wagon. It was young Harve Lutz climbing out of his red-wheeled buggy to which was hitched his peppery little bronco Dick. He came toward Annie with his warm smile and his strut, which Annie couldn't help resenting because of his capering over the country to every dance and party and never noticing poor bashful Livia.

Harve said, "I came down to ask the loan of your footstool. Do you know what Grandmaw Lutz did? She's broke her leg —yeh, coming down the steps of the store in Antelope today—her shinbone, right here," and he illustrated. "Well, she couldn't 'a' picked a handier spot to break it, because we rounded up Doc Summer and he fixed it all up. He put it in a cast—criminy, it's big as a pickle keg! Can't walk on it for six weeks—maybe more, the doc said."

Annie said, "Oh, that's too bad!" She knew, of course, that Harve's coming to borrow the footstool was only his way of telling her of Grandma Lutz's plight. She knew the prairie code of the nearest neighbor going in to help out in trouble.

THE Lutzes were good neighbors. Gus always reminded Annie of that when she railed against Grandma Lutz's nosiness. Harve was always on hand to help Gus fix the cultivator or the windmill. Last winter, when Annie and Livia were down with tonsillitis, Grandma Lutz had come in and "done for" them and the family for five days.

Grandma Lutz had homesteaded the quarter section next to Wiley's because Harve hadn't been of age when the land was opened. Their three-room frame house was silhouetted on the horizon a half mile away. "It'll be Harve's when I go," the old lady always said. "When Harve he has his fling and settles down, he'll have a place to bring a wife to."

The Lutz affairs were an open book for all to read; Grandma Lutz even read it loudly for all: just how much her widow's pension was from her Civil War husband; just how easily Harve got bilious when he ate too many eggs. She was a guileless, coquettish, lively old lady—but blunt-spoken to a fault, Annie thought. She'd say right out in front of Livia, "I said to Harve, 'Now you take Livia to the Pines dance or she'll have to stay home.' But no. Harve he just went cavorting off by hisself." And Livia, hearing, would burrow a little tighter into herself when Harve came down to help Gus with the haying.

Annie went into the house with Harve to get the footstool. Grandma Lutz's daughter Ella, who lived far over on Hay Gulch, had a big family. Surely one of them could come and help her out. But Harve was explaining that he'd brought the bean disk out from Antelope; he only had the use of it for four days to get his beans in, and he was late as it was. And it would take a couple of days to go after Ella or one of her girls. Annie temporized, "We'll see if one of us can come up. When Gus comes home—we'll see."

But when Harve left and she mentioned Livia's going to her, a look of panic came into Livia's young thin face. "Oh, mama, I couldn't—I just couldn't! I mean—well, I mean—" She meant that it would look like she was running after Harve.

But how could Annie go up and do for Grandma Lutz and Harve when her own family were so do-less without her pushing and haranguing?

Annie had finished the milking and Lennie and Frank were helping her feed the calves when the dog barked again. This time it was Gus, and her expectant eyes saw the crated something in the back of the wagon. The new separator.

Gus came to the gate of the calf corral. "Don't come in just yet, Annie," he said. "Wait till the kids and I get it all unpacked." He was all boyish alertness and—maybe it was his best clothes, maybe the day in the city, but the slack, the farmer-weariness of him were gone. Something deep inside Annie leaped to meet it. For a minute she was the woman waiting at home for whatever the man of the house brought.

"All right," she agreed excitedly.

They called her in finally. She went through the kitchen. But the old separator, with its clinging smell of oil and milk, still stood in the corner. Didn't they know she wanted the new one to occupy the same place?

In the sitting room Gus and Livia and the two boys waited, tremulous, expectant. The boys were jouncing up and down on the cot which was their bed whenever company stayed overnight and they gave up their own. The conspirators looked at her and she sensed a guilty uneasiness under their excitement.

Gus said, "I didn't get the cabinet model. I thought this one that sets on the table would do just as well. It was cheaper, and that way I could buy more records."

She saw it then, on the table. A dark varnished box with a hinged top that was standing open.

One of the boys broke out, "You have to wind it up each time. The man told papa to be sure and wind it each time you played it."

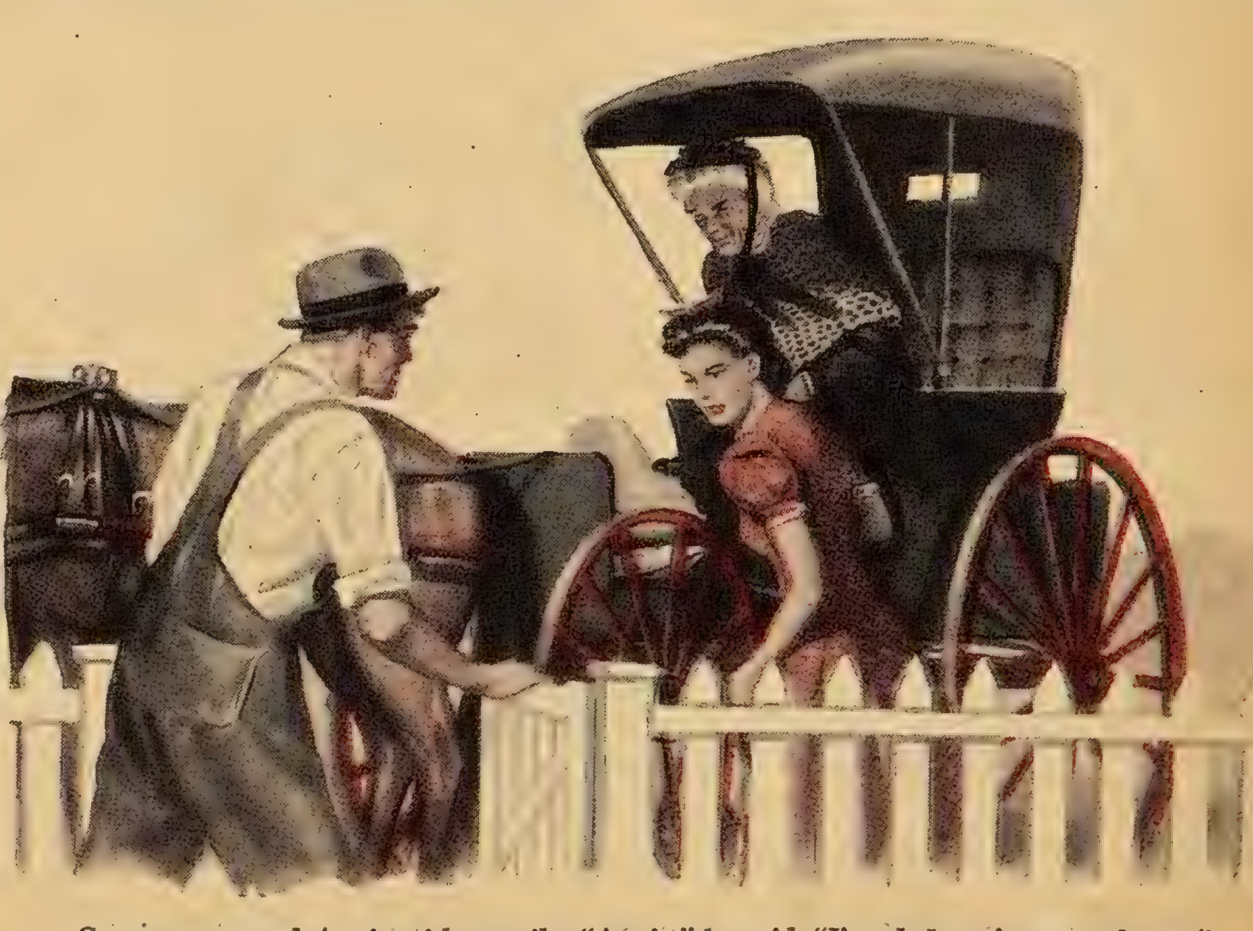
Annie said, "But where is the separator?"

Gus said, "I got this instead of the separator. I was going past the music store and I heard the music. It was the Vienna Waltz." He smiled appealingly. "And I had to stop. Gosh, I didn't know how hungry I was for music—all of us out here are. Do you realize, Annie, that in a ten-mile radius of plains there isn't a note of music?"

She said, "You surely didn't get *that* thing instead of a separator?"

The children stirred unhappily. Gus said placatingly, "Annie, we can get the separator a little later. We'll be selling the bull calves. I figured we needed this just

(Continued on page 53)



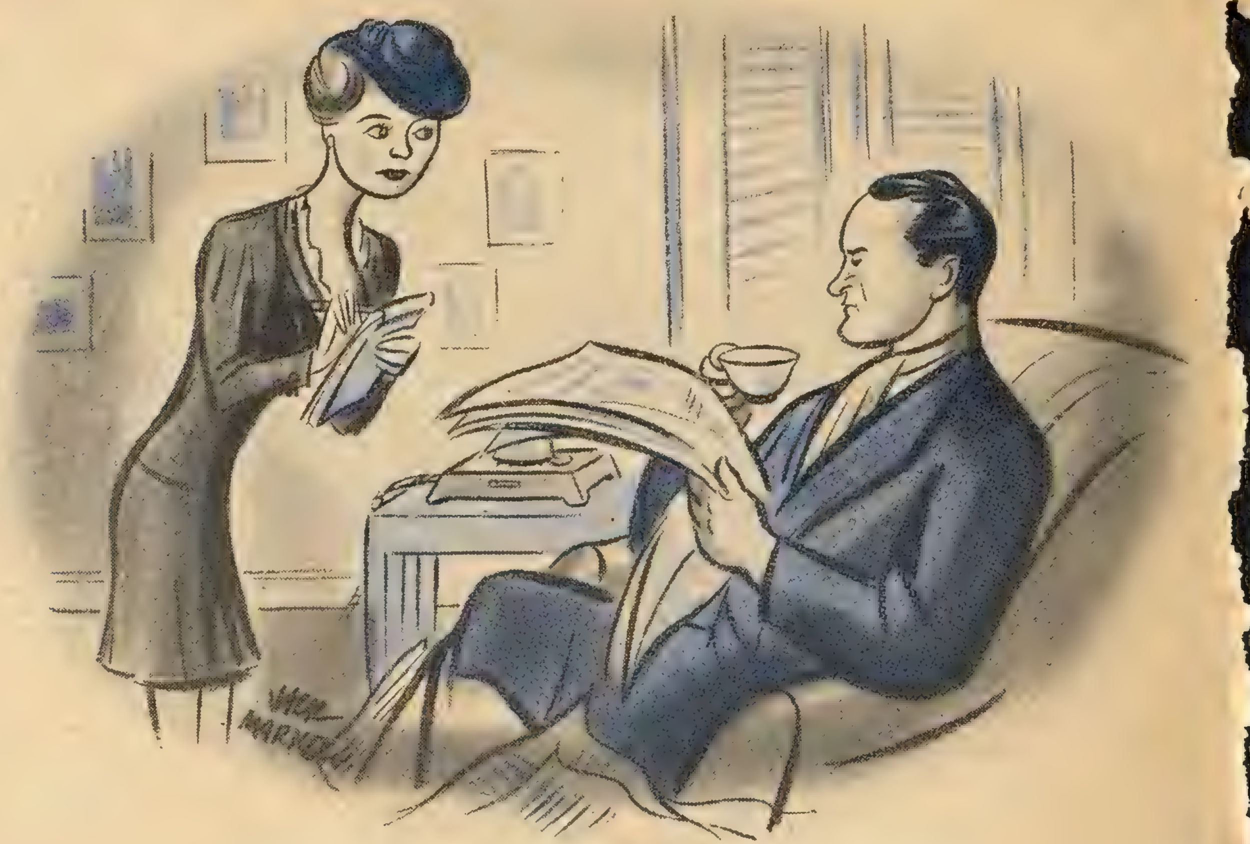
Gus came toward Annie with a smile. "Annie," he said, "I'm glad you've come home."

What An Interesting Life!

BY SARA HAMILTON

CARTOON BY JACK MARKOW

George Sanders is rude, Roland Young helpless, Eddie Cantor canny, and Hepburn bellows. The lowdown on what it's like to interview celebrities, by a girl who makes her living at it



Mr. Sanders ignored us during most of the interview.

FRIENDS and acquaintances are constantly prefacing their introduction of us to other people with the remark, "She writes about movie stars." It instantly loses us status as an individual and we become, instead, a sounding box on the charms of Grable, the curves of Turner, and the fortunes of Flynn. And in our thirteen years as a Hollywood reporter, we have yet to meet a soul who hasn't said, in a tone that invariably questions our worthiness, "My, what an interesting life!"

Interviewing movie stars certainly is a profession calling for nerves that never fray, a non-ulcerable stomach, and a mind capable of stretching in every direction like a prewar garter. But perhaps the most important requisite of all is a tenacity of purpose that enables the writer to hold on until a story materializes, regardless of circumstances.

Take the case of the writer who called, by appointment, at the apartment of a newly-imported genius. The door swung inward at her knock as if by an unseen hand and she stepped inside and looked around. Behind the door, bowing graciously, stood the actor she had come to interview. Except for the merest breechcloth, he was stark naked. The writer neither screamed nor fled. Comfortably mellowed through twenty years of celebrity interviewing, and aware of the actor's childish intent to shock, she stood her ground and got her story.

That imp of perversity that propels so many of our interesting extraverts into their Mad Hatter behavior found no such tolerant understanding in the writer sent out from New York to do a piece on one of our most distinguished actresses. At the first mention of the lady's dead father's spirit (an old and accepted friend of Hollywood scribes) the writer blanched and wiped his brow uneasily. After listening for half an hour to the distinguished didos of the departed papa's spirit, the writer excused himself and caught the first plane back to New York—thereby losing out on what could have been the best story of his career.

It is an interesting life, but its chief fascination to us lies in guessing what implements will be needed to extract from the interviewee the necessary material for a story. Or, if the actor is a newcomer, whether he will prove gay or moody, boring or intelligent, stubborn or eager, cagey or zany, frank or reticent, or just plain rude.

Dinner with Bob Hope was an amazing experience.

Of course, with Lupe Velez there can be no standard of comparison. After an amazing hour with the Mexican Turmoil, in which the cook, the gardener, the neighbor's children, and the Chihuahuas were called in to prove that Lupe herself had painted the swimming pool—a fact we never doubted in the first place—she followed us to the sidewalk of her swank Beverly Hills home to say good-by. Suddenly her eyes fell on our car and she let out a blood-curdling summons to the chauffeur within to leave off making the beds and "come clean Mees Hameelton's car for Godssake such a car—eet steenks!"

Rudeness such as Lupe's is one thing. With Mr. George Sanders it is something else again. The experiences of our fellow reporters who had contacted this Russian-born Englishman added considerably to our uneasiness as the day for our first interview approached. There had been the noticeably plain woman reporter, for instance, whom Mr. Sanders refused to look at during their entire interview, delivering his monosyllabic responses from a sideways position. And there was the timid spinster gathering material for a magazine symposium who telephoned the actor (nothing would have induced her to face him) to ask his favorite sport. It took two friends, one to fan and one to scream, to bring her out of the coma his uninhibited reply instantly plunged her into.

We had been requested by the Los Angeles Examiner to get Mr. Sanders' story, and the only reason we consented to go at all was that we were more afraid of Mr. Hearst than of Mr. Sanders. After considerable urging on the part of the publicist, the actor finally emerged from his dressing room and peered down at us with absolute loathing.

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Russians are determined on ruthless punishment of German war criminals, as shown in this hanging of Lt. Hans Ritz and three others after trial at Kharkov. They say: "There can be no mercy toward those who showed no mercy toward women and children."

RUSSIA'S POSTWAR PLAN for GERMANY

BY MAURICE HINDUS

Moscow, by wireless.

PREMIER JOSEPH STALIN'S pronouncement of November 6 on postwar plans for Germany was as simple as it was full of meaning. "After her defeat," he said, in his November Revolution speech before an overflow audience at the Moscow Opera House, "Germany will, of course, be disarmed both in the economic and the military and political sense."

The phrase "of course" implies irrevocable determination—one may say, absolute certainty. In this writer's judgment it would not have been used if there had not been an understanding on the subject, at least in principle, among Russia, England, and America.

Precisely two years earlier, in the same Moscow Opera House and while he was speaking on the same subject, Stalin said, "Our first task is to destroy the Hitler state and its inspirers. Our second task is . . . to destroy Hitler's army and its leaders." These words speak for themselves. Not only must the present German government go, but also the present German Army and its leaders, meaning the German General Staff, age-old breeder of military conspiracy and intrigue. Germany, says Stalin, in fact, is to be stripped of all political and military means of resurrecting her military might. She also is to be stripped of any and all economic means of rebuilding her fighting military machine.

Russia's plans for a defeated Germany are clear. Now a skilled observer tells us what they are and what they mean

Let's not misunderstand the word "economic" as Stalin and the Russians use it. To them, the word is inextricably linked with the word production. The most eminent American industrial executives are no more production-minded than Stalin. There has been hardly a speech he has delivered, either before the war or since, that has not contained passages fairly bristling with emphasis on production in all its phases, but particularly in heavy industry.

Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to an important item in his speech of March 10, 1939—one of the most important he has ever delivered. In that speech Stalin made comparison of the manufacture of pig iron and steel in England and in Russia. He said that in 1933

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The Tale Maximo Told

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

It takes courage to face a naked knife, but it takes more to face the unknown. Although a bully, the sergeant was no coward. He knew greater bravery when he saw it

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

THIS story was told me by Maximo, who used to run a speakeasy in Miami, and who, for all I know, runs a legitimate spot there right now. Maximo is a large bland man who had a disagreement with President Machado which made Miami seem a safer place than Havana; and he prospered in Florida, so that even when Machado skipped, Maximo decided to stay where he was. He says that he was present when these events took place, in the year 1900, in a little café down the Calzada Real from Camp Columbia, Quemado. Maximo's father, Manuelo, ran that café.

The sergeant's name was Davis, and he was tall, hard as nails, sun-tanned, and unpleasant. From a war singularly free of heroism, he had emerged a genuine hero. At Las Guasimas, at El Caney, and in half a dozen patrol brushes, he had shone. If his glory was outglittered by that of certain members of prominent and wealthy New York families who were playing soldier, in the Army at least he was well known. He was afraid of no man, afraid of nothing—except, of course, yellow jack! Every American was afraid of yellow jack! The Cubans themselves were used to it, and they were fatalists anyway; but you could start a panic in any U. S. Army camp by a mere whisper that *el vómito negro* was near.

This Davis was fair enough ordinarily, a good soldier, a good sergeant, and, except when tight, not actively belligerent.

However, it happened that he was tight when he entered the café in the Calzada Real. Maximo says he knew this not from Davis himself but from the expression on the face of his father, Manuelo, who stood smiling behind the bar.

"Good afternoon, Señor Sergeant," said Manuelo, proud of his English.

Davis stood inside the doorway and scowled. After the crash of sunlight, the shadows were blinding; he squinted angrily, shaking his head. What he did see, finally, was not much. Manuelo's joint was modest: there were only a few tables, there was a dirt floor, and the bar was designed for service rather than for stand-up drinking. In a corner the boy Maximo bent over a book. A few silent lugubrious natives were scattered about, and there was a drunken Cuban, a young man, at the bar. There was only one soldier, a pallid thin boy with a scraggly mustache, a private, practicing Spanish with Maximo's pretty sister, who fussed adoringly over him. Maximo's sister was supposed to be the waitress.

Davis nodded to the pallid youth, but indifferently. Nobody for *him* to drink with, it was clear. The soldier, blinking, nodded back. Davis went to the bar. He wouldn't stay in this den long. Not enough life. He'd just have a couple of quick ones. His walk was a shade too upright, even for an old soldier.

"Rum, kiddo."

Contemptuously he shoved aside the water bottle with the blue advertisement of a wine on it. He snatched the rum from Manuelo, whose English he ignored, and poured himself a large dark tot. As he started to raise it, his elbow was jogged and some of the rum was spilled.

The Cuban at the bar was in high spirits. He was singing, and to ensure that his imaginary orchestra should accompany him smoothly, he was leading it, an imaginary baton in each hand. However, there was nothing imaginary about the way he swung those batons, and it was one of the swings which had struck Davis.

The Cuban was all apologies, but Davis was in no mood for conciliation. He hated Cubans anyway. He lifted the heel of his right hand to the Cuban's mouth and half punched, half pushed the Cuban back, so that he slammed against the wall at the end of the bar.

"Keep your dirty paws off me!"

He turned back to the bar and refilled his glass.

THE Cuban was startled, and his eyes, as he stood against the wall, were opened very wide, and the laughter slid out of them. Anger came slowly, as though the man had a hard time believing what had happened. When he did start to speak, it was in a low choky voice.

"Shut up," Davis said wearily. "Can't understand that damn greaser talk anyway. No way to address a soldier, is it?" he asked, turning suddenly to the pallid youth, who looked frightened.

The youth made no answer. Davis sneered. But there was in the youth's eyes more than the uneasiness of a peaceable man in a touch-and-go situation: there was a glint of acute immediate fright; and when Davis saw that the youth was staring wildly, he whirled around.

The Cuban had drawn a knife.

Who was it who invented the notion, fed us assiduously in our childhood, that all bullies are cowards? Whoever it was, he was nuts, or else his idea was to tell us something we would like to hear just after somebody had bullied us and we'd lacked the courage to stand up for our rights. Some bullies might be cowards in certain circumstances; but act on the assumption that they all are, and you're likely to wind up with a busted jaw.

Hero Davis certainly wasn't. He could have dashed for the door, reachable without passing the Cuban; but he stood motionless. The Cuban had the knife out and was holding it in his right hand, close to his right hip, the point forward and a little up. The knife was short but it was bright and sharp, and the Cuban's eyes were jets of acid furiously a-spurt. He leaned forward.

Davis started to talk; and as he talked, his right hand crept catlike toward the water bottle. His talk was English, which the Cuban could not understand—and this was just as well, for it was sheer insult. Pauselessly and without passion, in a voice creamy with contempt, Davis was telling him what he thought of him and of all dirty greasers. Though the words could mean nothing to him, the very tone of voice must have fascinated the man with the knife, who did not move. All the while Davis' hand inched toward the water bottle with the blue advertisement. It moved so slowly that you had to look hard to make sure that it moved at all, like the minute hand of a clock. Maximo remembered.

With no change of tone, without the slightest pause, Davis switched the subject of his talk. He could see now that the man understood no English.

"Get behind him, private," he was saying again and again, always sneering arrogantly at the Cuban as though still calling him names. "Get behind him and grab that arm. Plenty of time. He won't see you. I'll keep his attention. You won't have to hold on long. I'll do the rest."

There was silence in the café except for this sound of Davis' voice. The private had risen and he even took a step or two toward the end of the bar where the Cuban stood; but then he stopped, staring and shaking all over, while blobs of sweat sprang out on his face and rolled down his cheeks.

Davis did not take his eyes from the Cuban. He didn't dare to.

"Make it fast, private!" he went on, with no change of voice. "If he jumps—"

The private did not stir.

It was the Cuban who smashed the tensity of this scene, which had sobered him. Anger had been sopped out of his eyes. He was only disgusted with himself now—disgusted, and perhaps also frightened at the thought of how close he had come to killing a man. When he tore his gaze from Davis' face it was like tearing canvas. Sobbing, sticking the knife back into its sheath, he turned and ran out through the street door.

Nobody chased him. Davis turned slowly to the youth in uniform.

"A HELL of a lot of help *you* were! I thought even buck privates who like to learn this greaser language would have more sand than that! Fine way it looks for us, for the white men, doesn't it? Helps us a lot! White, did I say? *They* think so—that's the trouble! White, ——! Why, you even *look* yellow!"

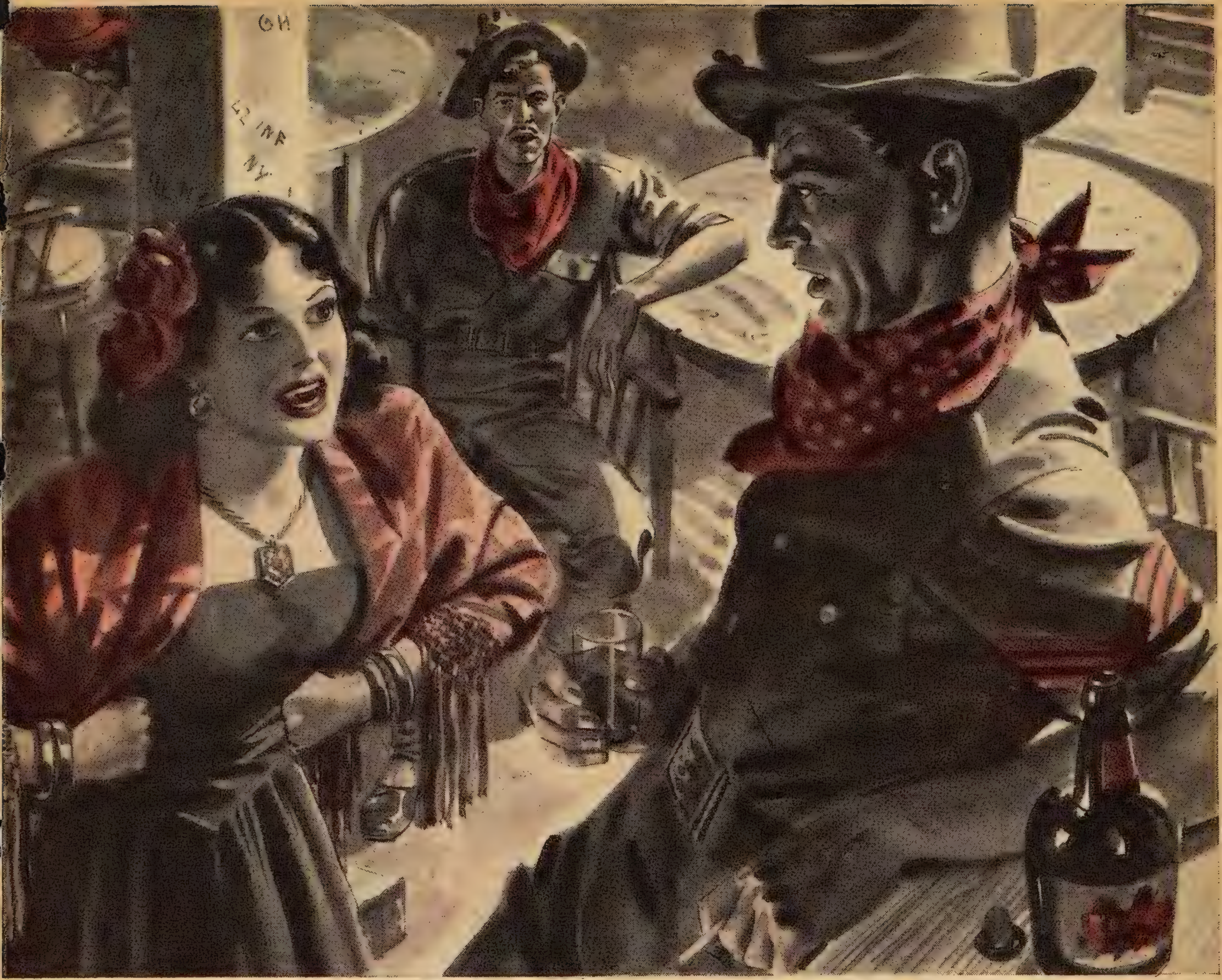
A flick of color touched the private's face, a thin one. "See here," he said, "I'm not going to stand here and—"

"Sit down, then!"

Davis pushed him, and he sat heavily in his chair. In a flash the sergeant found himself confronted by a shrill enraged girl who, fists on hips, was giving him what-for—in Spanish.

"Nix with it, girlie! What do you hang around with a skunk like that for? Why, he'd run and hide from a lizard!"

She screeched on a moment, then turned and threw herself upon the private, who was rising from his chair. She wept, she



In a flash the sergeant found himself confronted by a shrill enraged girl who, fists on hips, was giving him what-for—in Spanish.

pleaded with him. Davis, in disgust, turned away to his rum.

"Let him alone," he growled. "He won't fight, don't worry!"

His back to the room, he heard the girl pleading, heard the private sobbing, heard the soft scuffle of their feet when she pushed him gently toward the door. Presently she was back, her arms akimbo again, her voice loud with curses.

"Have a drink, sister, and forget it."

She shrilled on.

Then Manuelo, that big placid soapy Buddha-bellied man with a sebaceous face innocent of hair—Manuelo, who had not stirred behind the bar, said one sharp word; and she fell back, silent.

Manuelo smiled at his customer.

"Funny how skirts will go dippy about a worm like that, who hasn't got the gravel of a canary," Davis muttered.

"I think that he would fight usually," Manuelo said. "But now his nerves are not good. He has had a great sickness."

"Chills and fever, eh?"

There was a lot of malaria in the Army then.

Manuelo shook his sage's head. His eyes were round and kindly.

"No, no, señor. It was *el vómito negro* that he had, that young one. The black vomit. He is only just recovered."

Davis looked up sharply.

"Yellow jack?"

Manuelo gave a grave nod. He placed his hands upon the bar, palms down. He leaned forward confidentially.

"You have heard of that small quarantine camp on the Rojas property, where the doctors have been studying how yellow fever is transferred? They cannot give it to animals, to learn how it spreads. Only to men. They asked for volunteers, and this boy you saw was one of them. He did not accept any money for it. None of them did. Some slept for three weeks in a house with all windows shut, in nightshirts and in bedsheets that had been taken from the yellow-fever wards and not aired—that were still wet with the vomit and spit and messes of men who had died. They slept in those, night after night. They did not get the disease. Others let themselves be bitten by mosquitoes which had bitten those who had the fever. *They* got it, all of them. And this boy was one. He suffered horribly, señor, but, as you see, he lived. But he is still very weak. That is why Rosa guards him so carefully."

DAVIS, who had been leaning on the bar, now moved away from it as though it had been a hot stove. He stood upright, staring at Manuelo, who continued to smile. Davis had not finished his second drink; but like a man in a daze, like a sleepwalker, he took money from his pocket and dropped it on the bar.

"Oh," he said; and that was all that he said.

He did not count the change which Manuelo handed him, didn't even look at it. An automaton, a mechanical thing, he went out.

Half a minute later he was back. He walked to where the girl sat in a corner, sobbing.

"I—I'm awfully sorry," he whispered.

The men of his company wouldn't have believed it.

SHE did not answer. He stood a moment, helpless. Then he went to the bar, to Manuelo.

"I didn't know. . . . . Will you see that private again?"

Manuelo nodded. The private, the young one, Manuelo said, came in each afternoon for his Spanish lesson from Rosa.

"Will you tell him that I'm sorry? I didn't know. Will you explain to him, please? Hell, if I'd known, I wouldn't for anything in the world— Will you tell him that?"

Manuelo bowed.

"Certainly, señor. I will tell him."

Davis went out, walking slowly, dragging his feet a bit, and he was not a bit ramroddy; there was some sag in his shoulders now.

"Good day, Señor Sergeant," Manuelo called politely; but Davis did not answer.

THE END

The Navy has four main types of planes. Best of its carrier-based fighters is the Grumman Hellcat.

Our Navy's Flying Weapons

BY MORRIS MARKEY

IT must be clear to even the most casual observer that we have taken complete control of the air in the Pacific. We could not have scored the brilliant victories of the past months without that control, nor, indeed, even have dared to take the offensive against the Japanese. How have we managed to do it—to destroy thousands of Japanese planes with extremely small losses to ourselves? The answer is threefold: American pilots, the American technique of battle action, and American airplanes.

My purpose is to describe the airplanes. It goes without saying that the Army Air Forces are doing splendid work against the Japanese. But I shall confine this article to a discussion of Navy planes. My own experience as Liberty's war correspondent through the campaigns of the Marshalls and the Marianas was with the Navy—with Fast Carrier Task Force 58 under Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher.

The Navy has four distinct categories of airplanes (not including the great variety of training planes). First, there are the types designed for carrier operation. Next, the little scout planes, with floats or pontoons in place of wheels, which are launched from battleships and cruisers. Third, there are the seaplanes, the medium and large patrol bombers, which are really flying boats. Finally, there are the land-based planes of the Fleet Air Wing, which operate from strips and runways much like the Army's long-range bombers.

The Navy designates plane types by initials. The first letters represent the type of plane, and the final letter always indicates the manufacturer, each manufacturer having his own permanent symbol. An SBD, for example, is a scout bomber made by Douglas. An SB2C is the second variation of a scout bomber made by Curtiss. The final letter is not always actually the manufacturer's initial. For example, V designates Consolidated; F, Grumman; and U, Chance-Vought (United Aircraft).

These are the planes which have blasted the Japs all over the Pacific. They're worth knowing about because you'll hear a lot more about them in the near future

The plane complement of a carrier is a carefully reckoned balance among three distinct types. We are allowed to say that big carriers of the Essex class carry "80-plus" airplanes. These are divided, not quite equally, among fighter planes, scout bombers (often called dive bombers), and torpedo bombers. All are single-engine craft.

At the outset of the war there were two useful fighter types in service with our very small fleet of carriers: the Grumman Wildcat (F4F) and the Brewster Buffalo (F2A). They were good planes. But the startling speed and combat virtues of the Japanese Zero made us hasten to find something better. The Chance-Vought Corsair (F4U) was on order and nearing the production stage. It was to see much service in the South Pacific, particularly as a land-based fighter in the gloomy days when our entire carrier force was reduced to one operable vessel.

Within hours after Pearl Harbor, Grumman was working on the designs for a new fighter, the F6F, the first airplane in this country to be designed and built after our entrance into the war. This is the celebrated Hellcat. The first Hellcat was flown in July, 1942. By December of the same year a squadron of them had been delivered to the Navy, and the F6F is now standard equipment for our first-line aircraft carriers.

I have seen hundreds of Hellcats roll down the flight decks and soar off for combat against the Japanese. I have talked to hundreds of pilots. And I have heard nothing but praise for the plane.

The Hellcat completely alters our old conception of the fighter plane, or "pursuit" job, as a tiny, swift, delicate affair with the sting of ten thousand wasps. It is heavy. Fully loaded, it weighs more than 6 tons! Its wing span is nearly 43 feet, and it is nearly 34 feet long.

Most of the weight is accounted for by extreme ruggedness of construction, plus solid armor-plate protection for the pilot.

have seen Hellcats come in for a deck anding so badly damaged by enemy fire hat shipboard repair was quite out of the uestion. Yet grinning pilots climbed out of them, to report two or three Zeros shot down or, in at least one case, an enemy estroyer sunk with machine-gun fire one.

The Hellcat is a single-seater. With all hat weight, it must get its speed from heer power. The 2,000-horsepower Pratt Whitney engine hauls the pilot at "more han 400 miles per hour." It is faster than the Zero, although not so maneuverable. The Zero can turn and twist well inside he best acrobatics of the Hellcat. Carrying ts detachable belly tank, the plane has a range of more than 1,500 miles. With the tank removed, a 500-pound bomb may be fitted into the rack.

There are six 50-caliber machine guns mounted in the leading edges of the wings, three to a side. They may be fired all at once or singly. Under each wing there is rack to hold rockets, each the equivalent f a good-sized shell.

The wings fold back for nesting on the arrier. The landing gear is retractable, and there are the usual flaps to facilitate landing and take-off. The three-blade propeller is equipped with automatic pitch control, which permits the pilot to maintain a constant power output through all changes of altitude and regardless of atmospheric density.

The fundamental job of the fighter plane s to give protection to our bombers, and to the carrier itself, against enemy attack from the air. But since our many victories have greatly weakened the enemy in the air, the Hellcat is used quite as often for strafing, light bombing, and attack upon ground troops.

THE second of the triumvirate of carrier planes is also a Grumman design, the TBF, or Avenger. It first saw action at the Battle of Midway, when the immortal story of Torpedo 8 was written and only Ensign Gay survived the low-level attack on the Japanese fleet.

The Avenger carries a crew of three—pilot, gunner, and radioman. It weighs about 1,000 pounds more than the Hellcat. Powered with a Wright 1,700-horsepower engine, its best speed is about 250 miles an hour, the wing being designed for high lift qualities rather than speed. For all the size of its crew, the Avenger is lightly armed—four machine guns in all, of which two are only 30-caliber.

The plane is an all-purpose work horse. Although it was primarily designed for the launching of aerial torpedoes, it can carry 2,000 pounds of any variety of bombs, from delayed-action types (for the ruin of enemy air strips) to incendiary and fragmentation bombs and depth charges of TNT. If horizontal bombing is desired, the plane can carry the Navy bombsight.

Avengers normally approach the target in a fairly steep glide, drop their stuff, and pull out well above the target, though sometimes they do not drop until they are at masthead level. They also serve as long-range scouts and night bombers; they carry out antisubmarine patrols and lay smoke screens.

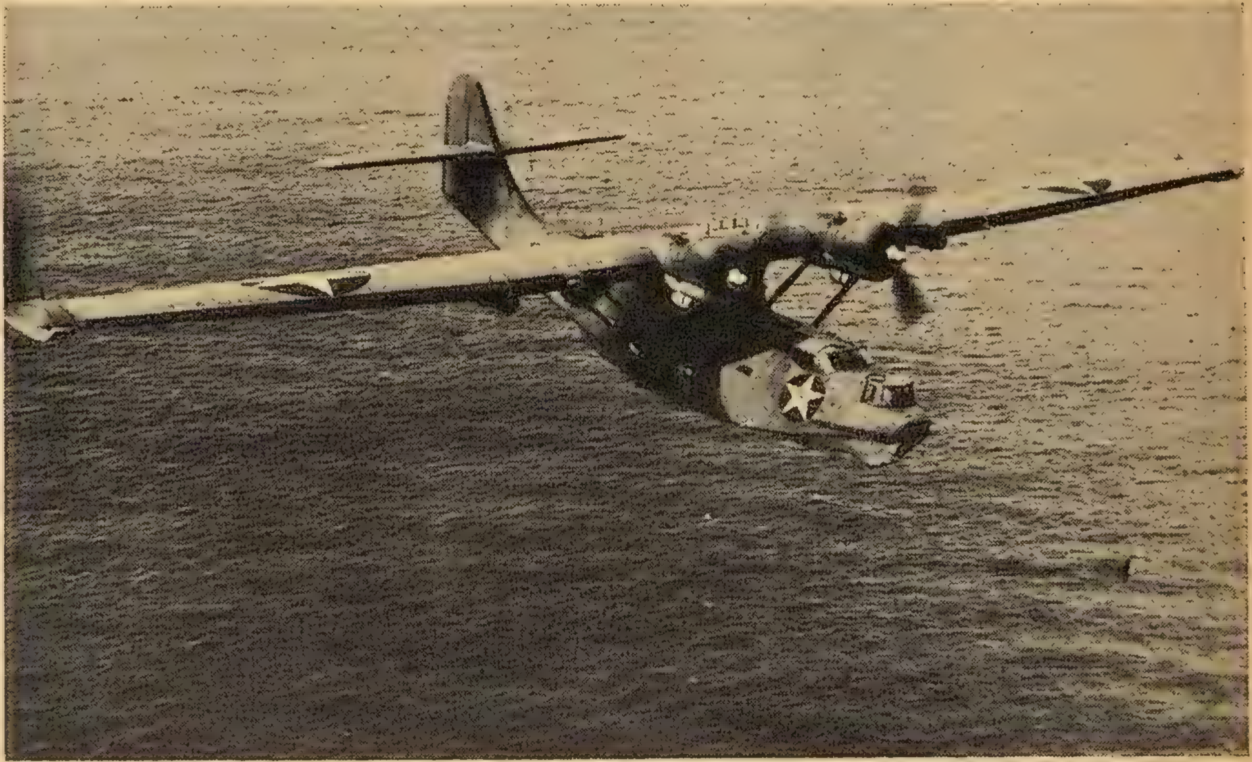
The Avenger has folding wings with a span of about 54 feet, and the over-all ength is 40 feet.

The third of the carrier planes is the scout bomber—more properly, the dive bomber. We have now in service two types, the SBD, or Douglas Dauntless, and the SB2C, or Curtiss Helldiver.

Early in the war, planes of this type were the most important and numerous of all carrier-borne aircraft, and in those days the Dauntless performed miracles of

(Continued on page 60)

A scout plane, the Curtiss Seagull, is ready for launching from its mother cruiser.



Eyes of the fleet are the long-range patrol bombers, like this Consolidated Catalina.

The land-based, up-front Liberator has rolled up a heavy toll of Jap shipping.

GIRL WITHOUT *Glamor*

Peter just had to have a fiancée or he'd never have invented Maisie Blucher. Her nose was shiny and her nails were not, and she threw a shocking scene right in front of Aunt Sophronia. Then things got complicated

BY VIRGINIA PERDUE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

PETER'S twenty-eighth birthday was a memorable occasion. The government agreed to subsidize his work on a new type of airplane motor, and Grandmother Strickland put her foot down.

She chose an awkward moment. Peter was galloping through his lunch. He had to get back to the shop for a conference with Bill Street, his general manager, and the man from the WPB. For weeks he'd been trying to find a competent assistant, and today that fellow Blucher was coming over from Rock Springs for an interview. He waved aside the pudding. "No, thanks. I haven't got time for dessert." He jumped up from the table. Glass and china rattled.

"Careful, Peter," said his mother automatically. "Dear, I'm sorry, but you'll have to see your grandmother. She asked for you most particularly."

Peter almost forgot himself and swore, in spite of the refined presence of his aunt Sophronia, yet it didn't occur to him to ignore the summons. Grandmother Strickland was old and frail, but she was strong-minded, too. When she sent for you, you went.

Her wheel chair was drawn up beside a sunny window. She looked delicate as a pattern of ice crystals in her lace shawl and white cap, but there was nothing fragile about her greeting. "I won't stand for any more nonsense," she said with an emphatic clicking of teeth. "Take my tray, and see you don't drop it."

He removed the luncheon tray with care.

"Bring me my knitting and sit down. We are going to have this out now."

Peter said, "Listen, grandma. Can't it wait till tonight?"

"Sit down," said Grandmother Strickland. She opened her knitting bag and took out a lump of navy blue wool bristling with needles. "I've waited seven years, but I don't propose to wait any longer. I'm eighty-four. Nobody lives forever. Before I die, I want to be sure that the family will go on."

"Well—uh—I know how you feel, grandma, only I've been so darned busy—"

"I want great-grandchildren," she told him grimly. "If you're too busy to marry, something will have to be done about it."

Peter twisted his long legs around each other. He'd heard it all so many times. The family began putting the heat on him when he was twenty-one. He still remembered that other birthday with the most lively embarrassment.

"You're a man now, Peter," his mother had said in a voice of gentle pride.

"The last of the Stricklands," said his grandmother. "I hope you realize that your position carries responsibility. The name must not die out."

"I know you don't care for the girls in Welcome," his mother had continued, "but there must be hundreds of attractive young women at the university."

"Well, I guess so. I—um—never noticed." That wasn't strictly true. He had noticed them, as one might notice a pack of small dangerous animals. They made him feel clumsy and not too bright. Even with his mother and his charming aunt Sophronia, he felt like an awkward schoolboy knocking over a vase. As for Grandmother Strickland, she instantly reduced him to a ten-year-old.

"You'd better start noticing," she had told him, with a stern clicking of teeth.

"Well, sure, I—some day," he'd stammered. Anyone would have thought he was heir to a throne instead of just a modest fortune, a small-town factory. Peter didn't care a hoot whether the name died out or not. He didn't, actually, care much about anything except engines. "Nobody gets married while they're still in college, grandma," he had protested. "I've got lots of time."

"Peter wants to wait until Miss Right comes along," said Aunt Sophronia.

"Yes. When the—uh—right one comes along, you won't be able to hold me."

His mother had looked alarmed. "Of course we trust your *judgment*, Peter. I'm sure you'll choose a girl with a suitable education and background."

"He'd better," said his grandmother.

They let him alone until he finished school and went to work at the plant. Then they bore down. It was not his mother's fault that he failed to discover Miss Right. She worked hard, keeping the house full of attractive and suitable young ladies who reeked with charm. Dutifully he took them to dances and stepped on their feet. He escorted them to parties and spilled coffee on their best frocks. If these mishaps were not entirely accidental, no one suspected it, least of all Peter himself. Anyhow, they had helped to keep him single through seven years of constant pressure.

Grandmother Strickland bound off a row of stitches, counting out loud. "Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four. Do you know the terms of your grandfather's will?"

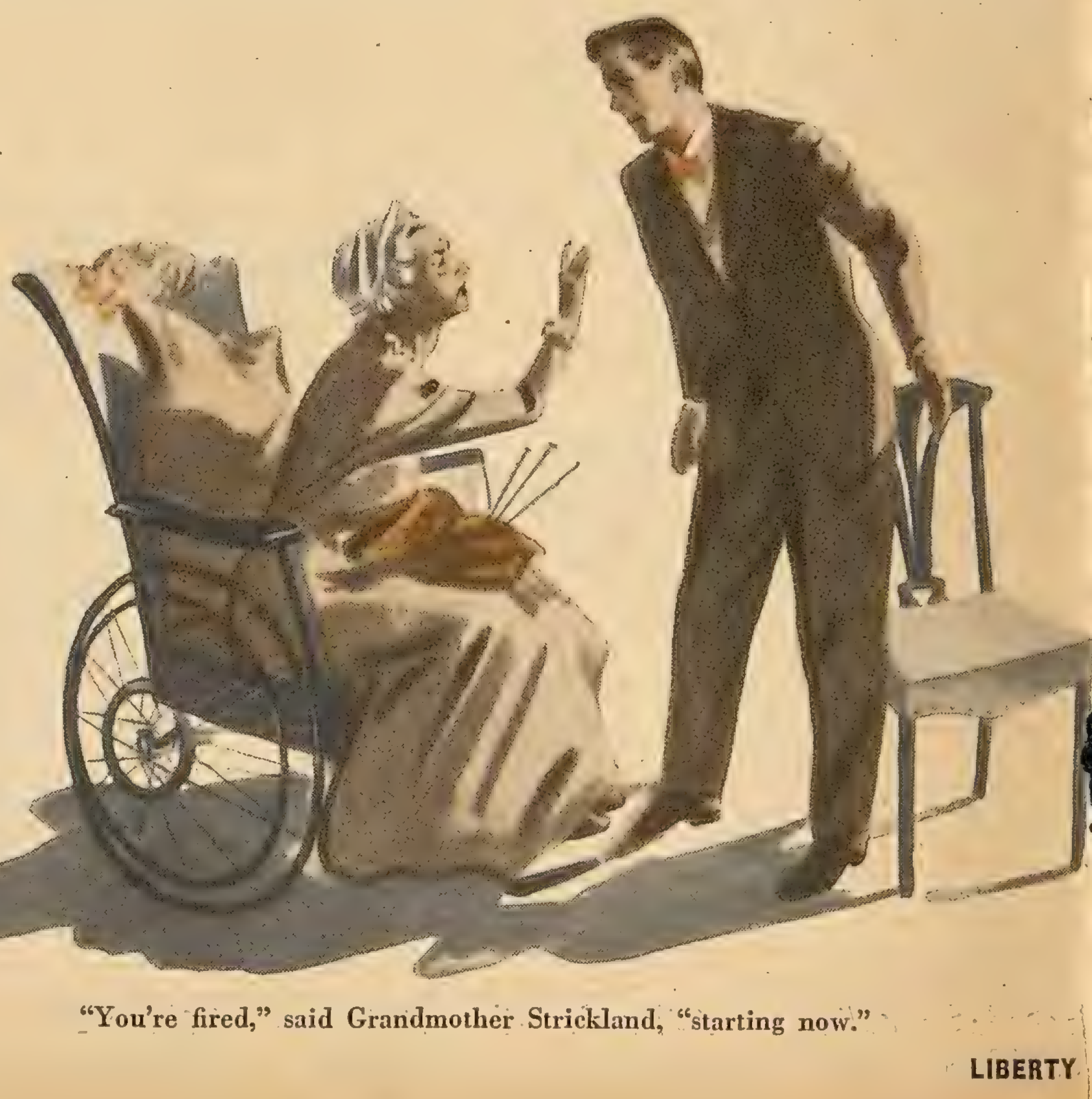
"Huh?" Peter, who had been trying to look at his watch without seeming to, glanced up, startled.

"Everything was left to me and your father jointly. Now that he's dead, it all belongs to me. Do you understand?"

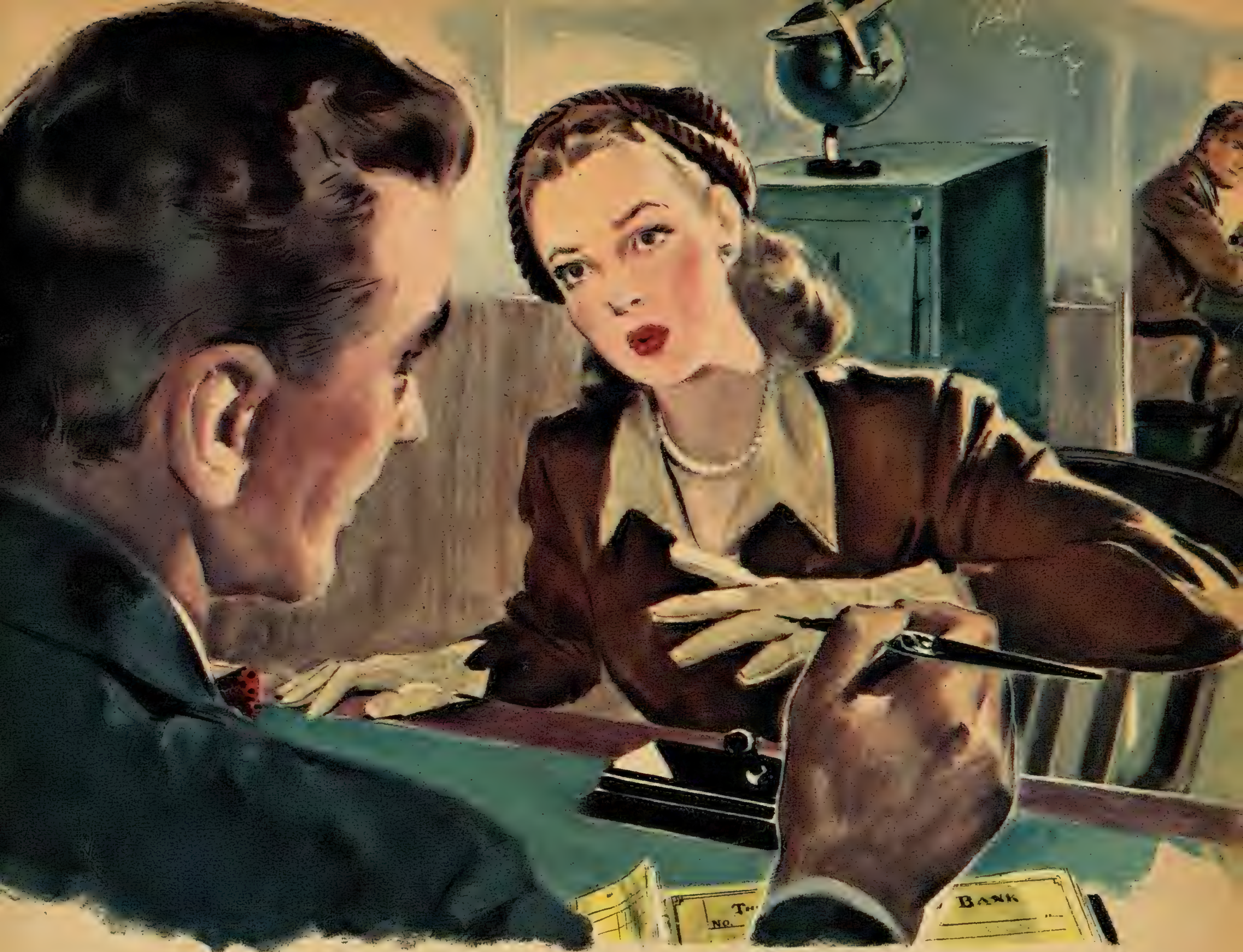
Peter just stared at her.

"I've let you do as you like at the plant. I was even fool enough to be pleased that you wanted to follow in your grandfather's footsteps. Peter II wasn't so interested. We had to use a good deal of persuasion. I admit you've done well, Peter. Mr. Street tells me your little engine is quite clever."

Her tone drew blood. Peter was very proud of his cheap, efficient two-cylinder motor. Without it, Strickland Metal Prod-



"You're fired," said Grandmother Strickland, "starting now."



"What's that for?" she asked. "You don't have to buy yourself a phony fiancée. This is a holy war. The rights of man. Let freedom ring."

ucts might not have survived the hard times. The "little engine" made large profits which went into a new building, machine tools, a bigger payroll and (most important of all) Peter's experimental work. The war in Europe had brought lend-lease orders and more expansion. The attack on Pearl Harbor brought shortages, priorities, and numerous other headaches. Bill Street worked frantically to keep the firm from going broke in the middle of a boom while Peter toiled over his airplane motor.

He thrust out his arm and looked at his watch without any pretense at all. He hoped Bill could stall the WPB man. He hoped M. L. Blucher wouldn't go away mad. "Look here, grandma—"

"What's the use of building up the business when there isn't any Peter IV to leave it to?"

Peter III was stung into indiscretion. "Plenty of use. We're developing some important stuff. We're helping to win this war. Why should I care who gets the place after I'm dead?"

"I care." She turned her bleak old eyes and looked out of the window toward the plumed chimneys of Strickland Metal Products. "I care a lot. For years I skimped and did without things so Pete would have enough money to start his shop. All the fun I might have had, all the parties and nice clothes, it all went into the business."

She looked at Peter gropingly, as if it were an effort to bring her eyes back from yesterday. "That business," she said, "isn't going out of the family. Since your work prevents you from marrying, I guess I'll have to fire you."

For an instant Peter failed to take it in. Then he jumped to his feet. "You can't do that!"

"Yes, I can. I own the place. Go ask the lawyers, if you don't believe me."

"But, grandma, listen! The motor—I can't stop work, I—listen here—"

"You're fired," said Grandmother Strickland, "starting now."

She meant it. He could see that. "Grandma, wait a minute." He had to do something, and do it fast. "Look. I—uh—I'm in love with somebody, if that's worrying you. As a matter of fact, I—I'd like to marry her, only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, mother's set her heart on a particular kind of girl, and this one, well—"

"Is she healthy?"

"I guess so. Yes."

"Intelligent?"

"Well, sure."

"Then what's stopping you?"

Peter thrust distracted fingers through his hair. "You know how mother is."

"I'll attend to your mother. What's this girl's name?"

"Why—uh—" He groped through the storehouse of his mind. "Why—she's called Maisie."

"Is that all?"

"Of course not." Frantically he pawed over all the surnames he'd ever heard. "Her name's—Blucher. Maisie Blucher."

"Oh. A Welcome girl? I never heard of any Bluchers."

"She's from Rock Springs." He wiped the damp palms of his hands on his trouser legs. "Came here to get a job."

"I see. Bring her out for the week-end. And I might reconsider about firing you." Grandmother Strickland lay back in her chair and closed her eyes. "You'd better go. I'm feeling tired. Call that lazy nurse, and please try to shut the door without banging it."

PETER drove down the hill and into the town. He parked on the poplar-shaded main street and spent a miserable hour with the family lawyer. It was midafternoon before he reached the plant. Of course the WPB man was gone.

"He had to catch his train," said Bill Street. "What happened to you?"

"Oh, something came up." Peter walked past the long assembly room, past the loading sheds, and into a small brick building with "Research Lab." in gilt letters over the door. His secretary sprang up with a handful of letters, but Peter said, "Not now, Jim." He went into his private office and slammed the door. A fine mess he was in! He should have kept his mouth shut until he had things figured out. Instead of creating an imaginary female, he might have pretended to be gone

(Continued on page 49)

HOME IS THE HUNTER

Kay had waited long for Martin, through an unsuccessful marriage, through a war—and these changed him. Well, meanwhile she'd changed too; but it took a lion hunt to show him what he wanted

By Jason Lucas

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE soft light of the coal-oil lamp made coppery glints in Kay Morgan's hair and played softly on her flying fingers. She must have this sweater finished next time she went to Prescott. She'd had so much riding to do after the cattle that she'd been ages at it, and last time she was in town, Mrs. O'Neill had spoken to her with cloying sweetness: "My dear, I know you can't feel as strongly about war work as some of us. You've had no one in the war."

To Kay's lips came the shadow of a bitter smile. No, she'd had no one in the war. That, now, was all too certain.

She had hoped things might be different when Martin came back. But here the three of them sat, in the old way, except that Martin was still in uniform and his left arm looked queer and stiff, with the strap of a steel brace showing at his wrist.

Her hands dropped to her lap. Lifting her eyes she could see the top of her father's thin gray hair and a wisp of pipe smoke rising from behind the paper which Martin had brought out.

Martin was reading too. It struck her that if anyone should look through a window of this little ranch house, away out under the Mogollon Rim, it would make a scene of perfect peace and contentment. Her crooked smile deepened.

If his injuries had been greater . . . if he had needed her . . . But Martin McKinley needed no one, for his hunter's life among the red cliffs of the Rim had made him sufficient to himself. He loved only the Rim and his free life among its wild canyons; all the time over there he had dreamed of nothing but a campfire up among the red rocks with his hounds around him.

Soon he'd be like so many other hunters and trappers, avoiding contact with humanity. They got so they seemed to feel more kinship for the wild things they hunted than for mankind.

She began to knit again. She might as well; neither man knew she was in the room. Her thoughts went back . . .

Back ten years to that evening when her father, kicking off his worn chaps, had remarked casually, "I met Martin McKinley, the lion hunter, over near the Rim. He sure seems to be a nice young fellow, so I asked him to stay all night."

She was little more than a child, and any visitor was a novelty out here. She had changed to skirts, which she rarely wore, hoping her legs would not look quite so long and gangly as in her levis, and she had brushed her hair very hard.

He'd come riding in with his lion hounds all around him. It was a surprise to find him so little older than herself, hardly more than a boy. But six feet one, with wide strong shoulders stretching his faded shirt. He had a lean, deeply-tanned face with an aquiline nose, and his voice was a low, pleasant drawl that matched his quiet gray eyes.

He'd begun to drop in frequently to spend a night and to borrow books to read out by his campfire; he was very fond of reading, and perhaps it was the books that brought him back so often at first. Before long he was leaving spare packsaddles and such with them, and then that little end room, the lean-to, had got to be his, kept for him. He'd be here a night or two, and then he'd ride off, to be gone a day, a week, three months; he never knew, for it depended on where his hunting led.

Soon, as she matured, she could see his attitude toward her changing; and at last had come that thrilling night when he had asked her to a dance. He thought it was a sudden impulse—but she'd had a new dress all ready for it.

At that very dance he'd met Nola Winters. Nola was no good. Everybody knew that but Martin; what could a young lion hunter know about women? But she was very pretty, partly, perhaps, because she was such an expert with lipstick and rouge. How Kay had longed to warn Martin that Nola was no good! But one can't do that sort of thing, and anyway he wouldn't have believed her; he'd never have forgiven her. So Nola and Martin. . . .

SHE heard a rustle as her father lowered his paper. Her heart began to beat faster. Would he ask Martin now about—that? She had little knack for duplicity, but she had put the notion so skillfully in Dave's head that he thought it his own.

"You'll be able to hunt again, Martin?" hesitantly; he feared Martin might be sensitive about that crippled arm.

He wasn't. He looked up from his book. "Oh, sure! I can handle my reins all right with it, and the doctors say that after another bone graft or two it may be about as good as ever."

Dave remarked, "Must have been pretty different for you over there."

"Well, some of it wasn't. They found I'd been a professional hunter, so they kept me scouting; I could live off the country as long as I wanted to."

Dave looked puzzled. "Scouting?"

"Out in the mountains; they've sure got high ones on some of the islands. Great cliffs, not so different from the Rim but for the jungle. You read about the capture of Lin?"

Dave nodded; one did not like to talk of those early tragedies.

"I was out and got cut off. Which I reckon was just as well, how they treated our boys they caught."

He stared at the floor a moment.

"I had eight months alone on the island. I knew we'd be back; so I kept trying to find out where they were weakest, and how many of them, and things like that. They put up quite a search for me."

He paused, and added in a grim tone that sounded strange to her, "And I'd hunt. But not lions. When we retook Lin I had only six cartridges left."

Kay looked at him in fascination. Dave was interested; this was the first time he'd talked to anybody who'd been across.

"I reckon you've been in regular battles too?"

"Yes," said Martin shortly.

His eyes strayed about the room, and for a moment she saw into them. They were uneasy, pained, lost. Then she knew. Martin's—big Martin's—nerves were gone! He'd seen too much, too many things happening to his companions.

Dave flushed; he saw his blunder.

"Martin, have you ever stopped to think that lion hunting will get you nowhere?"

"Huh?" He looked surprised; he did not see how anybody could ask for a better life.

"I reckon you know one can't hire a cowboy anywhere now; even the big outfits are running with only a third enough hands. And my hip's been bothering me a lot. Kay's had to do about all the riding. It's no work for a girl."

"No, it's no work for a girl."

Dave puffed a time or two at his pipe.

"Martin, I've a proposition for you. I've only got about a hundred head of cattle, but it's a good living. I'll give you a half interest, just for your work, if you'll promise to settle down here."

Kay's heart was pounding.

"A young fellow like you," Dave encouraged, "could build the outfit up and make it really worth something."

At last Martin spoke, slowly.

"Dave, it's sure fine of you to offer that. You've a good piece of range, and maybe I could build up some. Maybe—"

From down by the corrals came the sudden bay of a lion hound. Boone, the old pack leader. Crockett took it up, and Patch, and Blue, and the shrill excited wail of little Tweedles rose.

MARTIN crossed quickly to the door and stood looking out. A clear moon made it almost bright as daylight out there. Presently from up on the cedar ridge came the long quavering wail of a large dog coyote. Martin strode out.

"Stop it, you fellows! Let me catch you noticing a coyote and I'll take down my rope to you. That'll do!"

Kay got up and went into the kitchen; she did not want her father to see her face. She rattled the tin dipper against the pail as though she had gone to get a drink. She turned to the window.

The din had ceased and the hounds with eager whimpers were leaping against the woven wire of their pen, trying to reach Martin. She saw him reach through to pat their heads.

Then he turned and stood looking over at the Mogollon Rim, hardly a mile off. Her own eyes went to it. There it towered,

(*Continued on page 64*)

Sheer horror clutched her throat as the tawny brute came flying toward them over the void.

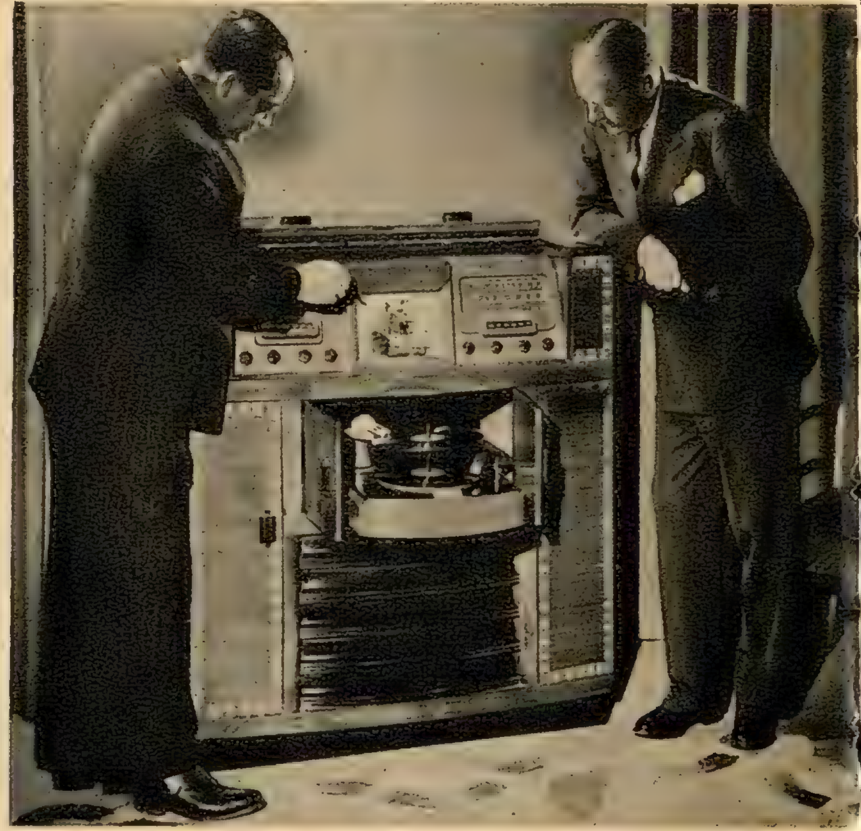
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

THE RED GLARE COMES LATER—These things looking like oversized potato mashers are rockets—not the Fourth of July kind, but the kind that pack a punch like a big shell. They are being loaded for target practice. In battle they make any craft a midget warship and the equal of ships several times bigger.

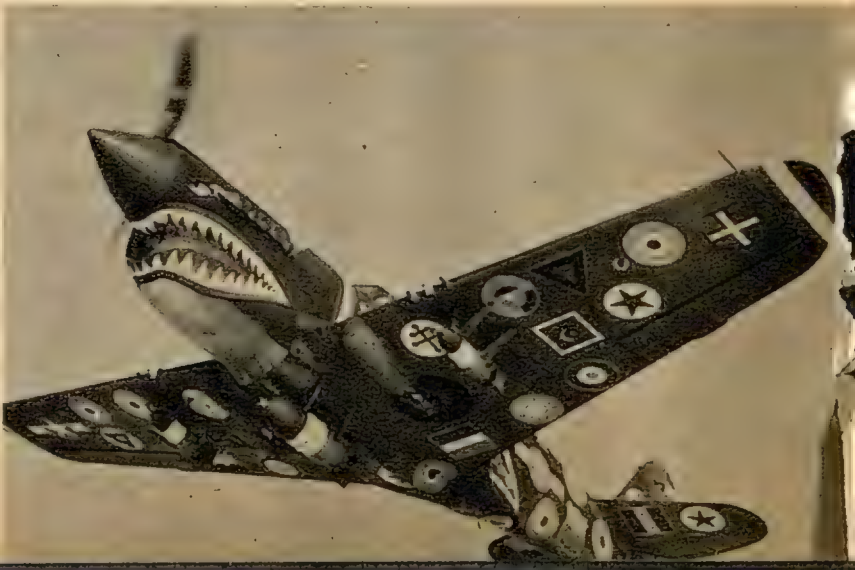
SHIP IN A DESERT SEA—To startled persons seeing it for the first time, this wooden copy of a Jap ship must seem like a mirage. Built on the Muroc Airfield in California, it's used by our men for practice bombing.

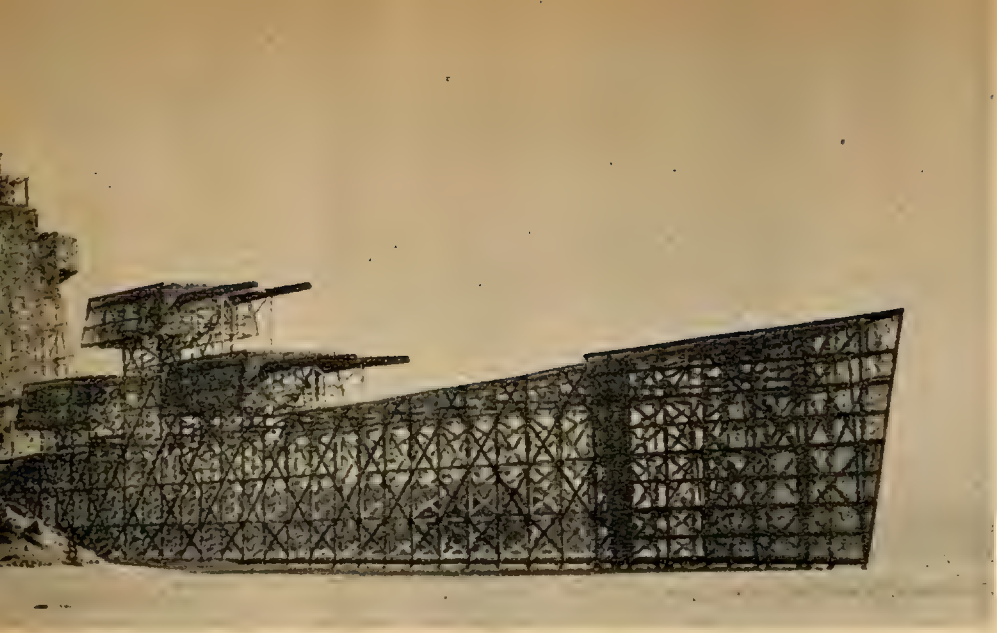
WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC—A lot of things happen here at the flick of a switch. It's a postwar radio set, combining FM, regular, and short-wave radio, television, recorder, and record player. All this, and Sinatra, too.



ONE-LEG TWO-STEP—Pegleg Bates, theatrical entertainer, has a wooden leg, but his dancing still has plenty of zip. He put on this act to show wounded soldiers how little a handicap need matter. And they're taking the lesson to heart.

WARHAWK IN WAR PAINT—The 15,000th Curtiss fighter off the assembly line at Buffalo, N. Y., is covered with insignia of the 28 air forces that use Curtiss fighter planes.





TIME OUT FOR A WHISTLE—Lana Turner steps out in all-white get-up which includes her new palladium-blonde hair. Mother is along, presumably to ward off wolves, as they attend a Hollywood movie première.

DOGS OF MERCY—R. A. F. police dogs have been trained to find people buried under bomb debris. At an unnamed English town, Jet and Thorn sniff spot in razed area for man smell. If dogs seem sure, searchers will start to dig.

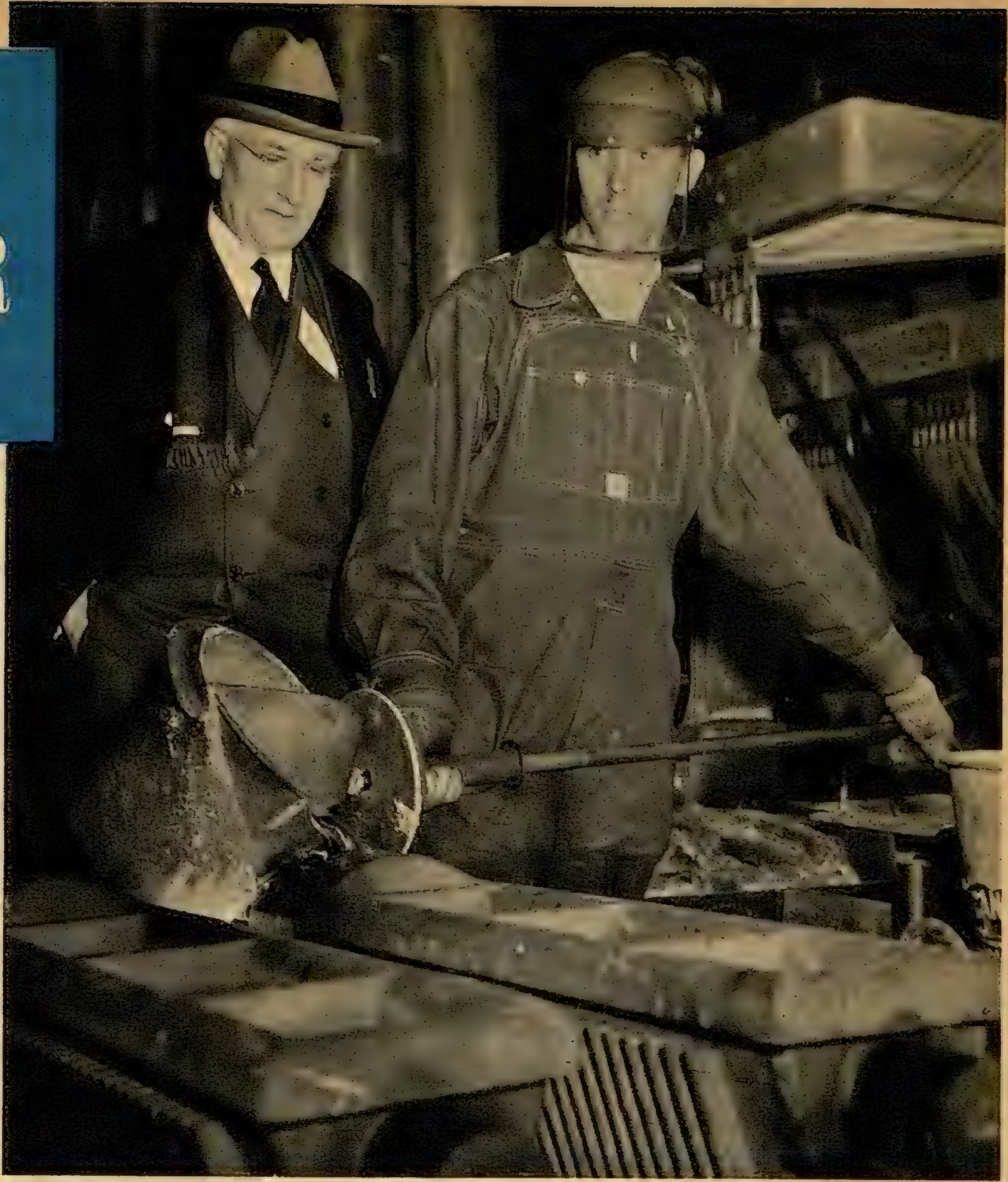
BLOOD ON THE DECK—A wounded gunner aboard an aircraft carrier has his blood-soaked shirt removed as shipmates give him hasty first aid and prepare litter during second battle of Philippine Sea.

CHORUS SYNDICATE—The Goldwyn Girls—here are three—think they have a good thing in dancer Allan Dodd. They have agreed to support the former University of Oklahoma wrestler until he wins a screen contract in return for 10% of his earnings for five years.

SEA-WATER PROSPECTOR

BY LESTER VELIE

Willard Dow gambled $40,000,000 and bucked a depression to turn the ocean into a gigantic magnesium mine and give us vast quantities of this fantastic metal, vital in war and revolutionary in peace



Willard Dow, whose gamble is giving us magnesium, visits a U. S.-owned, Dow-run plant.

WILLARD H. DOW has been prospecting in a pail of salt water ever since his father, Herbert H. Dow, bought him his first chemical set at age ten. His father left him two legacies—the idea that great riches are locked within salt water, and a chemical company as a key to unlock those riches. Having started with these in bleak 1930, he today heads a $140,000,000 industrial empire.

Dow Chemical is the world's largest chemical works within a single enclosure. It rests on an underground sea of salt out at Midland, Michigan. From this underground sea, and from the ocean too, Dow Chemical has dredged a handful of industrial aces which helped save our skin in the war and promise to affect our lives profoundly in peace.

One outstanding ace is the featherweight metal, magnesium. Its weight is one fourth that of steel, two thirds that of aluminum. Thousands of pounds of magnesium go into the air rocket guns hauled by P-47 Thunderbolts. Millions of pounds of magnesium incendiary bombs burned the hearts out of German cities. And millions of pounds of magnesium metal alloys take the lead out of our soldiers' pants by lightening the equipment they haul and lug.

Another ace is styrene, one of the two major components of Buna S rubber. Dow Chemical makes 45 per cent of the country's magnesium; its process is used by itself and others to produce 90 per cent of all our styrene.

Dr. Dow, who at forty-eight is chairman, president, and general manager—in short, the boss—of Dow Chemical, holds one of these aces because of a $40,000,000 piece of stubbornness. He holds the other because Dow Chemical, during depression or prosperity, keeps its eye on a point at least seven years in the future.

The stubbornness began with Dr. Dow's father, Dr. Herbert H. Dow. The elder Dow sent a current of electricity through a pail of brine which, to him, a chemical engineer, was bromine and magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts to you), magnesium chloride and salt. By so doing he first obtained bromine. He then divorced the magnesium from the magnesium chloride, thus finding a practical way for making, in quantities, magnesium, which had been known to man since 1808. Herbert Dow was fired with the obsession of giving American industry a newer, lighter, stronger metal. But industry was unimpressed. Even his own board, tired of losing money year after year, protested. Supported by Dow Chemical's bread-and-butter items like aspirin, phenol, and Epsom salts, magnesium became a pampered child whose custody fell to Willard Dow when his father died in 1930.

It was an expensive custodianship. Dr. Dow spent $40,000,000 of Dow Chemical cash, bucked a depression, grappled with the entrenched dominance of aluminum over the light-metals field, ultimately overcame an industrial yawn as wide as the Grand Canyon to win a toe hold for Dowmetal.

Now that Dow Chemical is winning its $40,000,000 wager, Dr. Dow has placed another bet. While business executives the country over are tossing of nights over war-swollen plant capacity, Dr. Dow has borrowed $25,000,000 in Wall Street to build still more plants after the war. There may be nothing for the plants to do immediately. But building them will provide jobs for workers who might otherwise be idle during the transition to peace. And Dr. Dow has, in his chemical Xanadu at Midland, products awaiting mass production to create work for new plants.

Among them is a new plastic-of-all-work which goes equally well into sturdy plumbing pipe and into fine age-proof fabrics for the furniture of the future. They include food for plants and poison for bugs, and man-made perfumes to make Midland the perfumery supply capital of the world.

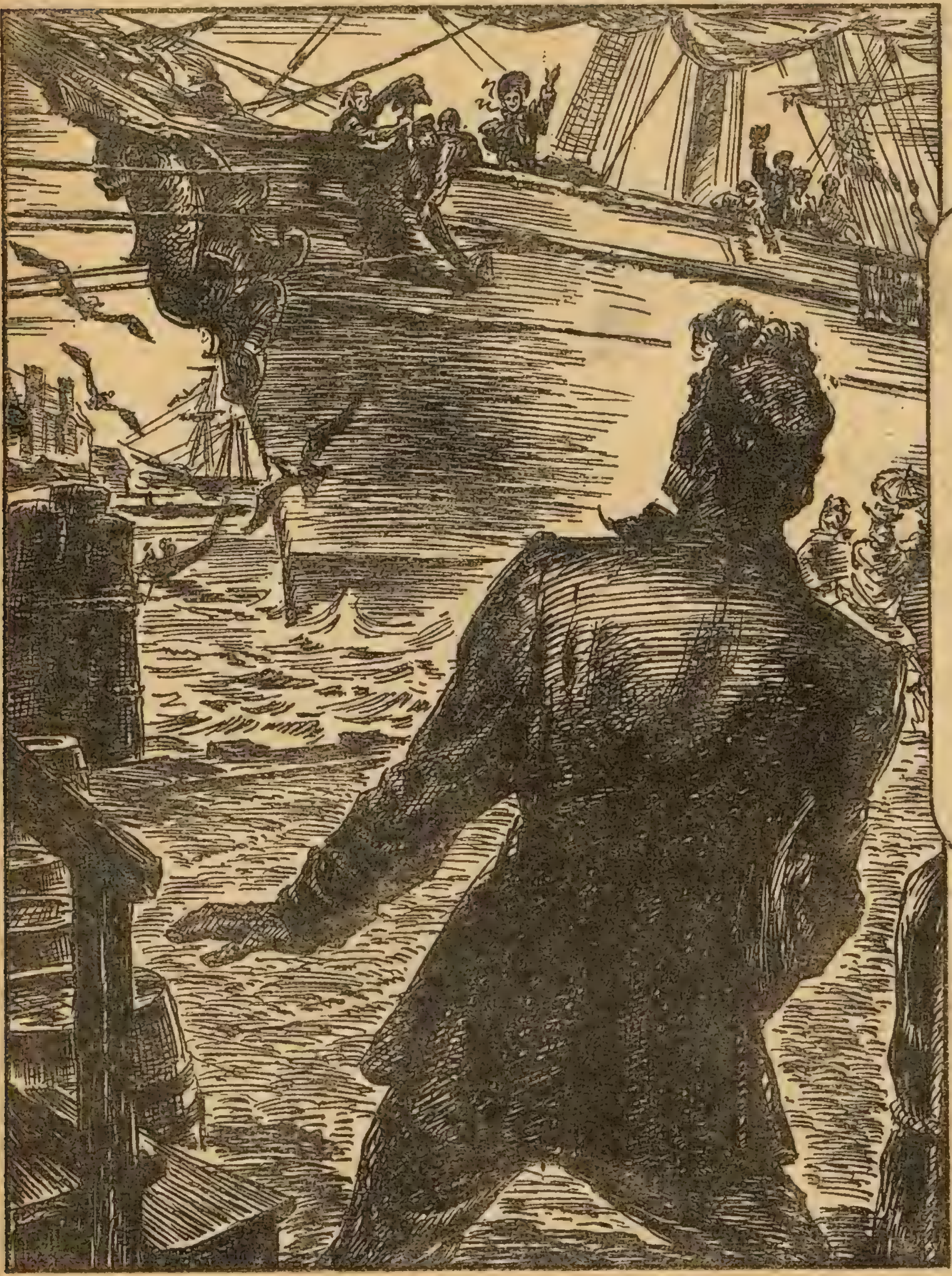
Expanding during periods of general contraction is not new to Dow Chemical. During the depression, when the great industrial customers of Dow Chemical were banking their furnaces, Dr. Dow cocked an eye at the falling economic barometer and decided to build. And so, while smokestacks grew cold in Detroit, 150 miles away, new smokestacks rose in Midland.

No one in Dr. Dow's home town walked the streets. And Dow Chemical's researchers, snugly secure against the long economic winter, rewarded the company with some lusty test-tube babies. One of these depression offspring, a new low-cost styrene, helped solve the rubber crisis a decade later. And factories which Dr. Dow built at depression prices paid off in low-cost competitive products that sent Dow Chemical sales soaring. Dr. Dow's company has quadrupled its sales in the last four years, has become the country's fourth largest chemical producer, and is crowding on the heels of the big three corporate giants of the industry.

The top man of the dynamic Dow Chemical empire is essentially a small-town boy who never outgrew his old home town, but, rather, made his home town grow up with him. He pounds no tables, seldom

(Continued on page 69)

Green Dolphin Street



BY
ELIZABETH GOUDGE

This appealing romance is the winner of M-G-M's $125,000 prize, and a Literary Guild selection. Through each of its many colorful episodes runs the basic idea that a few crucial moments can give meaning to a whole life. In order to do justice to its delicate moods, a section of the book which is a complete short novel in itself, and which is beautifully expressive of the central theme, has been selected.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY REYNOLD POLLAK

A COCK crowed and William woke up. It was still dark, but he was a farmer now and as punctual to the crowing of the cock as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Not that there was anything ghostlike about William Ozanne. In the last ten years he had put on weight to such an extent that the price of a new suit was nearly doubled and his bill for shoe leather would have kept him awake at night had he not been so rich a man.

But these were minor trials. The real difficulty for a man of great weight is how to come and go unobserved by his wife, when his footfall is one that can be heard half a mile off. William considered himself a happily married man, but nevertheless there were occasions when he still wished to come or go unobserved by Marianne, and this was one of them.

He sat slowly up in bed. Everything was against him: his breathing, slightly stertorous nowadays when he moved; the exquisite brocade curtains of the huge four-poster, whose brass rings rattled when they were pulled aside; the little flight of steps leading from four-poster to floor, which creaked when stepped on; the door, which squeaked; and his wife's preternaturally sharp hearing, which functioned even when she was asleep.

Nevertheless the problems must be surmounted or his early morning ride up into the mountains to watch the sunrise with Véronique, an expedition planned to greet the first official day of spring, would be discovered by Marianne and she would be jealous.

Poor Marianne. Poor girl. She did not nowadays visit her jealousy of her husband's and child's great love for each other upon their heads in temper, as she had done ten years ago; she'd progressed beyond that; but her hurt silences were just as hard to put up with, and William and Véronique avoided them at all costs, short of abandoning their mountain rides together. Up in the

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Arcadia of the mountains they escaped into some timeless place not of this world, and they knew instinctively that it was necessary for the happiness of both of them that they should keep their footing there.

Holding his breath, William edged himself little by little toward his side of the bed, pulled aside the curtain cautiously, and lowered himself down the steps to the floor. Here he stood upright, listening intently. But there was no sound from the bed.

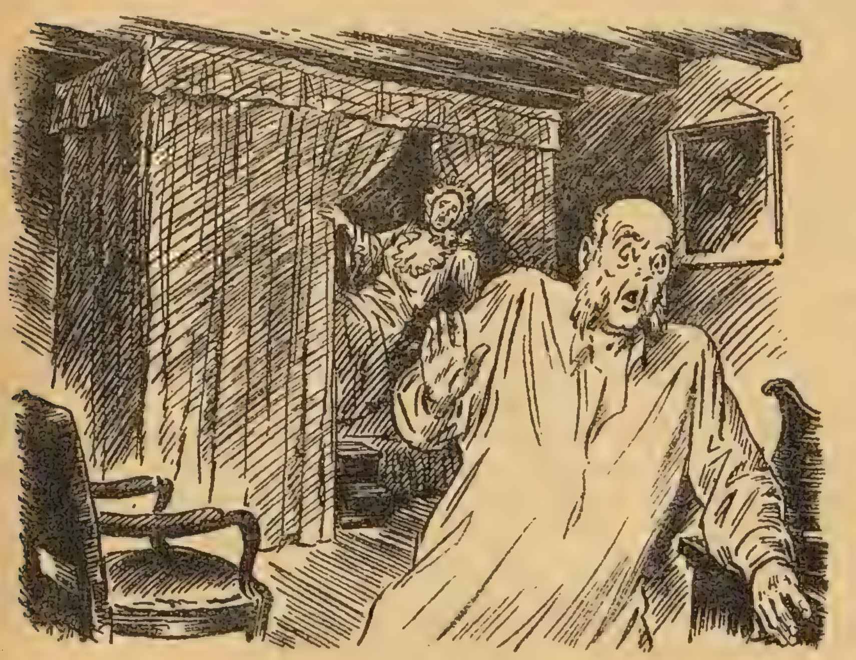
Reassured, he stole rather too quickly across the floor in the darkness and stubbed his bare toe against the corner of the chest of drawers. An exclamation was out before he could stop himself, and a sharp voice spoke suddenly from within the curtains of the bed:

"William!"

"Yes, dear," said William miserably, shivering in the cold draft that blew under the door.

"What on earth are you doing, getting up at this hour? It's the middle of the night."

"No, dear," said William gently. "Nearly morning now. I'm anxious about that cow that calved yesterday. She felt bad last night."



"My dear William, Nat understands far more about the cows than you do, and he's sitting up with her. And James and Mack will be about soon. When one considers the number of responsible men we employ on this farm, it is merely foolish for you to be perpetually poking your nose into petty details in the way you do. If you were to pay as much attention to the fluctuations of market prices as you do to the fluctuations of the animals' emotions, we should be a great deal more prosperous than we are."

"You're a marvel, Marianne," said William admiringly. "The minute you wake up you're as voluble and alert as though it were three o'clock in the afternoon."

"And a good thing, too," retorted Marianne. "A poor thing it would be if both of us wandered about all day in a half-dream. Come back to bed, William."

"No, dear," said William. "I'm going to see about that cow," and he opened the door and went out.

He had left his clothes the night before in the kitchen downstairs, so that he could dress without disturbing Marianne. As he lit the candles in the kitchen, and struggled into his clothes, he said to himself suddenly that he was sick of deceiving Marianne, even though it was for her own peace of mind. But all his lies were the offspring of the first great whopping falsehood that had been the foundation stone of their married life, and he would never be able to tell Marianne the truth about that. . . . Poor girl, it would kill her.

For William, at twenty-nine, a rough and lusty New Zealand lumberman with ten years of pioneer life behind him, had one day gone down to the quay in Wellington to meet the Green Dolphin, in from England. He had shipped on her when he was a lad, and now she was bringing him his bride.

He was wearing a sky-blue coat with brass buttons and he carried his hat in his hand. His hair was the same tossed, untidy, red-gold mop it had been when they had played together as children in St. Pierre on the largest of the Channel Islands.

As the ship glided in, William's eager eyes swept her deck. They found a small, tense figure: not the girl he loved, but her sister.

The shock of seeing Marianne, tiny and dark and sallow-skinned, when he had expected tall golden-haired Marguerite, had at first knocked him silly and then set his brain racing. He realized at once how he had made his hideous mistake. With the whisky bottle beside him to aid composition, he had written that letter to Octavius Le Patourel, back in Green Dolphin Street, in sleepy old St. Pierre, asking for his daughter in marriage; and, what with drink and love, his stupefied mind had played him an habitual trick. He had confused the two names that from boyhood he had always vowed were too much alike.

A series of hateful coincidences had prevented his discovery of the mistake—the omission of the bride's name from Octavius' answering letter and from Marianne's own little note which said merely, "I love you," scrawled hastily because it must be put at once aboard the returning packet.

ALL this William knew in a blinding flash as his great body lumbered mechanically up the gangplank without the slightest idea of what it was going to do when it got to the top.

This girl, Marianne, had always loved him. He knew that. Her bitter jealousy had tried to spoil—though nothing ever could—the joyous sureness of the love of William and Marguerite for each other. But could he now go to Marianne, who had answered the cry of his heart for home and mate, and say he did not love her or want her, that she must turn around and go home again? Ask her proud spirit to face contempt and derision when she returned to St. Pierre, thrown away by a fool fellow who had been too tipsy even to recall the name of the woman he loved?

Another man might have done that in the name of truth and common sense, but William had lacked both the strength and the cruelty. On his wedding night he had felt that married life with Marianne was a thing that could not be faced, but he knew he had spoken the words of the marriage vow, even though he had not the faintest recollection of the ceremony itself. One could not get away from words like those without being a quitter.

With the years, as he and Marianne accommodated themselves to each other's failings and increasingly admired each other's virtues, their marriage had become progressively satisfactory.

His dressing now finished, William examined himself critically in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Oh, my!" said a sarcastic voice from the window, where a parrot hung in his cage. The bird had belonged to William's father, and Marianne had brought it to William when she came out to marry him.

"Hold your tongue, you old scoundrel!" ejaculated William, and flung his discarded nightshirt over the top of the cage. From beneath its folds Old Nick continued to squawk derisively.

William at fifty-three, with his great girth and stooping shoulders, looked a great deal older than his actual age. Yet he was still an attractive-looking man with his fresh-colored genial face, kind blue eyes, and handsome gray Dundreary whiskers that made some amends with their luxuriance for his now completely bald head. They might live in the wilds of New Zealand, but with the help of the fashion plates that still came to her from London Marianne kept them all looking as up-to-date as she could. It was she who had insisted on the Dundreary whiskers and the loose tweed coat and flap cap with a turned-up brim that seemed to William to look slightly ridiculous above his farmer's corduroys.

But his loose blue tie was all right, because his daughter Véronique had knitted it for him, and everything Véronique did was always perfection to his eyes. He knotted it with great care, so absorbed that he did not hear the door open, did not know she was there until she slipped her arms round his neck from behind.

He swung around. "Why, you little monkey, I was going to wake you with a cup of tea!"

"The cock woke me. We'll make a cup of tea for Nat instead."

She was as devoted to the old seaman as were her mother and father, who had given him a home with them when his ship went down.

She was skimming about the kitchen, laying the table for breakfast, filling the kettle and putting it on the hob, putting the room to rights. They had two maids, the daughters of Murray, one of their shepherds, but they lived up the valley and did not come until later in the morning, and Véronique did the before-breakfast work so that Marianne could lie longer in bed. Marianne was always tired these days. Véronique did not fall much behind her mother in capability; but as she was unaware of her efficiency, it did not irritate.

Her father, laying the fire with clumsiness and inattention, watched her out of the corner of his eye. She was grown up now, intellectually mature but emotionally rather undeveloped for her age, like all only children. She was tall and slim, in appearance almost ridiculously like Marguerite at her age, except that she retained that look of fragility that had worried William so much when she was a child. It worried him less now, for she had not had one single serious illness throughout the seventeen years of her life; he found more reason for anxiety in her look of unearthliness.

He did not know quite what it was that gave her this nymphlike air, whether it was her swift movements, the almost luminous pallor of her skin, or the silvery fairness of her hair, but anyway it was there. She belonged in those dream countries where he and she had wandered in her childhood, and in this exquisite upland valley where they lived now; but he knew instinctively that all would not be well with her in another place. He was fighting now as he had never fought before to prevent Marianne from inaugurating a complete upheaval in their whole way of life.

As he laid the fire, William groaned and sighed over his wife's insatiable, restless ambition. She was very busy nowadays pointing out to him that the wool trade was not quite what it had been, and that they would be wise to sell their land and farm and engage in some more profitable trade. To this William replied steadily that fluctuations in the price of wool were only to be expected, that things were bound to look up again, that they had capital behind them and could weather a few lean years with ease.

MARIANNE would respond by painting glowing pictures of all that they could do with their capital in another way of life. Gold had been discovered in New Zealand now, as well as in Australia. She did not need to tell him, she would whisper in the darkness of their four-poster at night, what that meant in terms of prosperity to a man possessed of push and initiative.

"I've neither," William would growl, aware even while he growled that that was of no consequence to a man whose wife had both. "I've nothing in common with most of these gold diggers. Greedy upstarts. Not like the good old pioneering stock. I hate 'em."

But it was no good to run down gold, for Marianne only produced steam. The country was being opened up now, not only by roads but by railways, and a group of Dunedin merchants had lately formed the Union Steamship Company to cater for the coastal and intercolonial trade. There was even talk of laying a deep-sea cable to Australia, connecting them with the cable service to Europe and America. William saw steam as a threat to Véronique's happiness and hated it.

If he asked what could be given them by greater wealth that they had not got already, she would tell him: A town house in one of the fashionable South Island ports, a carriage and pair, dinner parties, card parties, and balls.

"For Véronique," she would say. "She is beautiful and should marry well. She must be given her chance."

"She's young," William always temporized. "Wait a little. I do not want her to marry just yet."

"You're jealous," Marianne would flash out when especially goaded. "You want to keep her for yourself."

"No," William would reply with a huge patience. "I want only her happiness."

But last night, for the first time, his patience had given out, and he had flashed back at her, "You know, my girl, you want that town house not for Véronique but for yourself."

Marianne had relapsed into one of her hurt silences, and then into sleep, while William had lain awake and cursed himself for wounding her so deeply.

William was a just man and gave the credit of his success where it belonged, to Marianne. It was true he had worked hard, deucedly hard, but it had been under her orders and inspired by her creative energy, and with one eye somewhat uneasily closed to her business methods. For they had not attained to their present prosperity by overscrupulousness. When it had been possible for Marianne to grab she had grabbed, and what she had once grabbed she did not let go.

OF ALL the house, William and Véronique loved the kitchen, with the great wide fireplace where on winter evenings, with snow falling in the mountains, they sat before the blazing logs and told each other stories. This room where the fire on the hearth burned all the year round was the center of life for house and farm, and the kindling of the fire this morning, as always, warmed the cockles of William's heart.

"Quick now," he said. "The kettle's boiling. Make that cup of tea for Nat and come along, or we'll be back late and upset your mother." He was thankful that Véronique had ordained this visit to Nat and the cow, for it turned his lie to Marianne into a truth.

Véronique was already dressed in her habit of warm blue cloth, and her curls were done up tidily on top of her head. She needed no hat in this free, wild country. She made Nat's tea, very strong and sweet as he liked it, poured it into a can and put it into a basket with some little cakes, and took her crop from its corner by the grandfather clock. Then they lifted the latch of the door and stole outside.

They pushed open a door and were at once enfolded in the warm lantern-lit enchantment of the stable.

"How are they, Nat?" asked William.

"Doin' fine," said the old man with pride, as Véronique knelt down to caress Rhoda and the calf.

William turned away and went to the far end of the stable to saddle their horses—Véronique's white pony and his own stout chestnut cob.

William was a clumsy rider who would have preferred his own feet to a horse's back any day had not the great distances that he had to cover, if he was to keep his eye upon the whole of his domain, made a horse a necessity; but Véronique rode as though she had been born on horseback, and to be with her was to share her joy.

They cantered over a stout wooden bridge that spanned one of those swift clear streams that came down from the mountains, across another meadow, and then their sure-footed horses were climbing a steep path up the hillside. Though the sun had not yet lifted above the mountains, it was full daylight now, with the mist still opaque but thinning to an opalescent veil of light that would soon be the sun-shot blue of infinite space. The turf was a pure bright green, the bushes misted over with the delicate gauze of spiders' webs. They rode in silence, attentive to the music of the high hills, that music of distant sheep bells blended with the murmur of falling streams that can stir some hearts more deeply than any other music in the world. It could so stir Véronique, for it was the music of her own country.

Véronique spoke first. "Let's go and look at our hoggets," she said.

They climbed a little farther, dismounted, and, leading the horses, reached the lip of one of those lovely green cups of shelter that were to be found hidden here and there within the folds of these hills, which William and Véronique had always called the Country of the Green Pastures. They looked down upon the wide green lawn below, dotted with the hoggets—beautiful yearling merinos. There were hundreds of them cropping the spring turf, their bodies gleaming white, and Véronique laughed for joy at the sight.

"There's something wrong with grass that has not got sheep upon it," Véronique said.

William laughed. "There speaks the true shepherdess."

Véronique looked up at him, flushing with pleasure. "A shepherdess," she said softly. "I like that."

And then her eyes went to the far end of the green lawn where there was a rough hut built of piled stones. No one seemed to be there. She turned back to William.

"Is this fall in the price of wool serious, papa?" she asked him wisely.

"No, Véronique," he replied, his eyes twinkling with amusement, for he had noticed her quite unconscious search. "The boom years are over, but there will always be a demand for wool. I'm not making the money that I did, but then, to my way of thinking, I was making a bit too much a few years back. I'm one of those fellows who find a lot of money hanging round my neck burdensome. I want no more than what is sufficient to keep our home exactly as it is."

"Nor I, papa," she answered fervently. "But mama—"

She checked herself, for there was a tacit understanding between these two that they should never criticize their wife and mother to each other.

"GRAND morning."

John Ogilvie had come up behind them. They swung round in greeting. With absolute un-self-consciousness Véronique looked up at his face, delighting in him with the frankness of a child. Her father glanced at her intently. No, she did not know yet. Her delight in John was the same quality as her delight in her home, in the beauty of the morning, in the hoggets. He was just a part of it all, he always had been, and she had not waked up yet to the fact that he was the most integral part.

William's glance went to John's face, and then quickly away again, shamed. Not right to look at a man at quite such a naked moment. If Véronique had not had the sun in her eyes, surely she would have seen; and John had promised William that she should not see just yet. Four months ago, when John had first spoken to William of his love for Véronique, William had pleaded that she was a child still, and had asked John to wait. His deep love for Véronique desired her eventual marriage with this man more than anything else on earth, but he believed she was not quite ready yet, either mentally or physically. And John, with the insight of a love that was almost as great as William's, had accepted the decision, and was waiting. He was six years older than Véronique, but that was no great age, and like all countrymen he was inured to patience.

Marianne considered John a lazy, stupid fellow. She was deceived by the slow deliberation of his movements and the fact that he did not speak unless he had something to say. She did not like him. She did not like the steady regard of his keen gray eyes that went on looking at the object or person before them until it seemed they knew all there was to know about it or her, when they would blink suddenly, just once, as though the mind behind the eyes had totted up a total and drawn a line. And the great kindness that was always in his eyes did not necessarily leave one with the feeling that his deductions had been other than entirely accurate; any more than the tenderness that was in his slow wide smile could disguise the obstinacy of his mouth and the strength of his jaw.

It was William's most desperate and urgent hope, just at present, that the gradual drawing together of Véronique and John should escape Marianne's notice until their oneness was a thing that even she could not divide. She had noticed nothing yet, for John, instinctively aware of her dislike and uneasy with her, had up till now been as reticent as a clam in her presence. Moreover, she thought of him as a mere common shepherd, and her ambitions for her child had soared so high that they had quite lost sight of things down on the earth.

John's early brilliance had led his father to endure many deprivations to send his son to school at Dunedin. But John, with a good education behind him, and a fine mind, had chosen to come back to the valley where he had been born and devote his life to sheep, and among his elders only William had not expressed surprise. For William knew that there are some places, like some mothers, that have more power than others of binding their children to them. And there are some children whose roots cannot be dragged out of their native soil without agony. They are doubly blessed if they are left where they belong; doubly wretched if they are uprooted. John was one of these children, and Véronique was another. Looking from one to the other of them in the fresh mountain dawn, terror seized William. For the rude winds of the world can wither the flowers of Arcadia very easily, and it would be difficult, even for his great love, to keep them from blowing in.

"Time to go home," he said abruptly.

John elected to come too. "Just as far as the bridge," he said, and it was he who helped Véronique onto her pony, lifting her with a swift easy swing, scrupulously not letting his hands linger on her body or his eyes meet hers. He walked beside her, laughing and talking, holding her bridle when the path was rough and stony.

William fell behind, of deliberate intent. He could hear the murmur of John's gentle low-pitched Scotch voice and Véronique's answering happy laughter. Only when she was with John was there quite that bell-like note in her laughter.

Watching them, William acknowledged to himself that it was not only, though chiefly, for Véronique's sake that he so deeply desired this marriage. It was for his own sake too. If Véronique were to marry a valley man, he and she would never be far apart. When he said to himself that there was no price he would not pay for her happiness, it was always with a half-unconscious reservation—that he himself should never lose her.

BESIDES the looking glass on Marianne's dressing table, and the hand mirror that she kept on the table beside the bed, there were two long glasses let into the panels of the wardrobe in which it was possible to see the whole of one's person from top to toe. When a woman is fifty-six years old and for twenty-four years has endured the rigors of pioneering in a new country, she is no longer in any danger of vanity when she looks in the glass, but she needs to see herself from every angle.

As a girl, since she could not be beautiful, Marianne had decided to be chic, and had been it, but she had put on weight just lately, and you cannot be chic and stout. But you can be dignified and stout—look at Queen Victoria. As she stood before the long pier glasses this morning, adjusting the dark green folds of her morning gown, Marianne decided that there is nothing like a bustle for dignity.

She always put the final touches to her toilette at her dressing table, for the draped looking glass with its back to the light gave a more flattering reflection of her face than did the pier glass. There is less to be done about an aging face than an aging figure, thought Marianne. Beneath the demurely parted gray hair her face was sallower than ever, and very lined. But there was still something to be said for it, she thought. She had not, like Queen Victoria, been beaten by her mouth, for she could still smilingly frustrate its tendency to droop at the corners; and the glance of her dark eyes was still bright and birdlike.

She consulted the large important-looking gold watch that was tucked into her waistband, that William had given her when the tide of their fortunes had first turned in this place. She smiled tenderly. It had not been anything for himself that he had bought, nor even for Véronique, but a watch and chain for his wife. It was ridiculous of her to feel sometimes that he was not entirely hers. She had made him and saved him, and she was convinced that he worshiped her.

It was a pity that there was no one to see her sail down the stairs and into the kitchen. Majesty is scarcely majesty without subservient servitors, and the parrot's raucous "Oh, my, dearie!" was more mocking than subservient.

She looked about her. The kettle was singing on the hob and the table was laid, but Véronique should have been frying the bacon and eggs and cutting the bread, William should have been bringing in water from the well, and Nat mixing up the food for the chickens. Her mouth set a little grimly as she tied on an apron.

But her hand, stretched out for the frying pan, was arrested in mid-air. The frying pan hung always on a hook by the grandfather clock, with Véronique's crop on a hook just below it, and the crop was not there. It needed only that tiny fact, combined with William's sheepishness early this morning, to tell her what had happened. Once again, like a couple of naughty children playing truant from their schoolmarm, they had run off to enjoy themselves. Several times before, she had caught them doing this, and had said nothing, and they had not known that she had known. But this morning William had actually lied to her. That was too much.

White-faced, she held on to the kitchen table fighting an onslaught of the old anger that she had never expected to feel again. She was in truth very tired. Her years of struggle had taxed even her vitality, and she had been short of sleep last night, so long had she and William argued about the relative values of steam and gold and sheep. Why must they deceive her in this way? Had she ever begrudged them their pleasures? No, never, and she worked her fingers to the bone for them. She was an old woman, worn out before her time, and all because she had toiled night and day for years. She had given her whole life to William, only to have him desert her now for the child she had given him; and that same child preferred the father who had suffered for her not so much as an ache in his little finger to the mother who had borne her in so much pain.

Here she was, expected to fry the bacon and eggs and bring the water from the well without assistance, while they went gallivanting off up the mountains. Leaving her alone here. Alone. Even Nat, who ought to have been mixing up the chickens' food, was out in the stable fussing over those wretched animals.

Yes, she was near the breaking point now. She had toiled for years and years, only to be left quite alone at the end of it, all without a word of thanks from a single soul for whom she had labored. She sank down onto the chair behind her, covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"Oh, my!" squawked Old Nick. The spectacle of her rare tears filled him with unholy glee. He rocked himself from side to side on his perch, screeching detestably, and his mockery was so cruel and hateful that she picked up the tea cozy and flung it at him, then dropped her dignified head right down on her arms on the table and sobbed again.

A hand was laid on her shoulder with a reassuring pressure. She looked up to find Nat beside her, his ancient countenance puckered into a mask of distress that would have been comical but for the anguish of it.

MARIANNE was all at once most deeply touched and most profoundly irritated. The knowledge that this terrific scene of emotion had been called forth by such a trivial incident, that she was in fact making an enormous fuss about nothing, was galling to her pride and rubbed her up the wrong way so completely that she flashed out at poor Nat in a perfect fury of self-justification.

"No, I'm not ill," she stormed in answer to his anxious inquiry. "Not ill, only bitterly hurt. Why do they go off like this without telling me?"

"To spare ye, ma'am," said Nat.

"To *spare* me?" demanded Marianne.

"Ye see, ma'am," said Nat gently, and speaking the exact truth, as was his habit, "if Mr. Ozanne and Miss Véronique tell ye they are seekin' a bit of pleasure without ye, it bein', maybe, somethin' they can't invite ye to partake in, such as ridin', ye, ma'am, never havin' learnt to ride, why then, ma'am, ye're that hurt an' jealous that it grieves 'em. An' so, ma'am, ye see, they keep silent."

"Jealous?" she raged. "Jealous? I'm never jealous! Is it to spare me that I am left to carry in the water alone? All my life long, Nat, I have been toiling for those I love without a word of thanks! Have you mixed the chicken food this morning, Nat? I don't see it."

Nat went quietly out of the kitchen, and that small portion of her mind that was not occupied with her own troubles noticed that his face looked suddenly gray. It was years since she had lost her temper like this, and it was the very first time that she had lost it with Nat himself. Then her sobs broke out afresh and she forgot all about him.

She began to fry the eggs and bacon. If they were cold by the time William and Véronique arrived, that would be their fault, for it was already long past breakfast time. As she turned the sizzling slices over and over, she fought down her sobs, for she was not going to be caught crying by her erring husband and child. They should not know how deeply their callous behavior had hurt her. She had too much pride for that.

Jealous! How dared Nat say such a thing? Vaguely she was aware of him coming in and out, first with the chicken food ready mixed, to be boiled over the fire later, and then with buckets of water that he had drawn up from the well, and her anger against her husband stirred afresh. For it was not fair that Nat should have to do William's work for him. He was a very old man now, probably nearer ninety than eighty, and sometimes she thought that his heart was not strong.

A moment later the door opened to admit William, with Véronique just behind him, both of them smiling those broad yet uneasy smiles with which the erring endeavor to deflect attention from their sins. They opened their mouths wide to utter bright affectionate remarks, similarly intentioned, but Marianne cut them short.

"You're very late," she said coldly. "How untidy you look, Véronique. Nat is drawing the water for *you*, William."

"The old scoundrel!" ejaculated William in consternation. "I've told him time and again never to do that. It's too heavy a job. What induced him to do such a thing? I'd have been back in a moment. Where is he?"

"At the well, no doubt," said Marianne.

William went out and Véronique came to Marianne. "Give me the frying pan, mama darling," she said gaily. "That's my job, you know."

"I am aware of it," said Marianne. "But I am quite accustomed to doing all the work. I have been doing it all my life. Hadn't you better wash your extremely dirty hands?"

Véronique drew back, biting her lip to keep the tears from coming, and there was a cold hateful silence in the kitchen while she washed her hands at the sink and Marianne laid the bacon and eggs, perfectly cooked in spite of her emotion, on a pink china dish.

Then the door was kicked open from outside and the two women turned, startled, to see William standing on the threshold with Nat in his arms.

"Found him lying in a faint over the well parapet," said William briefly. "Where's the whisky?"

Two days later Nat died in his sleep, of heart failure and extreme old age. William and Véronique grieved for him and William reproached himself most humbly for that unpunctuality of his that had been the cause of the old fellow's death, yet they both sorrowed without bitterness, for, after all, dear old Nat had been incredibly old, and they were glad for him that his death had been so peaceful and so easy. Old Nick, too, though he drooped in his cage and molted quite a lot of feathers, seemed resigned. The sorrow of the three of them, though sincere, had a gentleness that befitted the circumstances, and against its background the violence of Marianne's grief appeared almost ridiculous.

"After all, dearest, it isn't as though you had anything to reproach yourself with," argued William tenderly, leaning over the foot of the great four-poster and regarding his wife's ravaged face upon the pillow with considerable perturbation. The blow of Nat's death, coming upon her when she was overwrought and overtired, had so completely exhausted her that he and Véronique had had to put her to bed, and the sight of Marianne in bed in the daytime when she was not actually ill was so astonishing that he felt as perturbed as though there'd been an earthquake. "Not a darned thing with which to reproach yourself," he repeated energetically. "Astonishing, the way you always looked after the old fellow."

"You see, he was—the poor," said Marianne brokenly. "I'll not be so nice a woman now he's gone, William. He called out all that is best in me. I've always loved the poor."

And then she began weakly to sob again.

"There! There!" said the puzzled William. "There's nothing to cry about. Not a damn thing."

"It's because you were late for breakfast that he drew the water from the well," she sobbed reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, yes," said William humbly. "All my fault, dearest. All my fault. I'm damn sorry."

"Don't swear, William," sobbed Marianne.

Véronique's head came round the door. "I've some tea here, mama. Could you fancy it?"

"Just a cup. My head's too bad to eat," lamented Marianne. "William, take your hand off my forehead, you're driving me distracted."

William tiptoed on squeaking boots from the room, thankfully leaving the floor to his daughter. Véronique's pretty face was puckered with distress as she set the tray beside the bed and plumped up her mother's pillows. Except for an occasional cold in the head, mama never ailed, and she was in a regular panic.

"Oh, mama, mama, I wish I knew what was the matter with you!" she wailed.

Triumph welled in Marianne at the sight of her daughter's distress; but after it came that cold calculation that had always enabled her to seize upon everything that came to hand, even the suffering or love of those she cared for, to bring her nearer to her desires.

"There's nothing the matter with me, dear," she said, "but I'm worn out with toiling away year after year in this wretched farm at the back of beyond. It's rest and change I want, Véronique, and if I don't get them, I don't see how I can go on."

"But of course you must have them, darling mama!"

"IT would have been so heavenly to have gone and stayed at Dunedin for a bit," said Marianne, "and smelled the sea again and had a little society. I was born by the sea, you know, and it's the breath of life to me, and in my girlhood I always moved in the best society. I abandoned everything for your dear papa, and I've never reproached him for the hardships of my life since my marriage, but there are times when one longs for a little ease, a little comfort—"

She wept again, and Véronique's mind was too distracted by anxiety to note the comfort of her mother's bedroom.

"But of course, mama!" she cried. "You must go away for a good long holiday. I'll look after papa and the house just as you would yourself."

"I very much doubt if I am fit to go alone, darling," lamented Marianne. "You've no idea how weak and ill I feel."

"Then I'll come with you," said Véronique.

"But I'd be distracted with anxiety if poor papa was left here all alone without either of us."

"I know what we'll do!" cried Véronique in triumph. "We'll *all* go! John Ogilvie can look after everything for papa. Dear old John is as reliable as an oak tree. Papa has said so over and over again."

Marianne's broken voice steadied and rose to tones of almost epic tragedy. "There's nothing in the world," she declared, "that would root your father up out of this hateful valley. If only you knew, Véronique, how I've argued and implored, and all to no purpose!"

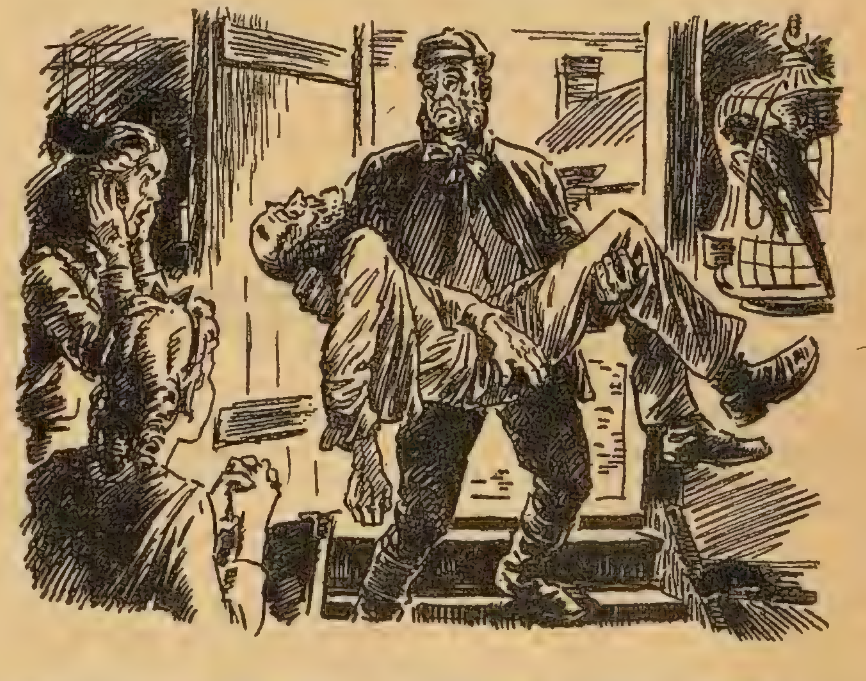
"There's nothing papa wouldn't do to get you well, mama," said Véronique. "We love you so dearly, he and I. Leave it to me, mama. I'll persuade him."

Marianne looked at her daughter over her lace-trimmed handkerchief, and the brightness of her birdlike glance was not due to fever.

"We'd have such fun, Véronique!" she cried. "You'd be able to go to balls and parties, and I could buy you some really smart gowns. You're so pretty, dearest, and there's no one here to see you except the silly sheep. Even though it is rather too full of strait-laced Scotch people, there is plenty of society in Dunedin. Now I come to think of it, Mrs. Bennet lives there. She's a sister of an old friend whom your father and I stayed with years ago at Nelson, and I have her address. She's wealthy, and moves in the best society. She'd introduce you to the right people. . . . The Union Steamship Company was formed by Dunedin men," she added, "and your father is so interested in steam. If *only* he—"

"Leave papa to me," interrupted Véronique, her eyes dancing, and flew out of the room. Marianne lay back on her pillows flushed with triumph. She poured herself out a second cup of tea, and found that she could eat something, after all.

VÉRONIQUE sat in the window of their parlor looking out across the street to the houses opposite. They had taken extremely expensive rooms in one of the most prosperous quarters of Dunedin, and the houses were charming and dignified, with flights of steps leading up to front doors flanked by pillars. Trees lined the street, and the smart carriages that drove up and down all day long were checkered by the faintly stirring shadows of high summer.



Véronique had pushed the window wide open, so that she might feel the cool breeze upon her hot cheeks; it came from the sea, the cold Pacific that beat against the high cliffs of Dunedin, and the mountain-bred girl welcomed its coolness with delight. She found a town in summer rather stuffy, even Dunedin with its generally rigorous climate, and so did Old Nick, petulantly scratching himself and swearing under his breath in the cage beside her.

But whereas Old Nick did not in the least mind expressing his feelings on the subject, Véronique refused to own them, even to herself. Dunedin was perfect. Life was an ecstatic whirling dream of fun and laughter, and she had never been so deliriously happy in all her life before. Every evening she assured William of this fact, and every evening his gentle answering smile left her vaguely irritated. It spoiled things for her to have him not so thrilled over everything as she and Marianne were. She couldn't help being vexed with him. And imperceptibly, during these last two months, she had drawn a little away from her father and nearer to her mother.

They had been in quite humble lodgings at first, clean but not very luxurious. William had gone on to Dunedin ahead of his wife and daughter and found them himself, and had got everything ready to receive Marianne when she and Véronique arrived, even to flowers in bowls on the window sills and books from the circulating library upon the table. Véronique had liked those lodgings, and had enjoyed exploring Dunedin with him, and going shopping with Marianne, and the novelty of everything had at first completely satisfied her.

BUT Marianne had been discontented from the beginning. She had found the lodgings cramped and the cooking plain, and she hadn't got well as quickly as she should have done. William had thought the quiet of the lodgings he had found would have been just the thing for her in her exhausted condition, but somehow it hadn't seemed to be. Mrs. Bennet had been duly notified of their presence and had called, but had turned out to be a sad sufferer from asthma. She was unable to entertain other than very quietly, she had said with a sigh; she was unequal to the exertion. And when she had asked them to her house, there had been no one there under seventy, and it had, indeed, been very quiet.

"But she would have put herself out a bit more," Marianne had said irritably to William, "if we had been in more stylish lodgings."

And William had looked very discouraged, and Marianne had gone to bed early with a headache, though she had done nothing at all to bring it on, had scarcely, in fact, except for the dull party, stirred out of her armchair all day.

And then Frederick had come to the rescue, exactly like the prince in a fairy tale.

Véronique and Marianne had attended an afternoon concert dressed in the very smartest of their new gowns, Marianne in purple silk, beribboned and flounced, with a very smart little hat trimmed with violets; and Véronique in pale blue, the overskirt draped in U-shaped folds in front and hitched up at the back to show an underskirt composed of hundreds of cascading frills. Her little white hat with blue feathers had been tipped well forward over her nose so as to show the mass of pale gold ringlets at the back of her head.

When they had entered the vestibule, Frederick had just been entering too, and had stood politely aside, with a most graceful bow, to let them go in first. Marianne had swept past him with a regal inclination of the head, but Véronique had paused a moment, intending to say thank you, because she thought it was so good of him to bow like that to strangers. And then, as she had stood there rooted to the ground, a strange glow had thrilled through her, so that even her fingertips tingled. For this was the lover of her dreams.

There were men of wealth in Dunedin, but their wealth had been won by grueling hard work, and they bore the marks of it in a ruggedness of demeanor that did not allow of easy smiles and bows. Not so Frederick, who had never hitherto done a hand's turn in his life. Yet his grace, though exquisite, was completely masculine. Véronique, bred to hardness, would not have been attracted by an effeminate man.

Frederick was tall and dark, with a skin tanned brown by the long sea voyage from England. His face, with its oddly irregular features, was not perhaps strictly beautiful, but the challenging brilliance of his ardent dark eyes and flashing smile made it immensely attractive. His vitality was to most older people as shattering as a couple of days' hard work with no night's rest between, but to those of his own generation, or to those like Marianne, whose vitality nearly matched his own, as exciting as a gale of wind. Guardsman that he was, with a back as straight as a ramrod and strong hands hardened by much holding of the bridle, he yet wore the indolent clothes of the period, the velvet sack coat with a flower in the buttonhole, the soft turned-down collar and loosely knotted tie, with an easy naturalness that made them look exactly right on him.

Until that afternoon Véronique had not met his like before, and Marianne had only seen it in the distance, so that by the time the concert was over and he had escorted them back to their lodgings, he had them both completely captivated. How, exactly, he had managed to introduce himself to them, they could not afterward remember, but they had assured William it had all been done in the most gentlemanly manner, without a trace of presumption. And before they had time to turn round, he had found them new lodgings and introduced them to the smartest society in Dunedin, and was attending them to all the parties, and Marianne was completely well again and Véronique was living in a fairyland of bliss.

Only William was unhappy. Frederick Ackroyd had not come out to New Zealand merely to visit his maternal uncle, Tom Anderson, the shipping magnate; he had come to stay. His uncle had given him work, and he was already slaving—so he assured William, though William could see no signs of overwork—in the office of the Union Steamship Company. Why should a young guardsman who—so one gathered from the little remarks that he let fall now and then with the most charming nonchalance—had had the London of the '70s entirely at his feet, throw the whole thing up and come out to the other side of the world to be a quill driver in his uncle's office?

William was haunted by the remembrance that the colonies are a convenient dumping ground for unsatisfactory younger sons. Old Tom Anderson was a shrewd, hardheaded, genial old party who had also emigrated as a young man and had made his pile speculating in gold; but in spite of his geniality and his obvious liking for William, it was difficult to question him about his nephew. For one thing, William knew that Tom Anderson was not incommoded by a conscience and spoke the truth only when he found it to his convenience to do so. And then there was the old unwritten law of pioneer life—never ask questions about a man's past life.

So William just blundered on from day to day, trying to think the best of Frederick, trying not to notice, on those rare occasions when his charming irregular face was not irradiated by laughter, the hardness of Frederick's jaw, the fullness of his lips, the ruthless ardor of his eyes when they rested on Véronique; above all, trying not to notice the extraordinary cleverness of his handling of Véronique and her mother.

IN only one thing was Frederick's judgment at fault: he regarded William as quite negligible. Love such as William's for his daughter had not hitherto fallen within Frederick's experience; he was unaware how, as regards the beloved, it can sharpen the perceptions of even those who are not in most things acute observers, and when the time comes for action can give to a naturally yielding nature an obstinacy as adamant as iron.

But if Frederick was not yet up against that hidden vein of strength in William, Marianne was. When at the end of the first month of their holiday his suggestion that they should all return home now, had been vigorously resisted by his wife and daughter, he had yielded and agreed to stay on for two more months; but nothing would induce him to yield to the suggestion of Mr. Anderson that he should sell his farm and throw in his lot with the Union Steamship Company. Marianne, sensing at once the old man's great liking for her husband, had put in an immense amount of skillful underground labor to induce him to make a very favorable offer to William, only to have William refuse it pointblank. He liked being a sheep farmer, he told Mr. Anderson, and a sheep farmer he would remain, let the price of wool fall as it might.

His obstinacy was enough to drive one distracted, Marianne lamented to Véronique. Had he no consideration at all for his poor wife, enjoying a little ease and comfort for the first time since she had married him? She was so happy here, she was so well, she had made such friends with Mrs. Anderson, there was such a beautiful house for sale in the very next street to the Andersons, and papa was most unfeeling and cruel to propose dragging her back again to the hardships of that detestable mountain valley. And Véronique, to whom in her new mood of hectic excitement, her old home had become almost a forgotten dream of childhood, agreed with her mother. She had had an idea that they had originally settled in the Country of the Green Pastures to please mama, but evidently she had been mistaken, for according to mama, it had been to please papa, in which case papa certainly ought to let mama, this time, choose where they should live.

VÉRONIQUE, as she sat in the window seat looking across the street, was wishing now that she and Frederick could become properly engaged. Unknown to their relatives, they had, just a week after their first meeting, declared their undying and unalterable devotion to each other, but Frederick did not want their love to become known just yet. His affairs in England were not definitely wound up, he said, and it was better that they should be before he announced his engagement.

Véronique acquiesced without question, though she was aware that Frederick was departing from the usual procedure in speaking to her before he had spoken to her papa. Such was her faith in him that she was sure his reasons were all they should be. But she did hate keeping their engagement secret. It was the first time in her life that she had kept anything from her father.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out the hour, and she jumped up. There was a ball at the Andersons' this evening and they were all going, and Frederick was to fetch them. Mama was already dressing, had been for the last half hour, but then mama took so long to dress. Where papa was she did not know.

In her room, instead of beginning at once to dress, she lay down. She had not meant to do so, but her bed looked so cool and inviting, and her head was aching abominably. This headache was always with her nowadays, and it was a most dreadful nuisance. It was the serpent in her paradise, forcing her to the perpetual playing of a part. Pain divided one into two selves, she had discovered, a querulous complaining person who only wanted to go to bed and stay there and not to be made to feel or do anything at all ever again, and another person who was always trying to be extravagantly bright and gay so that no one should notice the existence of the querulous person, and neither of these people seemed to be one's real self. . . And to feel so, like a lost soul, was simply horrid.

Now she came to think of it, she had not felt like her real self for a very long time, not, surely, since she had met Frederick. And she wanted to be her real self for Frederick's sake. She did not want to give her wonderful lover either the querulous, headachy Véronique, nor the excited person whose laugh was too high and whose talk got so out of hand that there were times when the only thing she knew about what she was saying was that she oughtn't to have said it. She wanted to give him the real Véronique who as one whole and happy person had moved so serenely through the peaceful days that now seemed to her as distant as a dream.

To her astonishment she found that she was crying. She got up, poured cold water into her basin, and angrily bathed away the tears. It was absurd to cry when she was so gloriously happy!

The douche of cold water stopped the crying fit, and did her head good too; and as she dressed, she found herself thinking quite consecutively and clearly, almost as though the confusion of being two people had vanished and she was made one again.

Being in love was not a bit like she had expected it to be. She had expected that the coming together of two people destined to be one person would be a tranquilizing, satisfying, energizing thing. But what she was experiencing now was neither tranquil nor cool—it was hot and scorching. Nor was it satisfying. Frederick's kisses, tender, yet given with hot lips, left her not satisfied but hungry for whatever it was that was pent up behind what Marianne called the gentlemanly rectitude of his behavior, like flood water behind a dam; she was hungry for it, and yet she was instinctively afraid of it. And strength? She was worn out.

She pulled herself up sharply. To think this way was treason to her love. If being in love was not what she had expected it to be, it was nevertheless glorious. In spite of the headache she was madly happy. When she walked along the street with Frederick, the wind sounded like trumpets and the clouds were banners flying in the air. If she drank tea in his presence, it turned to champagne, and the bread and butter to peaches and caviar. And as for waltzing with Frederick—there were no words at all that could describe what that was. It was the nearest thing to heaven that she had ever known.

At thought of the ball tonight she suddenly became like a mad thing for excitement. Oh, the ecstasy of the waltz! Although before she had come to Dunedin she had danced only the country dances that her mother had taught her, she had picked it up very quickly under Frederick's expert tuition. Tonight, once again, they would circle together to the music of Strauss and Waldteufel, and she would rise to the topmost heights of ecstasy. . . If her headache let her.

When she had finished dressing, she looked at herself for a long time in the glass and was satisfied. Her frock was a new one, made for her by Mrs. Anderson's own dressmaker, and it was the very latest mode. It was white satin, fitting like a sheath over her breasts and into the curve of her waist, then breaking over the hips into a cascade of frills and flounces. A huge bow was perched upon the bustle at the back, and the neck was very low indeed. In her hair and in the front of her dress she fastened some crimson hothouse gardenias that Frederick had sent her.

Altogether her toilette was exceedingly smart, and she was quite sure that papa would not approve of it. This thought caused her only the tiniest pang. She left her room with head held high and proudly smiling mouth, and swept into the parlor like a queen.

WILLIAM, slumped moodily in an armchair, reading the paper with inattention, looked up and from force of habit gave her the old smile of comradeship that had always been hers only. Then his smile died out, for her proud mouth, though it went through the motions of smiling at him, could no longer achieve quite the old answering sweetness. She no longer considered him her dearest on earth.

Yet never had he loved her so deeply as he did now, and he felt no bitterness that he was no longer first with her; only grief and pain that she seemed to be passing away from him into unworthy keeping. Looking at her, he thought for the hundredth time that he would pay any price demanded of him to secure her happiness. Except separation from her. That half-unconscious reservation was still present in his soul.

Her smile faded abruptly. "Papa!" she cried in exasperation. "You're not dressed! And Frederick may be here at any moment. You'll keep us all waiting. Hurry!"

Her usually gentle voice had an edge of sharp, nervous exasperation that he had never heard before. Though there was plenty of time, he got up quickly, almost as nervous as she was, and sent an ornate china vase full of peacock's feathers, that was balanced precariously upon a small unnecessary bracket next to his chair, crashing to the ground.

"Papa!" The shock and crash broke the tension of her strained nerves altogether, and she stamped her foot and began to sob.

"Allow me," said Frederick's cool voice.

He bent with William to retrieve the scattered pieces while she stood in the window struggling with her anger and her tears. Her father, red-faced, stout, breathing heavily, his collar awry and the perspiration of his embarrassment standing out on his forehead, looked to her newly critical eyes almost vulgar beside the immaculate Frederick, cool, shining, and polished in his evening clothes. How *could* papa shame her like this before Frederick!

"Don't you trouble, sir. I'll do it."

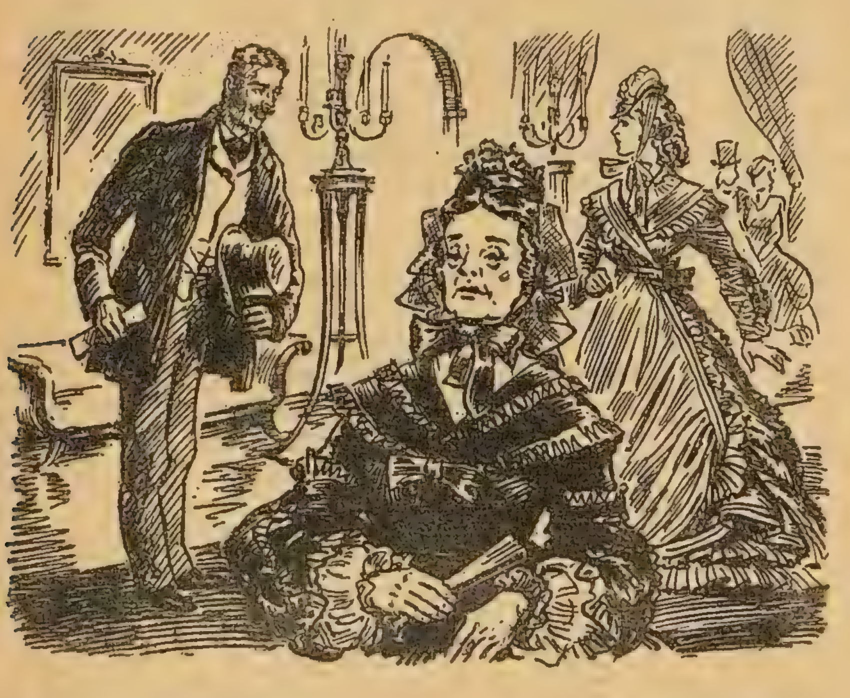
The words were suavely polite, but William felt himself dismissed, and went humbly away to the large bedroom where Marianne had just hooked her staylaces to the bedpost. She looked round to rebuke him sharply, for he had forgotten to knock at the door, and she did not like to be intruded upon at these intimate moments without due warning, but something in his aspect checked her. He was looking like a sad old lion. She untethered herself, flung her wrapper round her, came to him and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"We have each other, William," she consoled him. "Sensible fathers and mothers, when their children marry, go back to the old days and renew their youth."

He kissed her tenderly, and she glowed with triumph. With Véronique married he would be utterly hers.

Frederick, meanwhile, was comforting his love. "It is not your father who is late but I who am early, sweetheart," he consoled her. "I am always early when I am to take you anywhere. It's an intolerable affliction to be away from you. You look lovelier than ever, Véronique. It suits you to be a little angry."

He took her in his arms gently, as he always did, but suddenly his calculated restraint snapped, and he pulled her so close to him that she could scarcely breathe. She was startled and unconsciously lifted her face to give him a butterfly kiss, as she did when William held her tighter than she liked. But Frederick was not accustomed to delicacy and misunderstood her movement. The ardor of his fiery kisses, the almost brutal grip of his arms, now not only startled but frightened her. She struggled to get free, and this time he knew that she was struggling, but his passion was roused and he could not let her go.



With a quick flash of understanding she recognized his refusal for what it was, the action of a selfish lover who puts his own pleasure before that of his beloved. Was it possible that marriage with Frederick, the prize toward which she had been running with such eagerness all these last weeks, would, when she got there, turn out to be a burden too heavy for her strength to lift?

Frederick abruptly released her. He had just been going to tell her something, or had already begun to tell her, she was not sure which, when her parents interrupted them. "Later," he had whispered when he heard their bedroom door open. "I'll tell you later. I've got the ring. And tomorrow, if you like, we'll tell 'em all."

Driving through the streets in the Andersons' luxurious carriage, with Frederick his usual decorous self again, and chatting quietly and amiably to Marianne and William about politics and the weather, walking across the strip of red carpet that stretched across the pavement to the imposing front door, taking off her shawl in company with other laughing girls and their proud mamas, Véronique managed to push the memory of that moment of recoil right away to the back of her mind.

Frederick hadn't really been rough with her, she told herself; she had just thought he was because she was tired and had a headache. She loved him and wanted to be his wife. And she loved this gay town life, and wearing smart clothes, and knowing she was beautiful, and being flattered and admired. That girl who had lived in a mountain valley and got excited over sunrises and hoggets and the price of wool, had been as absurd as the things she had been interested in, just a ridiculous country bumpkin like her father's shepherds, Murray and James and Mack and—John.

Why should she think of him now, so suddenly, sitting here beside Marianne waiting for the ball to begin? She saw him as she had seen him last, standing at the door of their farmhouse, where he was to live until they got back again, waving good-by to them. The ballroom was blotted out while she looked long at the strong slow-moving figure and the tanned face with the penetrating smiling eyes that saw so much, yet with such sympathy that those like herself who were fond of John rather welcomed than resented their scrutiny. Besides, she had never wanted to hide anything from John. From her childhood onward she had always been herself with him, never played a part, never prevaricated. But then they had always wanted to do the same things—dig in the garden, care for young animals and children, read the same books, pray the same prayers, love the same people, take walks through the green pastures while the dew was still on the grass. . . .

"Véronique!"

She woke up from her reverie to find that the band was playing The Blue Danube and that Frederick was bowing before her; and to find also that for the first time since she had known him, she did not want to dance with him. Yet she jumped up eagerly.

And in a moment or two the intoxication of the music and of Frederick's exquisite dancing had put the old spell on her and she was happy again. But she wanted to stay among the other dancers; she did not want to be carried off to the conservatory for that love-making behind the potted plants that hitherto she had found so wonderful.

For the first dance she managed to evade the conservatory, but Frederick had something to say to her, and during their second dance together he inveigled her to the spot where he wanted her, a warm-scented corner entirely hidden by a huge bank of lilies. There was a seat that just held two, and sitting beside her, holding her hand tightly, his eyes on hers, he told her what he had to say.

He told her with great skill, with none of that violence of passion that had frightened her before. He had blundered then, he realized, and he did not mean to blunder again. He was genuinely in love with Véronique, the exquisite freshness of her beauty had gone completely to his head, and he wanted her as he had never wanted anything yet.

HE HAD been married before, he told her. He was twenty-six now, and since his twenty-second year he had been married to a woman older than himself, a widow with two children, who had made him utterly wretched. His wife had been not only unfaithful but wildly extravagant too, and their unhappiness together had been made worse by their money worries.

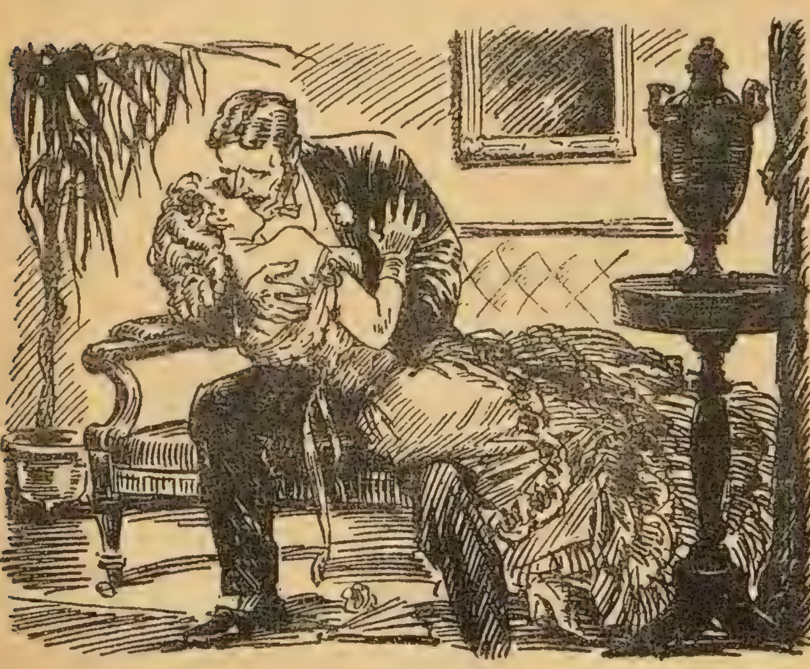
Then she had died, setting him free, but leaving him with so many bills to pay that he had got into serious financial trouble and had had to sell his commission and leave England.

Well, it was all over. He had heard today that his father had straightened everything out and settled a little income upon him. All the unhappiness was behind him now. Véronique would never know how deeply he had suffered, so deeply that he had never expected to be happy again, though he had thought that in a new land he might be able to shake off something of the nightmare and at least recover his self-respect, his old vigor of body and mind, sapped by misery. But he had done more than that. He had met Véronique and recovered joy. Loving her had been like a miracle.

With Véronique held gently in his arms, he pleaded with her that she should not turn from him because of the money trouble he had got into—it had been none of his fault—nor because he had been married before. His first marriage had been so disastrous that it simply did not count. With her as his faithfully loving wife he would be able to make a grand thing of the new life, but if she were to turn from him now, he would be lost. She had his life in her hands.

By the end of it he was whispering into her curls, and neither of them could see the face of the other. The scent of the lilies had for Véronique ceased to be intoxicatingly sweet and had become so sickly that for one awful moment she thought she was going to faint. Then she took a grip upon herself and the sensation passed, but she felt so weak that she could only lean against Frederick without word or movement.

His story had given her a shock. Though she took his word for it that he had not been to blame for his troubles, yet she felt betrayed by that first marriage.



Child that she was, she had imagined that she was his first love, as he was hers. To find her fairy-tale lover a widower seemed to spoil things, and her instinct sensed a sordidness somewhere in his story.

Frederick felt her dismay and pulled her closer. "Véronique, little love, I knew you'd be loyal," he whispered. "I knew you'd stick to me. Darling Véronique! I didn't know a woman could be so straight and true."

There was a lot more in the same strain, and it did the trick, as he had known it would. Véronique steadied herself and took her resolve.

"Did you say that you had the ring in your pocket?" she whispered.

WILLIAM, meanwhile, had found a refuge in an obscure corner of the garden with old Obadiah Trimble. Sitting on a rustic bench, secured from the observation of their wives by a convenient screen of bushes, comforting drinks beside them on the seat, they puffed at their pipes and knew a momentary respite from the pleasures of society.

Obadiah was a crony of old Tom Anderson. He, too, had made his pile in gold and now was immersed in steam. But William liked him, for Obadiah, like himself, was an old sailor, and their best talk was of the sea and ships, and the old pioneering days that in retrospect seemed so much more enchanting than they really had been.

The old fellow, who avoided society as much as he could, was unaware of the friendship between Frederick Ackroyd and Ozanne's pretty daughter. So it was not of Véronique's welfare he was thinking, but of the welfare of the Union Steamship Company, when he remarked casually to William, "Hope Anderson don't take that fellow Ackroyd too much into his confidence. Don't trust 'im."

William paused for a full moment, then asked in a tone of careful nonchalance, "Know anything against him?"

"Plenty," grunted old Obadiah.

"How?" asked William, for it had not even occurred to him that Obadiah might know anything about Frederick.

"Heard it from a pal of mine—Roger Watts, mate on board one of our steamships—his sister was maid to Ackroyd's late wife. The young fellow thought he'd left his past behind him, maybe, when he came out here. Well, I told Watts to keep his mouth shut. Give the boy a chance, I said. But I doubt if he will. The girl, his sister, was attached to Mrs. Ackroyd."

William said nothing at all, and thanked heaven for the gathering darkness that hid the trembling of his hands. He was aware that Obadiah was not usually garrulous. Only the feeling that William was uninterested and likely to forget what he was told, combined with the mellowing influence of the hour and the comfortable drink, was causing his tongue to run away with him so unexpectedly.

So William yawned and made not the slightest comment as bit by bit the story was related to him. It was not uglier than many others; just that of an extravagant young man who had been without scruple as to how he obtained the means to pay his debts. No doubt he had meant to deal faithfully with the rich woman he had married for her money, but meaning's one thing and performing's another, said Obadiah dourly, and he'd treated her very badly. A nice woman she had been, but a widow with two children should have known better than to marry a young scamp like Ackroyd. She'd borne a lot from him before she'd finally left him.

She'd died soon after in a carriage accident, poor soul, and by the terms of her will he'd had the handling of her children's money until they came of age. The result had been the final mess that had made his family ship him off to the colonies. Roger Watts had hinted at embezzlement, no less, though he had no proof of that. Bad stock, said Obadiah, bad stock upon the father's side.

GOOD of old Anderson to take him on, for his own sister had had a bad enough time with the boy's father—he'd told him so himself once, before the boy came out here. Good of Anderson. But he was fond of the boy and was doing a lot for him, and keeping the story very dark. Keen to marry him again to some nice girl, they said.

William yawned again and knocked out his pipe. "Shall we go in before we're fetched?" he asked lazily. "How are the shares now in the steamship business?"

Obadiah rose, his attention instantly diverted from Frederick. "Rising," he said triumphantly. "You'll be a fool, Ozanne, if you don't close with that offer."

"A fool," said William slowly and bitterly, "is exactly what I am."

A fool ever to let Véronique come to this place, Véronique with her beauty whose power over other men besides himself and John he had not gauged sufficiently in the Country of the Green Pastures, and her impressionability that he had not been sufficiently aware of either. . . . A thousand times a fool. . . .

They entered the house and found a dance in progress, and a group of older folk sitting in a flower-decked alcove watching it: Marianne and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and the three or four most influential people of the town. William and Obadiah joined them, and William's eyes instantly went around the ballroom in search of Véronique.

There she was, dancing with Frederick. But she was a changed Véronique. Beautiful as ever, she yet seemed to him to have aged five years. And she had shed her modesty. Instead of dancing with eyes downcast, as a young girl should, she was dancing with her head up and her eyes gazing into Frederick's, and there was a patch of burning color upon either of her cheekbones.

Then he noticed that she had parted with her gloves as well as her modesty, and that upon the fourth finger of the hand that lay upon Frederick's shoulder there shone a large emerald ring. So Frederick had captured her already, and without that preliminary word to her father without which no gentleman should dare speak his love to a lady. William's rage nearly choked him. And the ring—it looked worth a fortune, and to a surety had not been paid for. And how she was flaunting it, the little witch! The beautiful ballroom seemed to turn upside down with poor William. Never in his whole life had he felt more wretched. No, not even on his wedding night.

And then she saw him in the alcove, smiled and whispered a word to Frederick, who guided her skillfully through the dancers until the two of them stood side by side at the entrance to the alcove, confronting their elders hand in hand like a couple of beautiful children. They stood there smiling, with heads up.

"Please will you all congratulate us?" Véronique said in a high clear voice that reached well beyond the alcove. "Frederick and I have become engaged to be married."

A chorus of congratulations broke out, expressed chiefly by the gentlemen, for the ladies were all slightly scandalized by the brazen behavior of Véronique Ozanne. All, that is, except her own mother. Glancing at Marianne, William saw her face transfigured with joy, and his heart sank.

Then he looked again at Véronique, and her eyes met his, full of misery. William's heavy heart suddenly lightened. For a moment he held her eyes with his steady glance, then she quickly veiled them. Not again, he realized, would she let him see her wretchedness, and her mother and her friends would never see it.

But he understood her. For this was the old Véronique after all.

He realized what had happened. Frederick had first secured her promise to marry him and then, only then, told his story—his own version of it—and flung himself upon her loyalty and compassion. And she was sticking to her promise. She was no quitter—William himself had taught her not to quit! That one quick look of misery had been a call for help that he would not fail to answer.

EASIER said than done, thought William in the days that followed. He knew better than straightaway to refuse his consent to the marriage—that would have been to increase Marianne's obstinacy tenfold and might have driven Véronique and Frederick to elopement.

He related Obadiah's version of Frederick's story to Marianne, but it was not to be expected that Marianne, passionately attached to the Andersons and disliking Obadiah intensely, should give more credence to his unsubstantiated story than to theirs. It was true that the discovery that Frederick was a widower had given her a momentary pang of disappointment, but she soon forgot it. Frederick's unhappy past was an old sad story that could be forgotten now that the dear boy was beginning a new life in a new land.

As for his financial troubles, the Andersons assured her he had been in no way to blame for those, and though it gave her a further pang to discover that except for the small income settled upon him by his father the apparently rich young man was totally without wealth, yet his further prospects with the Union Steamship Company were good, and the Andersons, a childless couple, were genuinely attached to him and could probably be persuaded to make him their heir.

So Marianne, having detected the two flies in the ointment, taken them out and thrown them away, flung herself with wholehearted enthusiasm into the preparations for the wedding. William was not surprised that his arguments made no headway with her.

He fared no better with Véronique. He gave her a carefully edited edition of the tale Obadiah had told him, but she naturally refused to believe any version of the story except Frederick's own. He told her straight out that he neither liked nor trusted Frederick, and she looked at him with the eyes of a wounded doe and turned again to the everlasting sewing of her wedding clothes. She was no quitter.

And then Véronique fell ill with a feverish attack. The indisposition seemed slight, and Marianne declared that a couple of days in bed would put her to rights, but William was seized by panic and demanded the doctor.

He came, examined Véronique, found no cause for alarm, and wrote out a prescription for a soothing mixture. In the parlor he concurred with Marianne's opinion, but when William was showing him out at the front door he said, "I did not wish to alarm your wife, but your daughter is by no means strong, sir. There is no disease, you understand, but there is a slight weakness of the chest and a general tendency to debility."

Once more the world seemed to turn upside down with William. "She was a seven-months child," he murmured.

"So I should have guessed," said the doctor. "It would be her salvation to live in the country—preferably in mountain air. Town life is not the best possible for a constitution such as hers. Good morning."

William did not share the doctor's reluctance to alarm Marianne. He went back up the stairs two steps at a time and repeated the conversation with heavy underlinings.

"Nonsense!" said Marianne. "I am a seven-months child, and look what I've been through since I married you!"

"But in country air," said William. "Marriage with me has meant some pretty stiff experiences for you, my girl, I know that, but always in country air."

"The air of Dunedin is excellent," snapped Marianne. "Straight off the sea."

"One doesn't notice that in crowded ballrooms and stuffy shops," William reminded her.

Marianne came to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "Véronique will be all right, William," she said gently. "Believe me, my dear, she will be all right. And you and I will always be at hand to look after her. For of course, as things are now, you'll accept Mr. Anderson's offer, won't you, darling?"

William looked at her. Her beautiful dark eyes met his with the straight glance of sincerity. He knew her now. When she had seen a new magic city on the horizon, a new way of life that she wanted, she would look at every circumstance in the light of her desire and not realize that by doing so she had changed its natural hue. She could not help this, perhaps, but yet he was angry with her, for this characteristic of hers was a danger to Véronique.

"I shall not accept Anderson's offer," he said coldly.

"You'll surely not want to go back to the valley with Véronique living in Dunedin?"

"I love that valley, and I'll never leave it," said William wildly. "As it happens," he went on, "I am going home this very day to see how things are faring without me."

"Leaving me alone with Véronique ill?" asked Marianne, her eyes flashing sparks.

"I'm only in the way in times of illness," said William. "At least, so you always tell me. And I shall be gone for four nights only. I'll borrow a horse of Anderson. Where did you put my riding boots?"

The decision to go back to the Country of the Green Pastures had come to William like a lightning flash. For days he had known that he must write and tell John what had happened, but he had put it off. Now, clinging blindly to possession of the Green Pastures because he knew Véronique's salvation to lie within them, he knew that John was the man to help him. Given the chance, he would know how to secure what was his by right from the marauder. Good shepherds always have this instinctive wisdom, William told himself.

"Pack me up what I'll need," he said to his wife, "just what will go in a saddlebag. Yes, my dear. Now, at once."

Marianne, though she was inwardly raging, was obliged to obey. Intense emotion had tapped William's hidden strength. It was Véronique's illness, she supposed, that had let it loose upon her now. When she had been ill, she remembered with a pang of jealousy, he had remained weak and pliable as ever. Yet it was odd of him to go away with the child ill. What was he after? she wondered uneasily, as she packed for him.

William, meanwhile, was saying good-by to Véronique.

"I'm off home for a couple of nights, darling," he said to her. "Just to see how John is getting on alone. Anything you would like me to bring you?"

He spoke casually, yet he watched her closely, and he did not miss the quick light that came to her eyes at the mention of "home."

"Any messages for John?" he asked.

But she was lying now with her eyes shut, and only murmured, "No."

The monosyllabic reply cheered him. Had John meant nothing to her, she would have sent a whole string of polite messages.

IT was evening when he reached the valley. Was it only a few short weeks that he had been away? The joy of seeing the beloved place again was as deep as any he had known. And never had the valley looked more exquisite. The shadows of evening lay deep and tranquil over the

Green Pastures, the beautiful homestead, and its flower-filled garden, but above, the mountain peaks were lit with the colors of sunset. William drew rein and sighed with deep contentment.

John was leaning over the garden gate, smoking a pipe in the cool of the evening. He showed no surprise at the sight of William, merely removed his pipe, grinned, and opened the gate. "Come on in," he said. "I've a stew cooking."

Its delicious smell greeted William as he entered the kitchen. He looked quickly round. Everything was spotlessly neat and clean. All Véronique's little treasures were in the right places, and where she had been accustomed to put bowls of flowers John had put them also. One of her aprons, that in the excitement of the departure for Dunedin she must have thrown down and forgotten, had been carefully folded by John and placed upon the settle. A spotless cloth covered the table, and the supper was laid—for two.

William looked at the extra place and gaped. "You weren't expecting me, were you?" he asked.

John flushed brick red and answered, "No."

William understood. That practical, sensible man John Ogilvie had his daydreams too. He was living here with the wraith of his wife Véronique.

William, caught spying on something that was not intended for his eyes, also became brick red. "I'll go and have a wash," he mumbled, "find some clean clothes."

"The stew will be ready by the time you come down," said John.

He asked no questions while William dealt with the stew, and William, more hungry and tired than he had realized, was grateful to him. John was the perfect host, sensitively considerate, his very presence a welcome as warm as his crackling wood fire. One was glad of a fire even on summer evenings in these mountain pastures.

John's fire? William had fallen so easily into the role of guest that it was not until the end of the meal that he realized suddenly that the wood on the hearth was his, the food his, the crockery, the house, all his.

Yet he left it to John to push back his chair and rise first, and to reach down the purple tobacco jar from the mantelpiece.

"Thanks," said William gratefully, filling his pipe with his own tobacco, and hesitated a moment, waiting for John's invitation to sit down on his own settle. That seemed the right way of it, somehow. Whatever his mind might be saying as to the rights of ownership, he realized with a shiver of dismay that his spirit had abdicated. His spirit had made a vow and was already following some path to a goal that the less clear-sighted mind had not as yet perceived, though it shrank from it with an instinctive fear.

"COLD?" asked John in surprise. "Have a whisky?"

"Yes," said William. "Neat. I've a damned unpleasant story to tell you."

John heard it out without a word, and when it was finished, William at first forbore to look at him. When at last he did look, he saw the man beside him with a face blanched beneath his tan, his pipe out, and his drink untouched. His hands gripped the arms of his chair with so tense an anger that it looked as though they would never unclench again.

William took the anger to himself. "I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I've been every sort of a fool."

John made a mighty effort, unclenched his hands, and put his pipe aside. "No," he said thickly. "But Mrs. Ozanne—" He pulled himself up sharply, picked up his glass and drowned what he would have liked to say about Marianne in good, strong, fiery Scotch whisky. William made no attempt to justify his wife. It would not, he realized, have been of the slightest use.

"I should have let you speak to Véronique long ago," he said abjectly.

"No," said John. "You were quite right. She was not ready."

"I should never have given way and let her go to Dunedin."

"Even now it may turn out that you did right," said John. "Would she ever have realized that this place is her place if she had not gone out into the world and felt like a lost soul there? That was how it worked with me. If my father had not sent me to that damn school at Dunedin, I might have been eating my heart out for a wider life at this moment."

"She shows no signs of feeling like a lost soul," groaned William. "To the eye she appears to be a wildly excited young woman preparing to play the chief role in the wedding of the season. And it's not far off, either."

"No time to lose," agreed John, and got up. "You go and get a good night's rest. I'll see Murray tonight, for the Green Pastures must carry on without either of us for a few days, and be back first thing in the morning with my mother and the light buggy. She's a tough traveler, is my mother. It won't take the three of us long to get back to Dunedin."

William's jaw dropped, for he was slightly scared of that dour upright Scotswoman Mrs. Ogilvie, though grateful to her for the tender love she had always shown Véronique. Marianne couldn't abide her. There would be the devil and all to pay if she were to turn up at their lodgings. What was John getting at?

"My mother is necessary," said John firmly. "I'm not going to compromise Véronique in any way. She is not yet my wife."

VÉRONIQUE lifted her lavender print gown down from the wardrobe and slipped it over her head. She had not worn it since the journey from home. She had thought it smart then, but after only a few hours in Dunedin she had realized that it was hopelessly countrified and had put it away in disgrace. But now she felt quite tenderly sentimental toward it, almost as though it had belonged to her great-grandmother.

She moved quietly, for this getting up and dressing was contrary to orders. The doctor had told her that she might go into the parlor tomorrow, when William was expected home again, but that she must stay in bed today. She had meant to obey, but her room was so hot and she felt so restless. Her head would be better, she thought, if she could sit by the window and get a little air. And seated by the window, she did feel much better. And how blessed it was to be alone. All her life she had liked to be alone sometimes, and in the Country of the Green Pastures there had been plenty of opportunity for solitude: walks and rides alone, spells of solitary gardening, of reading in the kitchen window; she had not realized how precious they had been, and how necessary to her, until she had lost them in this thronging social life in which one never seemed to be alone for a single instant and one's head never stopped aching.

How was she going to live this life?

"You had better keep quiet, darling, and not see Frederick for a few days," Marianne had said to her on the first day of her illness.

An overwhelming relief had flooded Véronique. But the relief had quickly been followed by appalled dismay. Relieved not to see Frederick, when she loved him so? *Relieved* not to see Frederick? Why? Through feverish days and nights she had sought for the reason, and had found it.

She had lost her heart to a man she knew nothing about just because he had looked so exactly like the lover of her dreams; and in his early considerate gentleness, his promise of faith, that had combined so wonderfully with his thrill and dash, he had behaved like him too.

It was only on the night of the Andersons' ball that he had begun to show her something of the kind of man Frederick Ackroyd really was, and she had begun to realize that in a man of flesh and blood, thrill and dash do not exist side by side with gentleness and consideration; nor with singleminded attachment to one woman only. There was the rub.

She sighed and shivered and looked round the empty room as though for help. As yet it had scarcely occurred to her to go back on her bargain; she still fancied herself in love with Frederick. He had vowed a hundred times that without her he was a lost man, and she was no quitter.

Her problem was to find the strength to tackle the job she had taken on. For the thought of saving a man was as deliciously attractive to her as to any woman of her generation.

MEANWHILE Marianne sat in the parlor in a state of some anxiety. She was glad when she heard a man's heavy tread upon the stairs. William, back a day earlier than he had expected. In spite of his having been so tiresome lately, she would be glad to have him back.

But it was not William who entered; it was John Ogilvie, and that after a knock that was merely perfunctory.

"Good afternoon, ma'am." He had taken her hand and was smiling down at her very kindly, but as usual she found the directness of his gaze both disconcerting and exasperating.

And what a clodhopper he looked, even though he wore his best coat and had evidently had a good wash and brush-up before coming to see her. Accustomed as she was now to the elegance of Frederick, the thickness of his boots, the rude strength of his handclasp, and the slight scent of naphthaline that came from John's best coat (obviously a man is no gentleman if his coat smells of naphthaline, for obviously he wears it but seldom) affected her most unfavorably.

"Do sit down," she said coldly. "Is my husband with you?"

"Yes. We drove from home together—Mr. Ozanne, my mother, and I. My mother and I are taking a little holiday. Mr. Ozanne is with her now, helping her to find comfortable lodgings, while I've come to see you. You'll say it should have been the other way round, but he thought she'd like the rooms you had when you first came here, so he went himself. And I was eager to see you and Véronique."

He smiled at her again, and he was still holding her hand in that awful strenuous grip of his, and both from the smile and the handclasp there came to her the distinct impression that he was sorry for her, that he wanted to arm her with his own strength against some blow. How dared he? To Marianne, pity from an inferior was a definite insult.

"I'm afraid you won't see Véronique," she said curtly. "She is unwell and in her room. Your mother won't like those lodgings," she added. "They are most uncomfortable."

"It won't be for long," said John. "If all goes well, I hope we shall start for home again in a day or two. I can't leave the farm for long."

"I am astonished that you should leave it at all," said Marianne. "I thought you were supposed to be caring for it in our absence. And what a very long journey to take for so short a time. I am surprised your mother thought it worth the exertion."

"Mother and I are fond of Dunedin," said John. "I was at school here, you know."

There was a short silence. John was sitting well back in his chair and looked as though he meant to stay forever.

"I shall, of course, call upon your mother," said Marianne graciously, but she stifled a small sigh, for she did so dislike Mrs. Ogilvie.

"That will be very kind of you, ma'am."

John paused, ruminating like a cow. What a heavy stupid fellow he was. And what a vulgarly loud voice he had. When he spoke again it seemed to Marianne to be an absolute shout. Oh, these boorish manners! She had become accustomed to such cultured voices lately.

"Are those lodgings really so uncomfortable, ma'am?" he asked loudly.

"Most uncomfortable," said Marianne. "And deadly dull—at the end of a cul-de-sac."

John looked troubled. "Mother won't like that," he said. "She wanted to see a bit of life. I suppose, ma'am, you don't know of any others that would suit her better?"

Bother the man! But he was looking at her with the trustfulness of a nice child who knows the grown-up is going to be helpful, and she heard herself answering, "In the next road I believe there are some quite respectable rooms with a far more lively aspect."

He beamed and shifted himself a little forward in his chair. "I'll go at once, ma'am, if you'll excuse me, and tell her about them."

Then, just as her hopes were rising, he seemed to change his mind, shifted back again, and raised his voice even louder. "But I must pay my respects to Véronique first."

"But I have already told you that you cannot," snapped Marianne, lowering her voice in the dim hope that that would cause him to lower his. "She is unwell and confined to her room."

"In bed, ma'am?"

"Yes. In bed. And I do implore you, Mr. Ogilvie, to remember her condition and speak a little lower. I am most anxious about her."

"In bed!" roared John in considerable consternation. "Is that wise, ma'am, in this stifling weather? Don't you think that a little fresh air—"

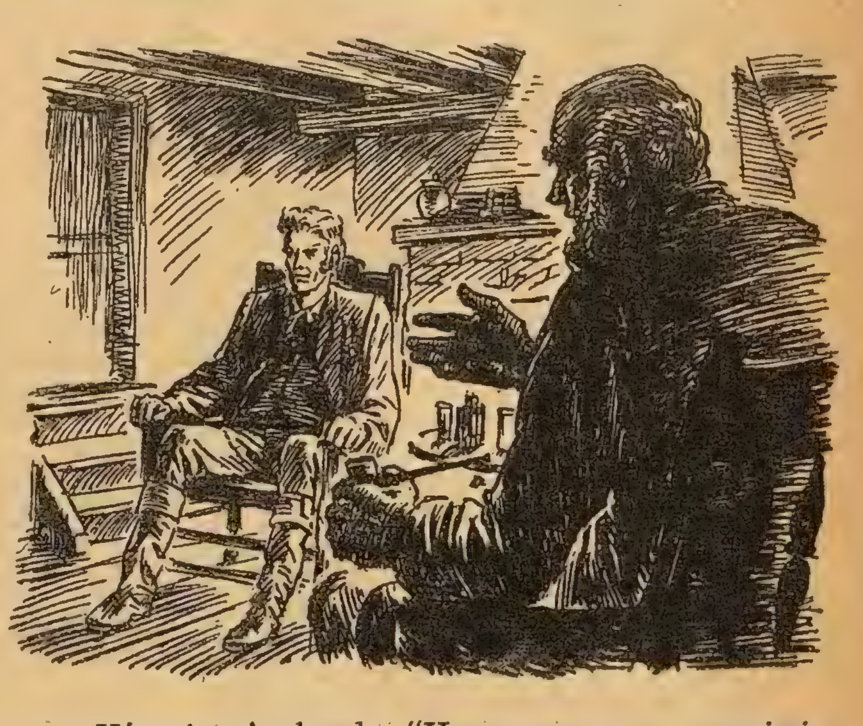
He did not finish his sentence, and Marianne was given no opportunity to express the rage that rose in her at this unwarrantable criticism of her nursing of her own child, for the door opened and in came Véronique, wearing her old lavender gown, her hair tumbled, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes shining, so glowing with delight that her appearance gave the complete lie to her mother's description of her delicate condition.

"John!" she cried. "I heard your voice right across the passage in my room. How are you, John? Oh, it's good to see you! How are the hoggets, John, and my pony? And the garden? Have you kept my plants watered, as you promised? Oh, John, it is good to see you! How are the dogs? Has Nell had her litter yet?"

He had jumped up at her entrance, and she had gone to him with the most unmaidenly eagerness, and was holding his hand as she poured out her questions in an eager flood, giving him no time to answer. Not that he seemed to want to answer. He just stood there smiling at her, and the look on his face gave Marianne such a shock that it was as though the ground opened at her feet.

It was out of a sort of daze that she heard John speaking, and the voice that slipped in between Véronique's eager questions was so low and gentle that it was impossible to think that it belonged to the same man who had bellowed so loudly a moment before.

"My mother is with me, Véronique, and your father is helping her to find lodgings. I'm just going to join them. Will you come too? Your mother and I were just saying that you needed some fresh air." He smiled at Marianne over Véronique's head. "Have we your permission, ma'am?"



Marianne clutched at her scattered wits. "No, Mr. Ogilvie. She is not fit for walking."

"But I have my buggy here, ma'am. I left it tied to the lamppost. Surely a little carriage exercise—"

"It'll do me all the good in the world, mama," interrupted Véronique. "Back in a moment, John." And like a whirlwind she flew out of the room, and like a whirlwind she returned, her hat askew on her disordered curls and her shawl clutched in her hand.

"Good-by, darling mama!" she cried, embracing her mother with the exuberance of a little girl of twelve. "I'll be back before you've had time to miss me."

And then they were gone, and Marianne, stunned, sank into a chair. The discovery that John Ogilvie was in love with Véronique had upset her completely.

Yet why? Véronique was safely engaged to another man, and even had she not been, it was unthinkable that she should marry her father's shepherd. Marianne pulled herself together. She was being ridiculous. That feeling that she had always had, that John was a menace and a portent in her life, was just nonsense. He was such a stupid fellow.

She picked up her sewing and tried to stop thinking about him. Yet as she set her stitches, her thoughts going back over the past interview, the thought kept intruding—was he so stupid?

JOHN did not take Véronique to William and Mrs. Ogilvie. He drove her slowly through the streets of Dunedin, answering gently all her eager questions about her flowers and her dogs, the hoggets and the farm, until they reached a quiet tree-bordered road, where he drew up. The tired horse drooped between the shafts, thankful to stay still.

"Véronique," said John, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes?" said Véronique, lifting her face to the sunlight that fell through the green leaves overhead. It was fresh and cool here, and John's familiar presence was infinitely restful.

"Are you happy, Véronique?" he asked.

She looked at him, startled.

"You see, Véronique, I have a right to know, because I have loved you ever since you were a little girl. I have never loved anyone but you, and I never shall."

He paused, and Véronique bent her head. To be the first woman—the only woman—that was the gift of queenship that every woman wanted, and she had seen enough of life to know that the gift was seldom granted and that a lover who could give it was a rare phenomenon.

"If you love this man you're betrothed to," went on John, "if you think you will be happy with him, then I'll take myself off and we'll forget we ever had this conversation. But if you're unhappy, Véronique, then my mother and I will take you straight home to the Green Pastures tomorrow. You need not even see Mr. Ackroyd again if you don't want to. Your father will deal with all that."

"Does papa know you are saying this to me?" she asked. She had drooped her head so low that he could not see her face beneath the shade of her hat, but he saw that she was gripping her hands together so tightly that the knuckles were white.

"Yes," he replied.

"Papa does not like Frederick," she said in a small voice.

"No," said John. "Not that that is particularly important. What matters is—do you like him? You fell in love with him, I know, but do you like him—like the kind of man that he is?"

"I have given my word," replied Véronique to this.

"I know you have," said John. "And you're a woman of your word. But there's another sort of loyalty that has to be considered too—to the kind of life where you belong. Generally speaking, we only make a success of the kind of life that suits us. I found that out when I tried to be a city dominie to please my father, and made such a mess of it that I had to go back to the Green Pastures and be a shepherd after all. Could you make a success of Ackroyd's kind of life, or he of yours? One must make a success of life, you know. That's one's first duty. I don't mean worldly success; I mean—being happy."

"Perhaps I could change the sort of person that I am—grow a stronger sort of woman—so as to belong to Frederick's world," whispered Véronique.

"No, you can't do that. And neither can he. We cannot change the sort of person we are."

There was a long silence. Tense with anxiety and hope, and shaken by his great love so long held in check, John fought to keep himself steady to her need.

"No need to make up your mind now, Véronique," he said gently. "I'll wait in Dunedin for your answer for as long as you like."

"John," she whispered, still with her face hidden, "why didn't you tell me before that you loved me?"

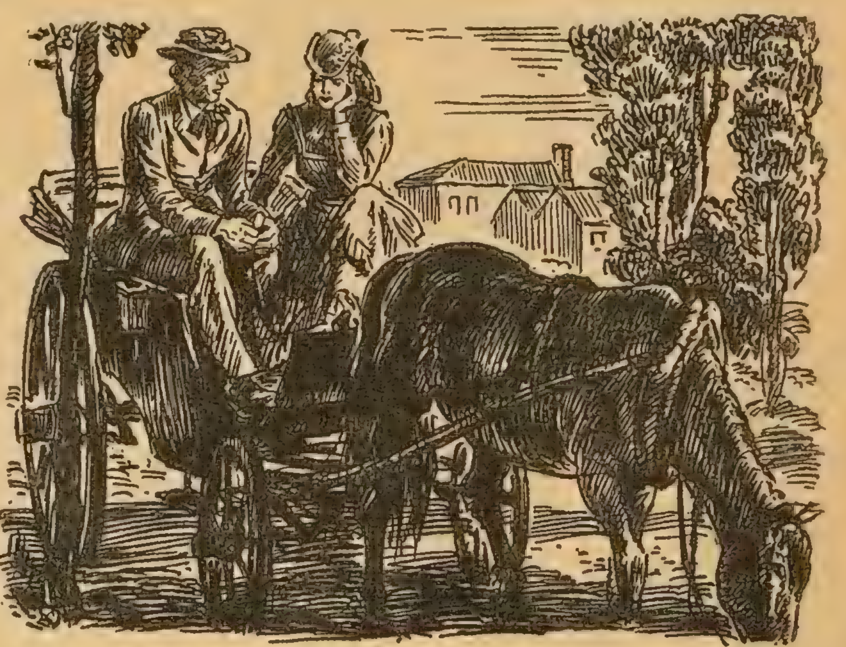
"Because it did not seem right to tell you. You see, until just lately you weren't grown up."

"Was it hard to wait?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "it was hard."

She was silent again, and he wondered agonizedly if she were antagonized by his past control, his present reserve. He need not have worried. She was pondering on the nature of his love, that, like papa's, put the other person first. That was a thing that Frederick had never done.

Then she asked irrelevantly, "How did you know that papa and I called our valley the Country of the Green Pastures?"



"Your father told me once. But long ago, when I was a little boy, I called it that myself."

"The Twenty-third Psalm was the first I learned to say by heart," said Véronique.

"The first that I learned, too," said John. "And it's still my favorite."

"Mine too," said Véronique. "We think alike about lots of things, don't we?"

"Naturally," mumbled John. " 'For we were nurst upon the self-same hill, fed the same flock. . . .' "

Suddenly she turned to him, lifting a transfigured face, and slipped her arms around his neck. "Your country is my country," she said.

Regardless of who might be passing by in the street he flung his arms about her, while old familiar words sprang to his lips as the pledge of faith. " 'The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' "

IT was the evening of the next day, and Marianne, alone in their lodgings, wept bitterly. It was almost dark, but she had not bothered to light the lamp. She was too wretched. She could not remember when she had been so wretched, or felt so utterly forsaken. She had been deceived and frustrated by her husband and child, and played like a fish on a string by that dreadful man John Ogilvie.

Ah, there lay the humiliation of it! Played like a fish on a string by that dreadful man John Ogilvie, whom she had always patronized. And deceived by Véronique, who, with her poor mother working her fingers to the bone over her trousseau, had been planning all the while to throw over poor dear Frederick. And frustrated by William, who knew how she ached to see her darling Véronique safely established in a life of ease, and how for herself also she longed for the hard-won leisure that was surely now her right. And played like a fish on a string by that rough, common man who was now to be Véronique's husband.

That man husband to her darling, delicate, beautiful child for whom she had dreamed such soaring dreams and laid such ambitious, glowing plans. *That* man, with his wicked deep-laid schemes dragging them all back to that dreadful valley where they would now live among the bleating sheep, toiling and moiling in the snow and rain, until they died.

And once back in that wretched valley, she wouldn't care how soon she did die, either. She was an old woman now, broken and frustrated, utterly forsaken, and she did not care how soon she was dead.

And it had all happened with such dreadful speed. Véronique and that man coming back from their drive and telling how they were going to be married. William coming in and taking their part. All of them kissing her, and trying to comfort her, and saying they hadn't deceived her, when of course they had, and it only made things worse to say they hadn't. Véronique packing, and sitting up most of the night to write a letter to poor Frederick. Breakfast, and no one able to eat anything. Véronique driving off with John and Mrs. Ogilvie, driving away out of her mother's life and choosing that hateful woman Mrs. Ogilvie to be her mother instead of her own dear mama who adored her so.

William going off to see Frederick, to see the lawyer, to countermand the wedding cake, to say they wouldn't want the wedding dress, going off all day long to do this, that, and the other and leaving her alone in her misery and pain.

William off at this moment doing goodness knew what (drinking, probably, with that wicked old man Obadiah Trimble who had been the cause of all the trouble) and leaving her utterly alone.

"Oh, my!" said Old Nick.

Alone except for that hateful parrot. For the rest of her life now she would have no companion except Old Nick. William would spend all his time riding about in the mountains with Véronique and John, and she would be left all alone in that storm-battered farmhouse with Old Nick.

She was weeping so desperately that she did not hear William's step on the stairs, nor the opening of the door. She did not know he was there until he knelt down beside her and took her in his arms.

"There, there, my girl," he said tenderly, "you'll make yourself ill with all this weeping. Stop it, Marianne. We've got each other, my girl, we've got each other."

She tried to push him away from her, but he would not let her go. He caressed her as though he were a young and ardent lover, kissing her forehead and her wet eyelids, her lips and her hair. He had never kissed her like this before, and in spite of her bitter anger she yielded at last to the sweetness of it, leaning back against him and putting up her hand to hold his face against her own.

"WHERE have you been, William?" she whispered, "You had no right to leave me alone like this. Where have you been all this while?"

"With Tom Anderson," said William.

"With Tom Anderson!" ejaculated Marianne. "Oh, poor Mr. Anderson! He must have been furious!"

"No," said William. "He took it well. I think he knew all the while, in his heart, that Frederick was no fit husband for Véronique."

"He *was*," said Marianne passionately. "You all misjudged poor Frederick! He only wanted a wife like Véronique to be the best husband in the world."

"As a matter of fact," said William, "Tom didn't waste much time over Frederick. It's the Union Steamship Company, not Frederick, that is the darling of Tom's heart. And he likes your old husband, Marianne. What's happened seems to have made no difference to his liking. He renewed that offer, my dear, and I accepted it. From henceforth, Mrs. Ozanne, you will live in that fine house in the street next the Andersons' that you want so much, and watch your husband propelled higher and higher up the social ladder by the power of steam. If you're not the leader of society in this city in another three years, my dear, I'll eat my hat."

"William!" she leaned back in his arms, gazing up into his face, and she scarcely could believe it. "William! But the farm?"

He smiled back at her. "It's John's," he said. "My wedding present to him and Véronique. Your daughter won't be the wife of a poor shepherd, Marianne; she'll be the wife of a well-to-do sheep farmer. And she'll be happy. All is well with your child, Marianne. Believe me, Marianne, that all is well with your child."

Shock, delight, incredulity were all struggling for the mastery in Marianne, so that she scarcely knew what she felt.

"But, William," she gasped, "how will you bear to live away from her? How will you bear it?"

William met her eyes steadily. "I shall have you, my girl," he said. "Remember what you said to me, not so long ago? 'Sensible fathers and mothers, when their children marry, go back to the old days and renew their youth.' I'll have you, my girl, and you are all that I want."

She was in his arms and crying again, but crying now from sheer joy.

A moment ago she had seemed to have nothing left, and now, quite suddenly, she had everything. William was hers as he had never been, and the new magic city on the horizon was drawing nearer and nearer.

A COUPLE of hours later William lay beside his sleeping wife and stared wide-eyed into the darkness. It was too hot to sleep. He'd not get to sleep this night, of that he was certain. He would have liked to get up and fling the window wide, but if he had, he would have wakened Marianne, who did not hold with open windows at night; night air, she said, was injurious to the health. He remembered the lovely cool night at the Green Pastures when with his window wide to the stars he had had the four-poster all to himself, and he swore under his breath.

The Green Pastures! What an impossible price to have to pay!

Well, impossible or not, it was done now, and he was condemned to the treadmill of city life, a business man concerned, of all things, with steam—*steam*, that he'd always hated.

Money-making out of steam—day after day—just money-making, that Marianne might have her fine house, her carriage and servants, her round of social gaieties in overcrowded, overheated rooms, to which no doubt he would be dragged also, hot and perspiring, knocking things over, treading on people's toes, out of place, making a fool of himself, he the sailor, lumberman, and farmer who was only happy nowadays in the wilds.

What a price!

And then there would be married life with Marianne, unsweetened now by the presence of their child. He loved his wife, oh, yes, he loved her; their marriage was, on the whole, as happy as most, perhaps happier, but he still did not love her as she loved him, and still, after all these years, he shrank from the close intimacy that she still craved with such desperation. Yes, after all these years, she was as ardent as ever.

She still wanted the core of his soul that he could not give her.

Well, he must do his best. By that bit of play-acting in the parlor just now he had pledged himself to her all over again.

It was the price that had to be paid for Véronique's happiness, the price demanded of him. He had begun to know it at the farm, when he had felt the beloved home withdrawing itself from his keeping and passing to John's, and he had known it quite certainly as soon as they had told the news of Véronique's broken engagement to Marianne and she had taken it to heart so distressingly. For he and she had had different plans for Véronique's happiness, and they had fought and he had won, and upon the victor there lies always the obligation for the future welfare of the defeated.

Véronique, the great love of his life, had passed from his keeping into that of another man.

His responsibility now, as at the beginning, was for Marianne alone.

Unable to think any longer of the grim hard road that lay before him, equally unable, just yet, to think of Véronique finding her happiness in the keeping of another man, even though it was he himself who had given her to him, he lay in the stuffy darkness.

He understood now that love is not love at all until it has paid the price. And when you have paid, there comes a sort of peace.

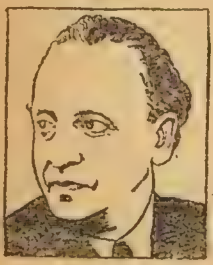
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"THE male is biologically weaker than the female," says **Amram Scheinfeld** in **Women and Men.** "From the very beginning and throughout life, the male is less resistant than the female, more often defective, and more likely to die under adverse conditions."

As to whether mental superiority goes hand in hand with the greater resistance to disease and environmental handicaps, Mr. Scheinfeld is noncommittal. The intelligence tests now in use, he says, fail to throw light on this point because they were "deliberately designed and arranged to suppress sex differences and to make the average I. Q.'s of boys and girls come out equal."



Amram
Scheinfeld

If all of this should lead to a war of the sexes, your reviewer serves notice that he anticipates a feminine victory, and intends to be a Vichy-style collaborator.

However, Mr. Scheinfeld doesn't labor the point. An authority on genetics, he has set himself the task of giving a complete exposition of the masculine and feminine body and mind. He has done an outstanding job of presenting scientific facts without a textbook flavor.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y. Price $3.50.

"A CONFEDERATE general was standing by the road while his weary troops struggled grimly through the mud," says **Willard Waller** in **The Veteran Comes Back.** "Seeing a battle-toughened old veteran in the ranks, he called out: 'How are you getting along, John?'

"John replied: 'I'm all right, General. I'm all right, I guess. I'm doing fine, thank you. But damn my soul if I ever love another country!'"

Willard
Waller

This note of ironic disillusion, says Mr. Waller, has been typical of home-coming American soldiers throughout our history. His book records our failure to understand the needs and the psychology of war veterans in the past, and offers a program for doing a better job this time.

Mr. Waller, now an associate professor of sociology at Columbia University, is himself a veteran of the last war. He has put an immense amount of research into this book. He thinks in terms of practical problems—the readjustment of the returning serviceman to his family, his job, his local community, and his country.

Published by the Dryden Press, N. Y. Price $2.75.

THE things that millions of American fighting men are thinking but cannot put into words are expressed for them, with a clear sincerity that surpasses any one's cleverness, in the writings of **Ernie Pyle.** In a chapter written as a postscript to his new book of war dispatches, **Brave Men,** he says:

"Last night we had a violent electrical storm around our countryside. The storm was half over before we realized that the flashes and the crashings around us were not artillery but plain old-fashioned thunder again. You must remember that such little things as that are in our souls, and will take time.

"And all of us together will have to learn how to reassemble our broken world into a pattern so firm and so fair that another great war cannot soon be possible. To tell the simple truth, most of us over in France don't pretend to know the right answer. . . . All we can do is fumble and try once more."

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Which vote usually eludes F. D. R.?
5 What do the Scotch call ha'pennies?
12 What's that molding again?
13 Turn into steel
15 The old what turns up on Alumni Day?
16 In football, who's known as a member of the chain gang?
17 A scraglio's a what?
19 By adding tiny to what French word do you get Fate?
20 Charlie Chaplin's brother who was also a movie comic?
21 What's really a contraction of other?
22 Folks who like to push other folks around are psychologically whats?
25 To the Spaniards the Amazon is just another what?
27 What goo goes into shellac making?
28 Minced oath
32 Complete: I met wid —— Tandy, . . . And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland . . . ?"
34 A Solanum tuberosum is a what (even when fried)?
36 A cinch is also a what?
37 Name a recent canine wow
38 A salty diary's a what?
39 What kind of car was a Stanley?
43 England's Mr. Beveridge is at present a what?
44 Mr. Calloway's music is generally what?
47 A Vatican toga would be a what?
48 Russian name
50 Scenario writer's term
53 Besides arriving first, you must also come with the what?
54 Carmen's boy friend was a what?
55 With in French is what?
56 The nether dorsal portion of a car is the what?
57 Name a popular make of car

VERTICAL

1 Strident voices are often compared to whats?
2 The Chinese communist is also known as a peasant what?
3 The bus driver yelled to Kindly push each other to the what?
4 Name some ancient Aryans who acted like Nazis
5 French ball
6 Rocks filled with silicon are said to be what?
7 Lacrimae Christi and St. Julien are whats?
8 Cow's first milk after parturition
9 What're ahems and that-issesses?
10 Name one of the Greek guerrilla political parties recently dissolved (abbr. pl.)
11 Postponement of an execution's called a what?
14 Complete in football: The —— around play
18 At present women claim there's a shortage of what kind of men?
23 Name one of America's most conservative women's organizations (abbr.)
24 When you go down at bridge you're what?
26 Who's the greatest ceiling builder in the world?
29 Complete: They called her Frivolous Sal, a peculiar sort of a ——!
30 When a little squirt makes an indoor mist, what does he do?
31 Li'l Abner's home town is what?
33 A second afterthought would be known as a what? (abbr.)
34 Mop ((anag.)
35 What is it that a man with eight children and twenty-five dollars a week usually does?
37 During the '64 election what insulting name was Lincoln called by some newspapers?
40 The Turk and the Cossack are technically whats? (sing.)
41 I dele (anag.)
42 Complete: This was the noblest —— of them all
44 Danbury, Connecticut, is known as the what city?
45 A war dog that is doing scentry duty detects what?
46 Cockle's a what?
49 What heavyweight boxer featured a cosmic stance?
51 What vegetable also lends its name to a bean?
52 New resolutions due (abbr.)

B	E	A	U	T	I	C	I	A	N	■	W	O	L	F
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■	■	O	Y	E	Z	■	L	I	B	I	D	O	■	■
P	E	R	E	S	■	F	A	R	E	■	E	M	I	T
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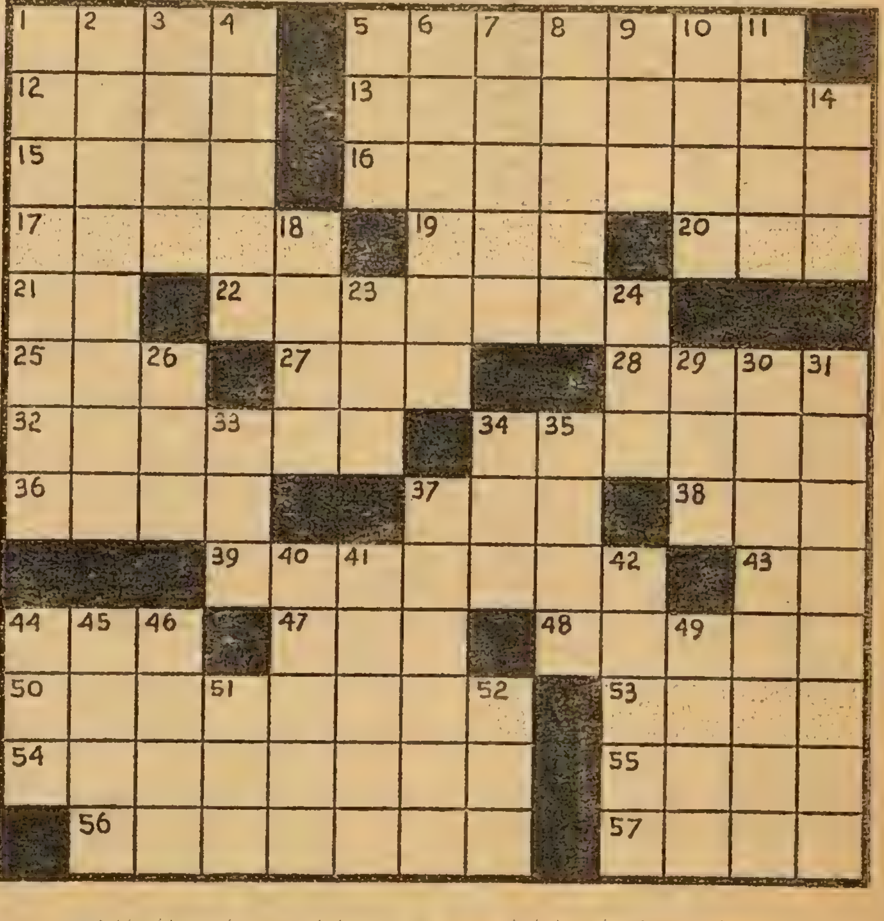
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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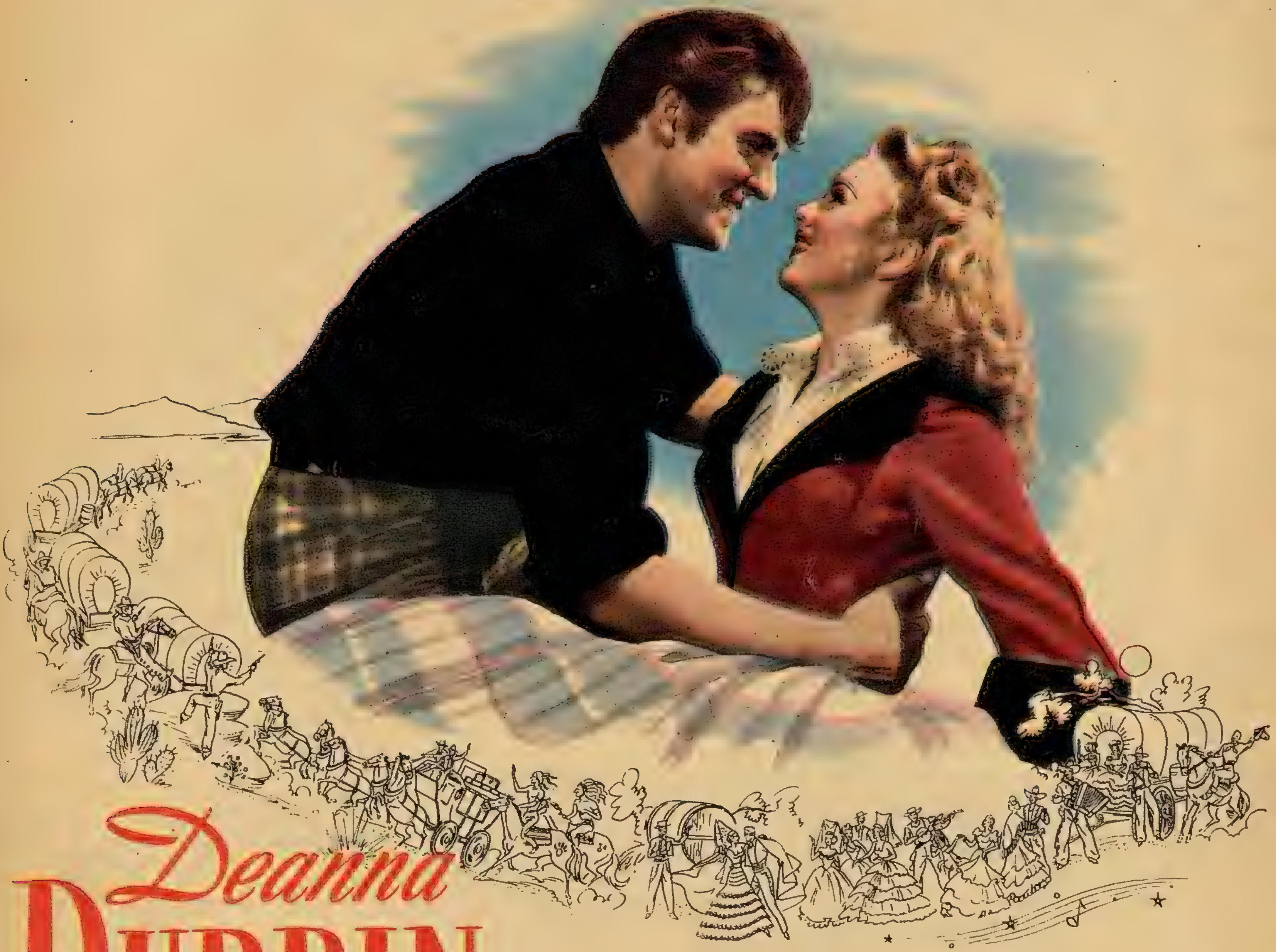
The miracle melodies of JEROME KERN

.... in the most wonderful musical of all time!



Deanna DURBIN

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Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN • Story by John Klorer and Leo Townsend • Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warshawsky • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Justice Frank Murphy

THE author of Race Hate—the Enemy Bullets Can't Stop, Frank Murphy, began life as a freckled-faced, red-headed Michigan farm boy. Today he is an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. Justice Murphy was graduated from the University of Michigan law school in 1914 and served as a captain in the first World War. Back home, his legal career was high-lighted by a three-year term as Mayor of Detroit. In 1933 he was appointed Governor General of the Philippines and, shortly, High Commissioner. In 1936 he was elected Governor of Michigan. Three years later he was appointed Attorney General of the United States, and in 1940 he took his present job.

RACE HATE—THE ENEMY BULLETS CAN'T STOP

Continued from Page 15

an entire city. And largely because a few hate-spreaders have accomplished their assignments.

Taking advantage of the high emotional state which prevails in any nation at war, these hate-spreaders have toiled systematically toward a set of definite objectives. Their ultimate aim is not merely to kill innocent people, or to slow our industrial production, or even to hamper our war effort by a temporary reign of terror. Their plan is to crush our trust in one another and so make it impossible for our republic, and our way of life, to survive. And after the war they will exploit whatever confusion and uncertainty may arise during the transition from a war to a peace economy.

RACIAL friction and religious persecution are unfortunately not new. Even the history of this country has not been entirely free from outbursts of bigotry. The Quakers of New England were early victims of religious intolerance. In the nineteenth century a political party, the notorious Know-Nothings, turned against newly-arrived immigrants and sought to deny the privileges of American citizenship to all but native-born Protestants. Still later, within the memory of our parents, Irish immigrants who came to America in large numbers were greeted with abuse and derision.

But none of these sordid movements ever dominated the American scene. The American people as a whole defeated the designs of a few hate-mongers and continued along their determined path of liberty and democracy.

Now, in our day, irrational hatred has again reared its head, aided by the strain of war and abetted by those trained in the ways of the Nazis. One species of this hatred is perhaps more threatening than any other. It is anti-Semitism.

Anti-Semitism, as an organized means of disrupting the unity of a democratic people, is a Nazi invention. It is aimed not only at the Jews but at democracy and Christianity as well. If we can be persuaded to use this crafty device to destroy ourselves from within, then the Nazis—and not the forces of the United Nations—will have won the war. The weapon which the defeated Nazis will have placed in our own hands will be the cause of our national suicide. At some future date a new breed of Nazis, foreign or domestic, will reap the spoils of real conquest.

This is not fantasy. Hitler has boasted publicly that the seeds of Nazism and anti-Semitism which he has sown will rise to plague us long after the German High Command has been forced to surrender.

Now is the time to stamp out all the traces of this Nazi-inspired bigotry, before it has a chance to get out of hand. The existence of anti-Semitism challenges every man and woman in the United States. Not only is American democracy threatened; Christianity is also threatened, and so I believe we Christians have a special mission to perform.

We must unite to combat anti-Semitism as a threat to *both* American and Christian principles. Fully conscious of the right of freedom of speech, we should not seek to throttle those who unwittingly are spreading ill will. Instead, we should point out the falseness of their arguments and, above all, expose the made-in-Berlin source of their wares. As for those who are deliberately seeking to destroy all that our Fathers fought for, and all that our sons are now fighting for, we should fight their propaganda with all the means in our power.

Total victory over these enemies of God and man cannot be won easily. The basic cure lies in the purification of our own hearts. Traces of racial suspicions and misconceptions lurk in the hearts of the best of us. They cannot be rooted out in a moment. A complete searching, cleansing process is necessary.

If you are tempted to utter a single anti-Semitic remark, no matter how harmless it sounds, or to commit a single anti-Semitic act, ask yourself if this word or deed violates your belief in the dignity of the individual, the right of personal liberty, or the equality of all mankind.

What are the means by which the anti-Semites hope to turn us against American Jews and eventually against the fundamental ideals of American and Christian life? The first method is to convince us that the Jews are to be blamed for anything and everything we happen not to like. The second method is somehow to create the impression that Jews are different from the rest of us—queer, impossible to understand, alien to American ways.

These charges are historically false as well as morally evil. Yet they have sometimes been accepted by Christians who are innocent of any malicious intent. These Christians cannot know very much of history, or else they would realize that everything now being charged to the Jews was once charged to the early Christians. The Church fathers were accused of belonging to an inferior people, of being aliens and agitators and of tainting the "racial purity" of other peoples. It is heartbreaking today to witness Christians, who were once a religious minority and subject to all the persecutions now inflicted upon the Jews, spread propaganda which—whether they realize it or not—is not only anti-Jewish but anti-Christian as well.

By anti-Semitism we mean something quite different from criticism of individuals who happen to be Jewish. There are good and bad Jews, just as there are good and bad Catholics, good and bad Irish, and good and bad persons of every other description. It is when we attribute our ills to Jews as a whole that we become guilty of passing on some of the poison brewed by our enemies. Or when we accept the master-race myth that a type of people called "Aryans" is in some mystic way superior to all others.

This notion of racial superiority is without any foundation in science, but is seized upon by some persons as solace in their troubles. They think their troubles are eased by the satisfaction of looking down on someone "beneath" them. What a low sort of satisfaction this is!

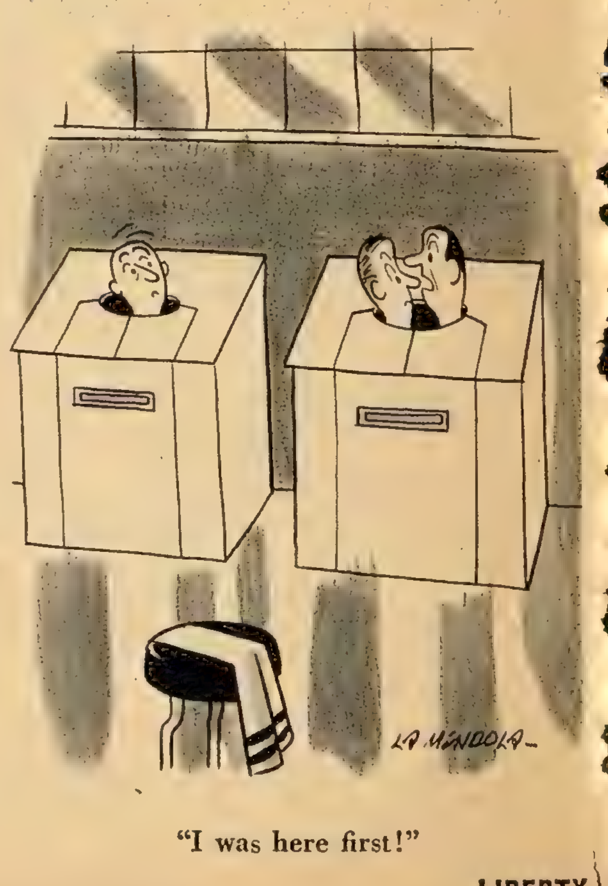
Each time a person says or does something derogatory to his Jewish neighbors he lowers himself and detracts from the spiritual progress of the human race. While he is injuring himself spiritually, he is also starting something which will lead to his own physical downfall. For bigotry is like a landslide: it gathers momentum as it spreads, finding one victim after another until everyone has suffered. It is true that the first victims of rampant anti-Semitism would be Jews, but the course of history has shown unmistakably that one form of hatred breeds another. Hate-maddened people would turn on a second minority and then on a third. Each one of us in America is a member of a minority in some way or other. Thus we would see our country torn into a multitude of warring groups.

ANTI-SEMITISM and the other forms of group hatred have caused incalculable harm in the world, but never the slightest bit of good. Far from helping in the solution of any national problems, they destroy the very basis on which any problem can be solved—the spirit of mutual understanding and good will. Men's minds are diverted from the problem, and, instead of tackling it, they seek a scapegoat to blame for its existence. In short, hatred cannot remove any of our difficulties—economic, social, or political. It can only add new and more dangerous ones.

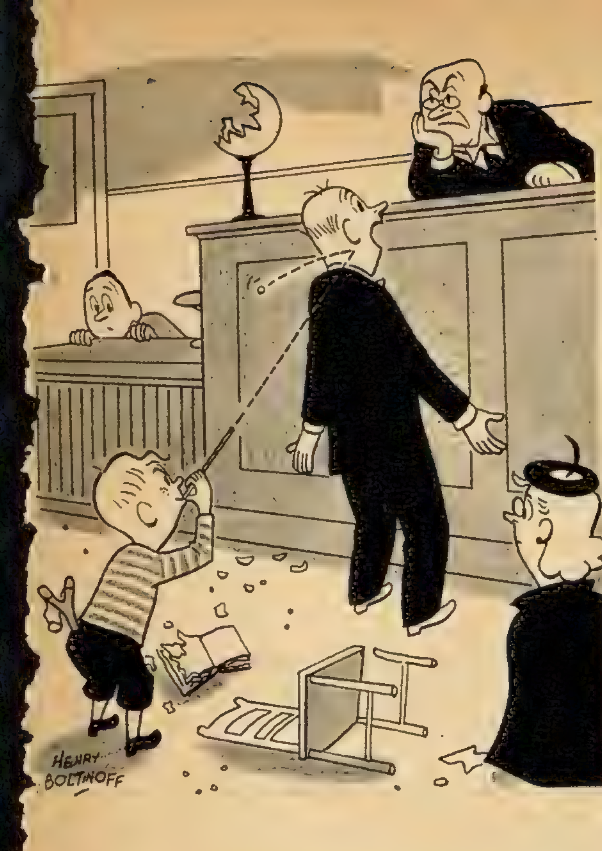
And how can any Christian honestly harbor any hatred of a group of his fellow men and still profess to believe in Christianity? Christ commanded us: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He taught us that all men are neighbors, no matter what their nationality or convictions. The Brotherhood of Man cannot be accepted piecemeal. Genuine Christianity does not allow for love of one neighbor and hatred of another any more than it allows for obedience to one of the Commandments and not to all of them.

It was in keeping with this great Christian tradition that Pope Pius XI spoke of anti-Semitism: "It is a movement in which we Christians can have no part whatsoever. Anti-Semitism is unacceptable. Spiritually we are Semites."

The true Christian cannot stain his con-



"I was here first!"



"I don't get custody of the child, do I?"

ience with hatred of those of differing eligious beliefs or ancestry. Nor can he emain indifferent to their sufferings un- r the tyranny of others. He will protect em from their enemies, give sanctuary them in their need, and lend a brotherly nd in restoring to them peace of mind d physical security. To remain silent hile the forces of evil are abroad is to ive those forces aid and comfort, and this the true Christian cannot find in his conscience to do.

Today, of all times, is not a time for silence. The virus of anti-Semitism has ready been well planted. I do not cry Volf!" when there is no wolf. The enemy real. The forces of evil are not *preparing* attack us; they are *already* battling us, der cover, cunningly, and with growing rength. The time to crush this enemy is now. One hundred million volunteers are needed to circulate sober, hate-quenching facts in every American home, farm, factory, union, church, and school, in the press and on the air. But, first, each volunteer should search his own conscience. Our first victory must be won within urselves.

F we are true to ourselves and our traditions, this nation cannot but fulfill ts rightful destiny. There is in us all a eal capacity for human kindness. The rotherhood of man is a living, growing eality. The future lies with those who vill tear asunder the shackles of bigotry nd reassert their faith in the dignity and ndependence of man. Our Christian tenets and our American heritage call us to this task. In deepening our love and understanding of our neighbors, we become better Catholics, or Protestants, or Jews—whatever our creed may be. In building a firmer spirit of unity among the peoples of our land, we become better Americans.

Out of this war must be born something better than the old hatreds in modern guise. The sufferings and sacrifices of our sons must not have been in vain. It is our duty to bring forth a nation more firmly devoted to its ideals, more invulnerable the counsels of hate, and more fully conscious of its mission of justice and righteousness. Working together, we can achieve this lofty goal. Proud of the power of our country, we can be prouder still of our unflinching defense of the Rights of Man. We shall have remained true to the promise of America.

THE END

GIRL WITHOUT GLAMOR

Continued from Page 25

on one of the local girls. That way, he could have stalled grandma for months, inventing obstacles, quarrels. He swept a pile of blueprints off the desk and put his feet up. He had to produce a strange girl for the week-end or get fired.

Jim tapped at the door and entered. He had a curious look on his face. "Mr. Strickland," he said in a low voice, "Miss Blucher is here to see you."

"All right, show him— *What?*"

Jim glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the closed door. "I know. Nobody could have gathered from the letters that M. L. Blucher was a woman."

Peter took his feet off the desk. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Just for a minute he'd thought—well, something pretty absurd. Witchcraft. Black magic.

Jim said, "I'm afraid you'll have to see her. We practically promised her the job, if she'd come down for an interview."

"Well, sure," said Peter. "Send her in." Blucher, he thought. Miss M. Blucher. The name seemed to explode in his mind, stunning him, but he got to his feet and mumbled some sort of greeting.

SHE was a very businesslike young lady. She looked capable. Her nose was shiny and her fingernails were not. Her hair was hidden beneath a small felt hat; her suit was dark and plain. She wore flat-heeled oxfords and had less charm than Peter's maiden aunt Sophronia.

She sat down and faced him squarely across the desk. "You're surprised, of course," she said, "and disappointed. Perhaps you think I should have revealed my unfortunate secret. Well, I don't think so. Experience has taught me that's a fine way *not* to get a job."

"Well—uh—around machinery you don't expect a girl to be—uh—"

"Interested? Efficient? Why not?"

Her small square face was under control, like her voice, but she kept smoothing out the fingers of her gloves nervously. "I don't know why men think women are only good for dishwashing and office work. We have different talents, just as you do. I want this job, Mr. Strickland. I'm qualified for it. Don't you think it would be only fair to consider me on my merits?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I suppose it would." She hadn't worked for four months. He knew that from her letters. It must be tough, he thought, to be good at your job, yet be kept out of all the interesting positions because of something you couldn't help.

He wound his legs around each other. "Miss Blucher, it's like this. I'm afraid you're up against a—personal idiosyn-

(*Continued on page 51*)

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Not all the great military men of the past, if they were alive today, would qualify for active service in the current conflict under our strict requirements, for the following reasons:

George Washington had false teeth; Napoleon was plagued with epilepsy; the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror, had chronic dyspepsia and was fully twenty pounds underweight; U. S. Grant was a confirmed alcoholic; Julius Caesar was also an epileptic; Admiral Nelson had only one arm and one eye.

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AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start.*

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Lydia E. Pinkham's

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

(Continued from page 49)

asy. I'm—rather shy. Women make me rvous. I'm sure you'd do your work well, t you might interfere with mine, just y being here. I'm sorry."

Miss Blucher gave a short embittered ugh. "Well, that's a new excuse. Usually hey find fault with my record." She tood up. "All right. I won't waste your ime." She paused close to the desk, ooking down at his face. "Funny, though, ou don't act a bit shy."

As a matter of fact, he wasn't. He ealized this with amazement. He could alk to Miss Blucher without stammering, nd say things he had never said to anyne. "To tell the truth, I don't feel nervus with you. I wonder why? Perhaps ecause you don't twitter and flash your yes around and act coy."

Two perfectly incongruous dimples apeared at the corners of her square pink nouth. Her honest brown eyes developed nexpected pin points of yellow light. "I now," she said. "What really gets you down is glamor. I haven't a particle of glamor." She sat down. "If it's just a question of not twittering, we ought to get along beautifully."

So they might, thought Peter. He began o feel excited. Of course a man would have been better, but in these days you were lucky to get anyone who was competent. "About the salary—" He stopped. e'd forgotten Grandmother Strickland's ltimatum. Quite likely he wouldn't have he power to pay a salary, or any salary imself, to say nothing of a job for Miss lucher. M. Blucher.

He looked at her with narrowed eyes. "What's your full name again?"

"Mary Louise Blucher. Bad, isn't it?"

"Did—did anyone ever call you Maisie?"

A frown drew taut between her level brows. "I'm sure you aren't insane, so ou must have something in mind. Why ot come right out with it?"

He took a long breath. "I've got to have fiancée," he told her, "or else." He described the interview with his grandmother. "You see how it is? She's hell-bent for great-grandchildren. I'd be glad to give you this job, but unless you help me, there won't be any job to give." That sounded a little like blackmail. Still, it was true.

Miss Blucher frowned. "I don't know. Rather a dirty trick, isn't it?"

Peter said quickly, "My work's rather mportant. I don't claim this engine will win the war, but it will certainly help. I don't see why I should drop it, just for an old lady's whim."

"That's so, only why not marry someone and get it over with?"

"I'm waiting for Miss Right."

"Oh. Well. But d'you think it'll work? Your grandmother doesn't sound like a person who would be satisfied with a mere engagement."

He looked down at his hands. "Now, don't get mad, please. You see, they want a certain kind of girl, awfully refined and so forth. If you play your part right, they'll make me break off the engagement. Then it won't be my fault I'm not married."

"I see." She tugged at her ear. "All right, I'll do it. After all, whether you marry or not is your own business. You can't let the family push you around."

Peter took out his checkbook and picked p a pen.

"What's that for?" she asked. "You don't have to buy yourself a phony fiancée. This is a holy war. The rights of man. Let freedom ring."

Peter grinned. "I know, but I don't suppose you came prepared to spend the week-end? You'll need a toothbrush and stuff. Here's your first month's salary, and this is for expenses." He pushed the checks across his desk. "Come back here when you've done your shopping. I'll phone mother so she'll be expecting you. And—uh—you better start calling me Peter, so it'll sound natural."

She paused in the doorway. "Very well, Peter. I'll come back around six, Peter. Good-by, Peter darling!"

He got up and shut the door. He didn't want to see the look on Jim's face.

HIS mother must have been watching for them out of the window. She came running down the front steps even before the car rolled to a stop. She looked charming. Happiness glowed in her eyes. Literally with open arms she welcomed Miss Blucher, who drew back and thrust out a businesslike hand.

"How do you do, Mrs. Strickland. Sorry, but I don't believe in indiscriminate kissing. Too unsanitary." She turned critical eyes upon the old-fashioned screen porch. "Is this your house, Peter? What a monstrosity!"

He felt a thrill of pride in his mother. Her smile never faltered. "Yes, isn't it?" she agreed. "Peter's grandfather built the place in the late '90s, the worst possible period. However, it's comfortable. You'll find us quite civilized indoors." She mounted the steps and crossed the porch. "This way, dear. The living room is on your left."

The big front room smelled of hothouse roses and furniture wax, with a faint spicy tang of smoke from the wood fire. The last low rays of the sun slanted through tall windows, gleaming on old mahogany. Aunt Sophronia rose and came to meet them. Grandmother Strickland, in her wheel chair by the fire, looked up from her knitting with a stately smile.

"We're pleased to welcome you to your new home, dear," she said with unusual formality. "I hope you'll be as happy here as we shall be to have you."

Peter wanted to run away and hide. He felt as if he had tossed a live cobra in among helpless domestic fowl.

Miss Blucher took off her hat, revealing brown hair parted in the middle and dragged into a bun at the back of her neck. "Just a minute," she said. "Don't go too fast. I haven't promised anything. Peter insisted that I come and look you over, but I'm not sure I want to marry into a capitalist family." She threw her hat down on the sofa. "You may as well know at once that I'm a Communist!" She stood in the middle of the room, head high, ready to face the storm. Her announcement, however, fell rather flat.

Grandmother Strickland chuckled. "So was Peter's father at your age. His grandfather had some notions too. A very wise man once said that if you were not a Socialist before twenty-five, there was something wrong with your heart; but if you remained one after that age, something must be wrong with your head."

Miss Blucher thrust out her square chin. "I'm twenty-six, and nothing's wrong with my head."

"Nothing serious, I'm sure," said grandma.

"It takes some people longer to get over things," said Aunt Sophronia.

For a moment Miss Blucher looked dashed. Then she took a breath. Peter could see that she was mentally spitting on her hands and rolling up her sleeves.

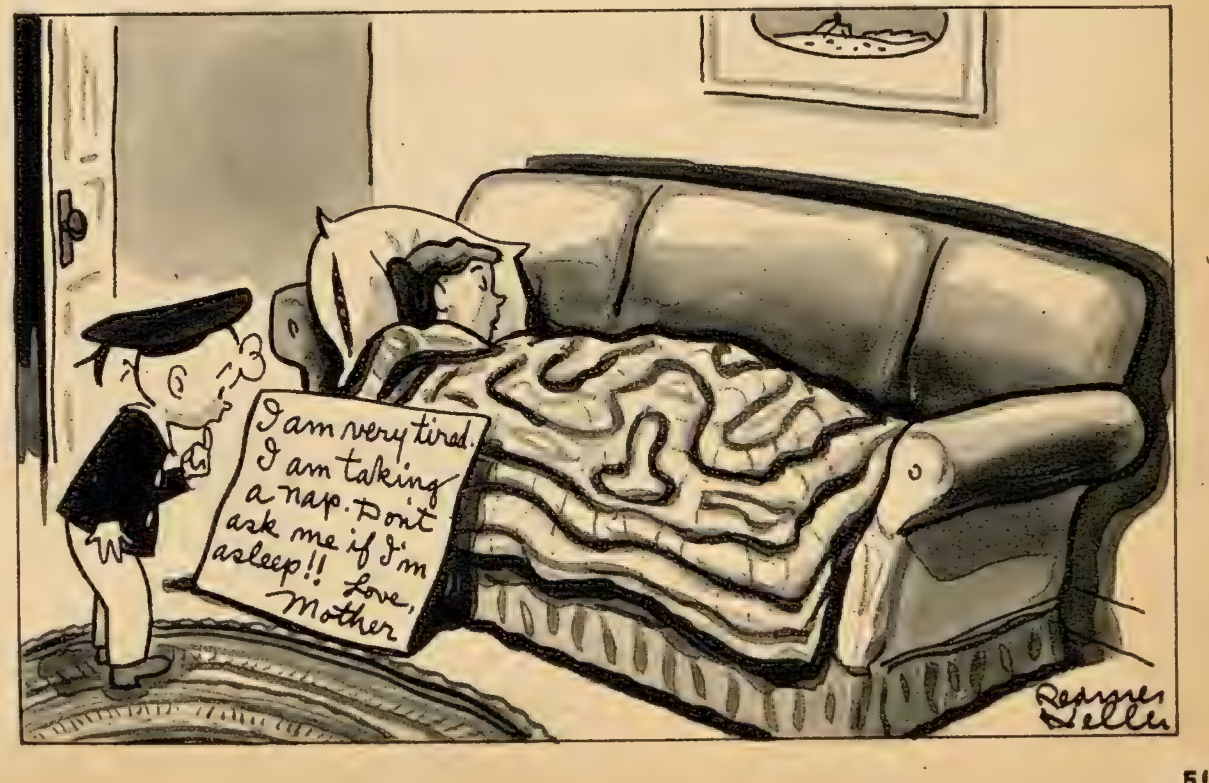
"We had better thrash this out right now. Not that I care what you think, but Peter's old-fashioned. He still believes in the importance of the family. As a matter of fact," she said, "the family is doomed. In these days of eugenics and intelligent economic planning, the family as a social unit is as outmoded as a wigwam." She took off her jacket and hurled it into a chair. She loosened her collar. "The children of the future will probably be produced in test tubes. They'll be raised in scientific state institutions. Women will be released to do useful work, and there'll be an end of all this family business."

Grandmother Strickland's knitting needles were clicking at a great rate. Aunt Sophronia kept her smile on. Peter's mother listened with interest, but he knew exactly what they all were thinking.

Miss Blucher never once paused for breath. When the family was demolished she overthrew the democratic form of government, established a proletarian dictatorship, did away with capitalism, crime, insanity, and drug addiction. "We've got to look at the human race as breeding stock," she thundered. "Weed out the unfit. Sterilize them."

She raved artistically up and down the room. Her hairpins loosened, a curl escaped here and there. Her eyes glistened and so did her nose. She hadn't a bit of charm, yet somehow Peter couldn't take his eyes off her. She was like a vigorous wind, blowing the stuffiness out of the house. At the same time she seemed to belong here. He found himself wishing that she'd stop being Maisie and just be Mary Louise.

HARDTACK



THE HOME FRONT

"Of course she likes me—no girl *has* to go out with her boss these days!"

Celia came to the door, dressed in her starchiest uniform. She waited, goggle-eyed, until Miss Blucher finished a sentence. "Excuse me, Mrs. Strickland, but dinner is served."

"Now that's what I mean," said Maisie. "She ought to be doing productive work instead of waiting on three idle women."

Peter's mother rose to her feet. "Oh, dear, I hope she didn't hear that. Poor Celia has tried hard to get defense work, but she's fifty-seven and they won't have her. Shall we go in? This way, my dear."

Peter trundled his grandmother's wheel chair down the hall and into the dining room. She looked quite austere, but at least she didn't put her disapproval into words. He wondered how long this determined politeness could last.

Maisie was quiet during the fruit cup. She came to life with the roast beef.

"Prime ribs!" she cried, staring at the marvel. "Is that black-market beef? Don't serve me any, Peter."

Aunt Sophronia twittered. "My dear, how can you! We wouldn't dream of patronizing black markets."

"Especially since there's no such thing in Welcome," added Grandmother Strickland.

"Well, anyway, I'm a vegetarian," Maisie declared, though she couldn't keep a famished look out of her eyes when Peter began to cut pink juicy slices from the roast. He wanted to tell her to forget the whole crazy stunt, but of course he couldn't.

Poor Maisie clung to her role. "If people had to kill their own meat, nobody would eat flesh food."

"I expect not, dear. Celia, Miss Blucher doesn't care for the roast beef. Ask Hattie if there's any creamed chicken left from last night."

Aunt Sophronia said, "Or perhaps she'd rather have eggs."

"Never mind. Anything at all," said Maisie. The point was, she insisted, that animals had as much right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as human beings. In an ideal state those rights would be fully guaranteed. She kept it up all through the dessert.

PETER'S mother glanced at her watch. "I'm afraid we'll have to hurry and change. I suppose you know it's Peter's birthday, dear? A few friends are coming over to help him celebrate. Did you happen to bring a long dress? The local girls like to wear their pretty frocks whenever they have the excuse."

"I don't believe in that sort of foolishness," said Maisie, though she looked stricken. "Part of the conspicuous waste of capitalist society. But I'll put on a fresh blouse, if you like."

Watching her, Peter understood that loyalty and self-sacrifice could go no further. A suit skirt and a clean blouse when the other girls would be in their party dresses! He bathed and shaved and put on a dark blue business suit. Fortunately the local men didn't share their womenfolk's passion for dressing up. He went down the hall and knocked at Miss Blucher's door.

"Who is it?"

"Peter. Can I come in?"

"Don't be silly."

"Well, I know, but we're engaged."

"No, we're not." Her voice sounded blurred, weary.

"Yes, we are. Well, listen. Won't you at least open the door?"

He heard a rustle, a swish. Her voice was closer, right on the other side of the oak panel. "Peter, I can't go on with it. I'm sorry to let you down, but they're such perfect darlings!"

"So are you," he said to the closed door. "You're the swellest person I've ever known." He cleared his throat wretchedly. "Look here. I realize this is no time—I mean, it must seem pretty abrupt and all that, but couldn't we—I mean, if we were really engaged—"

She said, "What is this, an attack of conscience? I'm feeling ashamed of myself, too, but you can't wipe out a lie by telling more lies."

"It wouldn't be a lie. Mary Louise, please listen to me. Are you listening? I've had the funniest feeling ever since we got back to the house, as if you belonged here. I can't explain it, but—maybe that's why I held out for so long. I was waiting for somebody like you." She didn't answer. He glanced uneasily down the hall, but all the bedroom doors were shut. "Mary Louise, are you listening? I'm—I guess I must be falling in love."

"Oh, Peter, that's absurd. You haven't any idea what I'm like."

"Yes, I have. You're just like me."

"That's funny," she said. "I was thinking exactly the same thing!"

Peter took a deep breath. "Mary Louise, if you won't let me in, will you come out in the hall?"

"I'm not dressed."

"Well, put on something. I can't make love to you through this door."

"You can't make love to me at all." Her voice sounded dim, lost. "I've been packing my things. I can't possibly stay here now."

"Yes, you can. Listen here—"

"Oh, Peter," she cried, "don't you realize we've cooked my goose? They must think I'm perfectly awful. You'll just have to let me go. I'm sorry. I—like you, too. I did, even before I saw you, from the letters." Peter leaned against the door. He felt dizzy, out of breath, and happier even than when he was engaged in taking an engine apart. "But it's no use," she went on. "They'll never stand for me. You'd lose your job. Your grandmother would cut you off with a new white penny."

That was probably true, thought Peter. He said, "What of it? We won't starve."

"But your work! The new motor—"

"Strickland's isn't the only place that builds engines. You throw on your clothes and come down, Mary Louise. I'm going to have it out with them."

He went downstairs, feeling like a child who has been promised an ice-cream soda after the dentist gets through with him. He knew what they'd say, but he could take it. He'd always sort of slid out of things where the family was concerned, pretended to agree, tried to avoid a fuss. This time it was going to be different. He walked into the living room with shoulders back, chin held high.

Grandmother Strickland sat in state beside the fireplace. Aunt Sophronia reclined in a corner of the sofa. Peter's mother stood near one of the long windows. She turned and came toward him.

"All right," he said, "let's get it over with. But you might as well know, straight off, that—"

"Oh, Peter!" his mother cried. "Darling, she's *wonderful!*"

"So stimulating," said Aunt Sophronia. "Some of her ideas may be just a tiny bit extreme, but at least she *has* ideas. We're so happy that you chose a sensible girl, dear—not one of these silly little creatures who think of nothing but clothes and dates."

"So refreshing," said Aunt Sophronia.

PETER lifted eyes full of suspicion and studied their faces.

"I like her," said Grandmother Strickland. "She's got courage and spirit. Stood right up to me!"

Peter looked at her in amazement. She meant it. He couldn't be quite certain about the others, but grandma never compromised with the truth.

"Nice and healthy, too," she added. "She'll make a splendid mother."

A musical chime announced the arrival of the first guests.

"Peter darling." His mother laid a pleading hand on his arm. "May we announce it this evening?"

"Well—uh—I—" he stammered. "I'll go ask her." He bounded up the stairs. This time he didn't knock, just opened the door and walked in.

Her bags were packed; her coat lay ready across a chair. She stood in front of the mirror, running a comb through her hair which hung loose, waving to her shoulders. She had changed the severe tailored blouse for a frilly one with ruffles at the neck and down the front. Her nose didn't shine at all, but her eyes did when she saw the look on his face. Those entrancing dimples appeared at the corners of her square red mouth. She was perfectly charming, yet somehow Peter didn't mind.

For a shy man, he did an astounding thing. He took the comb out of her hand and dropped it on the dressing table. Then he put his arms around Mary Louise and kissed her, quite as enthusiastically as if she didn't have a scrap of glamor.

THE END

WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

Continued from Page 17

as bad. Times have been hard, but somehow, sitting there, listening to the music, they didn't seem so hopeless. And I thought of my father telling about the Civil War and how they never could have fought through to the end except that one of the fellows used to play the mouth harp when they'd drop down to rest. When the going's hard, you've got to let down so as to keep on plugging."

Frank said, with an almost stuttering desire to appease his mother's wrath, "He said to put on a new needle every time you played a record. Lookee! Here's where you drop the old ones."

And Lennie grabbed up something that looked like an eraser covered with dark velvet. "And this is what you wipe the dust off the records with."

Gus said appealingly, "Sit down, Annie. There's this one piece I want you to listen to."

But Annie stood unyielding, condemning. She said harshly, "Livia, go put the coffee on for your father. Lennie, you and Frank gather up the calf buckets before they butt them all out of shape."

The culprits slunk out swiftly.

Annie reached out and stopped Gus's hand as it was dropping the needle onto the record. "Don't play it! I don't want to hear the fool thing. It'd be different if times were good and we had money to throw away."

"If times were good we wouldn't need it as bad as we do now," he said gently. "Annie, the whole country is starved for music."

"The whole country!" she flung back at him. "And what is the whole country to us? You'd better be thinking of your own. What about Livia—so bashful and scared she'll turn into a peaked dried-up old maid? She needs to get out of here and meet people and smarten up. What about Frank's stomach? The whole country needs music!" she sneered. "And we need music! You'll take that fool music box back and get the separator."

"No, Annie," he said slowly. "No, we'll not take it back."

"You'll take it back—" Her fury accumulated with her words—all the latent resentment of his easy ways, of his not worrying so hard, or wanting things as fiercely as she did—yes, even that little resentment of the cows giving down their milk so wholeheartedly to him and holding it back on her. "I'll not stay in the same house with it." In a great and grim exultancy she thought of Grandma Lutz and her leg in a cast big as a pickle keg. "I'm going up and stay with Grandma Lutz till you get that out of here. And when it's gone, I'll come back. And not before."

IT took the half mile to Grandma Lutz's for her to get hold of herself. The Lutzes—neither the old lady nor Harve—must not know that she had flung herself

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PORTRAIT

A cheerful chap,
The smirking Jap!
He smiles a lot;
He grins and grins,
But hasn't got
The smile that wins.
—Louis E. Thayer.

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out of her house and to theirs in righteous anger. They mustn't guess that her coming was anything but neighborly kindness; not to bring her family to terms.

It would bring them to their knees all right. Just let them try to get along without her. This was Wednesday night. She wondered how long Gus could hold out against her.

She even paved the way for the family's capitulation by remarking the next morning, when she was getting breakfast, that Gus had brought a gramophone from Denver. "But he just got it on trial. He's going to take it back. We need a separator worse."

All the enthusiasm her own family hadn't dared show, the Lutzes showed. Did it sound just like a band playing right in the same room? What records did Gus get?

The word evidently emanated from Antelope that Gus Wiley had a music box. Grandma Lutz forgot her broken leg in her excited watching of the road that came from Antelope and branched off to the Wileys, and the rigs she saw on it. What farsighted old eyes she had! "Harve, Harve!" she'd call from her chair lookout at the door. "That looks like My Henderson's team—got a white horse hitched with a dark one." The *My* that always preceded Henderson was the prairie's sly grin over the cocky little Henderson's big talk about *my* place, *my* cows. Even the turkeys his wife raised were *my* turkeys. The old lady would watch on and relay, "They're unhitching their horses. See that, Mis' Wiley, your folks will have company to supper. And those two fellows a-horseback are still there."

Annie would go hurrying mentally to their kitchen. However would poor fluttery Livia do? She couldn't even remember to turn the damper to send the heat to the oven. Would she remember to parboil the salt pork twice?

It was amazing how many excuses Harve found to leave his bean disking and drop down to the Wileys'. He'd come back and report. The McGraw boys from over Hay Gulch way were there. And a whole wagonload of Pelhams. "They've got the Blue Danube Waltz." He'd whistle it as he carried in water. The old lady would sit humming it and tapping three-four time with her unbroken leg. "There never was a prettier waltz than the Blue Danube," she'd say wistfully. "I mind how we used to dance to it back in Elgin."

They had records of McCormack, too, Harve reported.

"I suppose they have that thing going morning, night, and noon," Annie said grimly.

"No," Harve said. "Gus only has them play it when they sit and listen to it. He says that music that isn't wanted or listened to is only noise."

Punishing the family was punishment for Annie. She ached to be in her own home. She thought of the Plymouth Rock hens and the twenty-seven baby turks she had entrusted to them. She wondered if the garden was kept hoed and watered. She pictured Frank and his stomach rebelling at the most inopportune times. But at the same time she knew a sadistic satisfaction. Just let them all get their noses rubbed good in work and company. Let Gus worry about cooking meals for them —for worry Gus would have to when Livia couldn't even dress a chicken. Let Gus nurse Frank through his stomach spells and clean up after him. Let them find out how much magic they'd get from their music!

On Saturday, Grandma Lutz insisted that Harve leave his bean disking to hitch up and drive to Antelope and bring Dr. Summer—né Winter—out. "There's things I want to ask him," she said with that coy and knowing chirk of her head.

The question she wanted to ask him, and did the minute he reached the doorstep, left Annie gasping. "Doc—doc, what I want to know is, can't I go down to Wileys' tomorrow and hear the music? Harve he says they've got the Blue Danube Waltz and I'm just hankering to hear it."

Annie breathed easier when the doctor shook his head. "No siree, even if you're willing to risk your other leg, I'm not willing to risk having that cast it took me an hour to put on, cracked open. I've had a sample of Harve's driving."

"But I wasn't figuring on having Harve drive me. The Lutz menfolks all drive hell-for-election. But Annie's here. She can drive me down. We won't drive Dick —we'll drive old Queen." As though Dr. Summer knew the psychological make-up of both. "Annie's a careful driver. I can't wait up here any longer without hearing that Blue Danube."

The doctor gave in with a Pontius Pilate shrug. And what could Annie say? She couldn't cry out, "But I can't go home! I told Gus I wouldn't come back till that *thing* was out of the house!"

No child planning for its first party was ever in more of a jitter of anticipation than Grandma Lutz. "Come Sunday there'll be a lot of folks down there," she gloated.

Annie had to get out her white starched waist, and black gored serge skirt with its three rows of braid around it. Grandma Lutz patted buttermilk into her wrinkled and weathered skin. That night she had Annie hunt up her kid curlers and reach her a washpan, half full of water, and she put her thin gray hair up in tight little snails around her face.

But Annie herself only braided her long dark hair into its customary night braid. Tomorrow would be no party for her— more like a sortie from the enemy camp to see how close surrender was. But unhappiness kept her long awake.

GRANDMA LUTZ had wanted to be the first at the Wileys' that Sunday, but it took Annie and Harve a long time to get her loaded (the old lady's own word) into the buggy with the footstool and pillows propped under and around her leg in the cast. As they started out they saw a wagon from the Pines road already driving in.

Grandma Lutz said to her driver, "Now, Annie, Harve he can just as well drive over to Hay Gulch and fetch one of Ella's girls to do for us."

Annie said, "We'll see." She meant, "I'll see if the family have been brought to their knees yet."

They were on the road down when Harve pointed out a buckboard with a white horse and a bay hitched to it. "There comes My Henderson again. We'll have to get out the loud records to drown him out."

Annie's hands were shaking as she pulled Queen to a willing stop outside their own yard and she alighted on wobbly legs. Gus was at the windmill. Harve had gone hurrying into the house to bring out a chair for his grandmother. Gus came toward Annie with a welcoming smile. "Annie," he said, "I'm glad you've come home."

Every impulse in her was to lift her face to his for his home-coming kiss; to say, "I'm glad to be home." But just then the side door was opened, and around the thump of the rocker and the laughter of Harve and Livia as they struggled with it, came the gay rat-a-tat of martial music.

It was like the enemy flouting her, and she went hot with jealous fury. She said with low vehemence, "So you've still got that thing! Well, I haven't come home. I only came down because Grandma Lutz was having such a fit to hear the Blue Danube Waltz. As soon as she hears all the music, I'm going back with her."

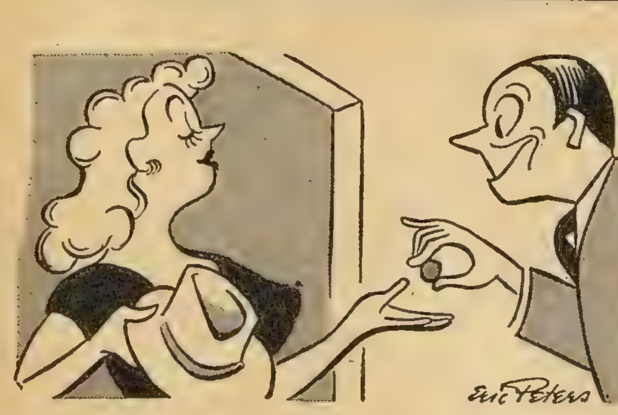
He didn't answer. But she saw him steady himself as though he had bumped hard into a fence post. And then he stepped forward to open the gate for Livia and Harve and the chair. It took them all to ease Grandma Lutz out of the buggy seat —and how she enjoyed being the leading lady in the scene!—and into the chair. Harve took one side and Gus the other and carried her in.

ANNIE'S mother-glance took in Livia. She was wearing the dimity that she wouldn't wear to the dance when Gus and Annie wanted to take her. Livia herself, with vain wisdom, had dipped the ribbon in sugar and water and ironed it wet to give it stiff and perky assurance. And Livia was as pert as a sixteen-year-old who has been sought after. A dimple Annie had never noticed before flickered in her flushed cheek.

Annie said grimly, "Well! I guess you've had a pretty mess of it down here without me."

Livia said dutifully, "We've missed you, but oh, mama, everybody's been so *nice!* I didn't know how nice everybody around here was. I'm so happy."

"Nice!" Annie exploded. "Dumping them-



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FEEDORA: A dime to get your hat back.

FANATTIC: A fool for garrets.

FOE PA: Hitler's old man and what he made.

GNUROTIC: A nervous African antelope.

COMMUNEST: Where left-wingers lay their eggs.

CHALKTAW: An Indian in white-face.

FISTIC-HUFFS: When fighters won't fight.

CAM4: Formula for killing moths.

DYERTRIBE: Speech before a dry cleaners' convention.

FIDDLE D.D.: A viol little dentist.

elves in here on you and staying—and you having to feed them!"

"It's been fun. Everybody helped. verybody brought things. Remember the cGraw boys that raised so many potatoes last year? They brought potatoes." She giggled. "The young preacher has been here twice before. He brought a record, Cohen on the Telephone. And My Henderson brought bananas. You ought to see the boys go after them. Frank ate three."

"I can imagine what happened," Annie aid.

"No—honest he didn't. He hasn't thrown up once since you left."

They went in through the kitchen. "The Stovers from the Pines brought the pies and—look!—ham already cooked," Livia showed her proudly. "I made drop biscuits the other night, and the preacher bragged on them—and then Harve bragged even arder."

H'm, Annie thought.

She stopped at the door of the sitting room in reluctant wonder. She had never seen it, or felt it, so genially hospitable. Maybe it was the cushions. The leather one with the deer head burnt on it, the one with embroidered columbine twined over an embroidered state house, and the others with their myriad lazy-daisy stitches which Annie kept standing stiff and unused at the back of the couch, were all in happy service. "We just sit on the floor when the chairs give out," Livia said. Maybe it was the wild flowers all about. But when had Annie had time to fool with picking flowers and putting them in vases? Gus got up to give Annie his chair as though she were a guest. Mrs. Stover, sitting on the cot with her baby on her lap, seemed one of them more than Annie did.

THEY had all come to hear the music—the Stovers from the Pines, the young preacher who was homesteading and preaching, the Lutzes—even My Henderson who liked to brag of all the music he had heard.

Frank was the music tender. He wound the machine carefully, inserted a new needle.

"This is the Blue Danube," Grandma Lutz announced, her voice crackling with excitement.

Annie tried to close her mind and heart to the music. Grandma Lutz kept time to it. "I used to dance to that," she beamed, and you could see a younger rosy-cheeked Grandma Lutz whirling round and round. ("Oh, I was the high-lifed one," she always said.)

But Annie could no more shut out the lilt and melody and sweep of it than a dry crusted field could shut out persistent raindrops. She looked up and her smile met and touched the smile of young Mrs. Stover. The preacher's young face was alight. "They're so *nice*," Livia had said.

Frank put on another record. This was opera, the words unintelligible. But it was music. It was refreshment. These people had fought against the elements, and the elements had licked them for two years. And the notes soaked through their blue shirts, their dusty overalls, through their beaten bodies and into their beaten hearts.

"This is McCormack," Frank said, as though he were on intimate terms with the Irish tenor. The poignant tenderness of a man's voice laid poetry and emotion at their feet:

"Somewhere a voice is calling—"

The music did things to Annie—things that scared her. It scared her to feel so out of the circle. She herself had flounced out of it and now she ached to be back.

She slipped out of the room. She was hunting an excuse to stay. The music kept drumming through her as she went up to the turkey pens. She counted them hopefully. If only some of them were missing. If only they looked droopy. Then she could say, "I've got to stay right here or I won't have a turkey left." But all twenty-seven were there and with a few more feathers than when she had seen them last.

She went down to the garden that lay on lower ground than the well so that the windmill's pumping filled the horse trough until water ran over into the ditch that watered the garden. If only she could say, "I'm certainly not going to leave and let the garden go to pot." But the garden lay weeded and tended.

She stood at the garden gate feeling desperate and desolate and left out. She had locked the door behind her when she'd flung her grim ultimatum at Gus: "As soon as Grandma Lutz hears the music, I'm going back with her." She had exiled herself.

She heard the thump of an ax at the woodpile. It was Gus. She started toward him, groping for words to tell him. But My Henderson was with him, arguing earnestly with Gus between every whack of Gus's ax. She waited at the door of the dugout, aching for Gus to shake him loose and come to her. But Gus picked up his load of wood and with My Henderson at his heels walked past her as though she weren't there.

Harve Lutz came to the kitchen door and called to her, "Mis' Wiley, you're wanted in here."

There was no hope now. The time had come for Grandma Lutz's leave-taking.

There was a waiting tenseness in the crowded sitting room when Annie entered.

My Henderson had the floor. He turned to Annie. "Missus Wiley, Gus here won't say yes and he won't say no, and so I said to him, 'Well, let's put it up to the missus.' I said, 'She's got enough horse sense to know a bargain when she sees one. She's smart enough to grab up my offer to trade you even that new separator of mine for your music box.' Why, that separator hasn't got the store shine off it yet."

Annie questioned weakly, "What separator?"

"*My* separator. You've seen it. Only used it three weeks before I decided to get rid of my milk cows. I'm offering to trade it, even, to you for this music box. It's the best separator this side of Denver, now ain't it?"

"Yes," Annie admitted, "it is." It was that bright blue separator with its beautiful whine, its wresting every atom of cream from the milk, that had started Annie's own heart to coveting the one she had sent Gus to Denver to buy.

Annie lifted her eyes to Gus's impassive face. "Do you want to trade?"

"I told him it was up to you," he said evenly.

The room waited. Annie could feel the waiting in the boys' faces as they stood by the music box; could feel it in Livia's floury hands as Livia stood in the doorway. Even in Gus's tight face. It seemed to her that the years ahead, her very life in this house, waited for her answer.

"No, Mr. Henderson," she said. "We'd rather have music. We need it more—now—than we need a new separator."

She raised her eyes to Gus's and spiritually she was running across the room to him and saying, "Please, Gus, take me back." And Gus's slow smile at her was like his patting her gently on the shoulder and saying, "There now, Annie—there now."

Gus walked over and sorted through the records. "I want you all to hear the record I got for Annie. It's the Vienna Waltz that the band was playing at the firemen's picnic back in Youngstown when I first met her. Sit down, Annie, and listen to it."

Annie sat down gratefully and listened.

THE END

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RUSSIA'S POSTWAR PLAN FOR GERMANY

Continued from Page 19

Russia produced more than twice as much pig iron as England, and almost twice as much steel. "It might seem," he added, "that we are better off than England." But he went on to say that the per capita production of pig iron in England in 1938 was 145 kilograms, and of steel, 226 kilograms, whereas in Russia it was 87 kilograms of pig iron and only 107 kilograms of steel. Such close and detailed reasoning on the subject of production is characteristic of Stalin whenever he discusses national strength and national welfare.

Therefore, when Stalin speaks of economic disarmament of Germany he can only mean that Germany is not to be allowed a heavy industry—that is, the manufacture of pig iron, steel, machine tools—which in some disguise or other, under one pretext or another, may be secretly used for rearmament. The output of these goods, as well as of chemicals, which also are basic in the manufacture of armaments and munitions, must be pared down to precisely those needs which the peace treaty may prescribe for Germany—those and absolutely nothing more.

THIS definition of the phrase "economic disarmament" derives further cogency from something else that Stalin said in his speech last November. "It is common knowledge," he declared, "that the German chieftains are already now preparing for a new war." Stalin doesn't underestimate German capacity to devise if she were allowed freedom in the realm of production. "History," he says, "reveals that a short period of time, from twenty to thirty years, is enough for Germany to recover from defeat and re-establish her might." Having suffered enormous casualties and appalling devastation in this war, both in direct fighting and in the reign of terror which Germany imposed on occupied Russian lands, Stalin has resolved that under no circumstances shall Germany be allowed any loophole which she might exploit for the purpose of rehabilitating her economic strength to wage another war.

To the argument that if German heavy industry is not permitted to function more or less normally, we can expect neither a stabilized Germany nor a stabilized Europe, the Russian answer, repeated over and over in the press and in speeches, is clear. The Russians say, first, that this needn't be so; and, second, that no line of action can be more unstabilizing, more destructive of good will and peace, or more fraught with evil, particularly the menace of war, than to leave Germany in possession of the economic or productive instruments, especially in heavy industry, which she can convert into military weapons.

Stalin and all Russians are no less determined on the ruthless punishment of all German war criminals. Last October, Kuznetzov, president of the Russian trade-unions, speaking at Blackpool, England, before the British Trades Union Congress, said, "There can be no mercy toward those who showed no mercy toward women and children, who disregarded the tears of mothers and the cries of children." These words are mild compared with the outpourings of hate against the German atrocity makers and the demands for their merciless punishment which one hears every day, every hour, all over Russia.

In speech after speech, and in emphatic, sometimes flaming language, Vyacheslaff Molotov, Commissar of Foreign Affairs, has warned the German Army and German civilian officials that their crimes against the civilian population and against Russian war prisoners shall be fully avenged.

Nor have the Russians been contenting themselves with mere rhetoric. On December 4, 1941, Stalin signed a declaration enunciating the principle "of the punishment of Hitlerite criminals." On November 1, 1943, largely on Russia's initiative, came the Moscow declaration, signed by Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, calling for the trial and punishment of atrocity makers in the places where these atrocities had been perpetrated. On April 19, 1943, the Supreme Soviet had issued a decree proclaiming that all enemy soldiers guilty of torturing or murdering civilians or war prisoners shall be tried by divisional Army courts and shall be sentenced to death by hanging. Just eight months later, on Sunday morning, December 19, in the presence of a vast Russian crowd and Moscow's foreign correspondents, three Germans, after trial by a military tribunal, were hanged in Kharkov's market place.

I attended that trial and the execution. I thought the most illuminating feature of the trial was the personality and defense of Lieutenant Hans Ritz, twenty-four-year-old German law graduate and the son of a German professor of history. He testified that when he first came to Kharkov he was invited by a German major to attend the execution of 30 Russians who had welcomed the Red Army when it first recaptured this industrial Ukrainian city. The German major said to him, "Go ahead and show us how good a fighting man you are." This was no command. This was a challenge to Ritz's so-called Nazi sportsmanship. In response, Ritz borrowed a tommy gun from a soldier and shot away at the condemned Russians. He was under no compulsion to do so, he said, but he did it anyway.

He also testified that the SS company of which he was the commander had put to death about 2,000 Russian civilians. When asked why he was so cruel to Russian civilians, he replied that he was a soldier carrying out the orders of superior officers.

I heard his final plea to the Russian military court. He begged for mercy because he was so young and also because he was "only a soldier doing his duty." He was hanged the next morning.

Since then I have interviewed many German officers, from lieutenants to generals, who are now war prisoners. Whenever I have asked the reason for their cruelty to Russian war prisoners or civilians, they have either denied the charge or have said they were only soldiers doing their duty. But to the Russians such a defense is a confession of criminal guilt.

ALEXANDER TRAININ, president of the Moscow Institute of Law and an eminent Russian jurist, recently published a book, the title of which is The Criminal Responsibility of the Hitlerites. The book was edited by Andrey Vyshinsky, Russia's number one jurist and Assistant Commissar of Foreign Affairs. It was published by the Moscow Institute of Law, Russia's highest juridical institution. Because of its authorship and sponsorship, it must be accepted as the most complete and authoritative discussion of the subject that has yet appeared in Russia.

Professor Trainin cites the case of Hans Ritz and says that his claim to being a soldier is a slander of the very word soldier. He cites an array of international law, as well as provisions of the German legal code, which forbid the taking of life or the torture of civilians or war prisoners.

At great length Professor Trainin discusses the question, "Who are the German war criminals?" He says the rank-and-file German soldier, being stupid, greedy, and brutal, robs and murders either on the instigation of his superior or on his own initiative. He's criminally answerable for his own wrongdoing, whether it be murder, theft, violation of a woman, or incendiarism. But he isn't the inspirer or the organizer of the German "state banditry."

The chiefs of the Nazi staff, declares Professor Trainin, "are guilty of creating and realizing a policy which outrages international law and which promotes this system of organized state banditry." For them there can be only one penalty—death by hanging. Among such chiefs are Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, and others, as well as party and Army leaders directly implicated in the promotion or execution of this policy.

Industrialists and financiers who have been sending supplies to the German Army and who have been benefiting not only from its conquests but from its thefts of factories, banks, real estate, raw materials, and its murders are likewise common criminals and must answer for their crimes.

Germans who received stolen Russian

(*Continued on page 72*)

10¢
TUNNEL OF LOVE
ATKINS

"We're in a hurry."

HAT AN INTERESTING FE!

ntinued from Page 18

"So sorry, Mr. Sanders," we murmured, ping to distract his attention with kind- ss. "We would like but a moment of ur time."

"Owudyarally." His drawl was snooty h insolence. The time had come for a ange of implements. We chose ridicule. "Mr. Sanders, this is hardly the time to eak in code—with a war on," we said. uppose we speak plain English."

He glowered and, twirling about, stalked f behind a screen. Meekly we followed. n a one-burner gas stove rested a coffee- t, and beside it, on a plate, one doughnut. . Sanders quickly seized the doughnut, ured his coffee and, looking about, abbed the only chair. To make even earer his thorough disgust, he reached r a discarded newspaper and read roughout the refreshment period. Never- heless, we hung on and gradually wore im down until we got the story we'd been nt to get. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sanders as almost cordial as he shook hands in arting. Perhaps it was the relief of hav- g us go that brought that feeble smile his handsome face.

The members of the various studio pub- ity departments suffer most through the nwillingness of stars to co-operate. It's eir job to sell their product, and the ly means of getting their wares before public is through the press and its rious channels. And as for the writing lan, especially the magazine group whose livelihood depends upon the number of interviews obtained and sold, this interviewing boils down to a clear-cut business of buying and selling.

UST as there are actors who drive their studios to a point beyond the screaming ebie-jeebies with their constant pro- astinations and cantankerous attitude toward all kinds of publicity, there are others who lean over backward in their effort o co-operate.

When a minor illness caused us to cancel appointment with Walter Pidgeon, we nswered the ring of our doorbell to find he actor on our doorstep, his arms laden ith flowers from his own garden. Paul ukas, a recent Academy Award winner, und it not too inconvenient to visit our ickbed in order to help us meet a dead- ne. Roland Young, fully conscious of his quacity lack, has shared the contents of ur lidless teapot on several occasions in determined effort to give a story. His fforts consist mainly of indistinguishable hrases and weird drawings of small birds erched on the extended rear legs of elehants. Female elephants, the actor ex- plains. The bits and pieces put together eventually make no story whatsoever, but Mr. Young tries hard and, as he insists, means far from well.

Of course the spirit of co-operation can e carried a shade too far, as in the case f the ex-serviceman, eager for a whack t Hollywood reporting, who wrangled a tory assignment on the star he had worshiped on the screen for years.

The butler ushered the young man out o the garden, where a fluty voice, familiar thousands of movie customers, called a eeting from behind a canvas shelter. The star, who was sun-bathing, suggested he interview proceed as if no canvas intervened, and the disconcerted young hopeful carried on as well as he could until a bare brown arm reached through an opening with a bottle of lotion. "Oh, Mr. ——," said the voice, "would you mind rubbing this on my back—through the

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canvas, of course? There's a spot between my shoulders I can't reach." To the everlasting astonishment of the young man, he suddenly found himself applying ointment to the back of a woman he had never formally met in his life.

He went back to his job as teller in a bank the following day.

Actors, with few exceptions, fit into definite categories, and the successful interviewer has to be able to classify them in a hurry if he is to get the best story in the least time. There are those, for instance, who overwhelm the writer with superfluous material, completely befuddling him and getting everybody nowhere. There are those who like to have their cake and eat it too. Which reminds us of the time Eddie Cantor was making The Kid from Spain for Samuel Goldwyn. A wire from New York requested a piece on Mr. Cantor at the earliest possible moment. We cornered him on the United Artists lot.

"Now, look," he said. "I want the story. In fact, I insist upon it. But I can't give you any material on myself."

"But why not, Mr. Cantor?"

"What, give you stuff I might be able to sell myself?" he exploded. "My dear young lady!"

No actress ever applied herself so thoroughly to interviews as Norma Shearer. One of our first assignments was a word picture of Miss Shearer, then reigning queen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Without a second's waste, once we'd announced the idea, Miss Shearer lifted her skirt, bade us note the athletic-type panties she always wore, the texture and shade of her hose, the garters she found most comfortable. She had us note that, summer or winter, her feet were cold—especially during heat waves, as a matter of fact. She discussed her preference in foods, what she read, felt, thought, saw, hoped for; her habits, faults, superstitions, religion, and the kind of curlers she did her hair in. As we staggered out, a half hour later, literally drunk with information, she swung to and fro on the screen door of her dressing room, calling after us figures, names, how much, and what color. The telephone rang as we entered the publicity offices two minutes later. It was Miss Shearer. She wanted to tell us she was forever making lists of things on little pieces of paper and always losing them.

WE received a gracious note of thanks from her when the story was published, and we felt that was that. It wasn't. Ten years later to the month, Miss Shearer's secretary telephoned to know if we had the story in our files, and, if so, could she have it. We never knew whether she wanted to frame it or burn it, but it reminded us that Miss Shearer had somehow overlooked one more fact—she has the memory of an elephant.

Occasionally the writer finds himself the unwilling recipient of a time bomb dropped into his lap by actors at the least expected moments. There is nothing to do but secretly bear these uninvited confidences. "Don't tell the studio, but I've married twice," confides the young lad rapidly rising to stardom on the adoration of fans who, along with his studio, believe him yet to be weaned. "No one knows this," confides the blonde starlet, "but I'm really the mother of a nine-year-old boy. I divorced my husband back home." These burdens rest heavily on the writer in a town where gossip and scoops are bartered for and sold as so much merchandise. Frankly, the cash one loses on these unwritten deals is shameful.

Sara Hamilton

THE author of What an Interesting Life! Sara Hamilton, started her own lively career as a schoolteacher. Before long she was school principal, which is quite a hunk of job for a five-foot-one-inch blonde! In a short while the glitter of Hollywood lured her west, when, says Mrs. Hamilton, "Hollywood was still a neighborly town and the stars were friendly and approachable." She began writing about the stars she met marketing, and found it paid off. Today she is movie critic for the Los Angeles Examiner; Louella Parsons' right-hand woman; knows as much about Hollywood as Louella, too, in fact some people think even more! She has two grown children.

There is an unspoken alliance among Hollywood magazine writers to fool that portion of the public that insists upon being fooled. In the minds of the great motion-picture public there exist ideas, built up through the years, concerning certain stars that no amount of persuasion could dislodge. And the writer, realizing the futility of the situation, goes on year after year writing about Hollywood's gracious wife, gracious lady, gracious hostess because the fans want it that way. Actually, the star is Hollywood's most gracious shrew, cusses on golf links, and has gracious little secretaries fired from studios. Just so, that merry jovial old rascal whom everybody loves is in reality the town bore, and the dashing bachelor ever on the search for his perfect wife is the biggest sissy this side of Girls' Town. Even if the writer openly rebelled, a little thing called libel and a bigger thing called the studio would prevent any clearing up of a ridiculous and hypocritical situation.

Just as Bob Hope swears he's nervous as a cat in the presence of a rawboned female writer because he keeps thinking she should be running that afternoon at Santa Anita, so do writers have phobias concerning certain stars. Katharine Hepburn and Boris Karloff are the only two stars who have succeeded in frightening us out of our wits.

We are at perfect ease with Mr. Karloff —whose real name is Pratt, deliciously enough—as long as he clanks about as the Frankenstein monster. It's only after he removes the screws and bolts from his neck, washes the white chalk from his face, and gazes down at us with those gentle brown eyes that we experience the icy chill of fear. Frankly, minus his hardware, Mr. Karloff gives us the creeps.

Between scenes one day on a quiet RKO sound stage, a loud and totally unexpected bellow from Miss Hepburn directly behind, shot us out the stage door so fast we were left utterly undone. Explanations by friends that the actress was merely calling for her make-up box quieted our nerves, until the day Miss Hepburn charged at us from the wheel of her station wagon, screaming warnings with such terrifying firmness that we had to be pried loose from the actor who rescued us. To this day the men mention of her name brings on a flood o goose pimples.

* * *

A boorish fellow commissioned Whistler to paint his portrait, but after it was finished he glared at it. "This doesn't resemble me in the least," he complained. "I look like an ape!"

The artist favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "My dear sir," he said, "you should have thought of that before you had me paint it."

* * *

Despite Hollywood's effort to ram certain personalities down the public's gullet, it's still the fans who choose their stars, with the scribes acting as go-betweens. However, when it comes to selecting his own candidates for stardom, the writer, for some reason, wanders far off the beam. Our own average as a prophet is alarmingly low. With few exceptions, the players for whom we predict absolute stardom seldom progress further than a walk-on role in The Ape Girl Strikes Back.

For instance, there was the young actress who had succeeded only in damaging the screen at Universal and who had been taken over by Warner Brothers. An editor who, for some reason beyond us, felt the young lady had possibilities, sent us out to get a story. We were her first interview and she couldn't have been more excited. Her naïveté and frankness were charming as she explained she had lain awake half the night wondering what would be asked. "When mother came into my room this morning, I was sitting up in bed, too excited to sleep," she said. "I asked mother what she thought you might ask me."

AS it turned out, we asked and wrote very little. The truth is that, despite the fact we liked her fresh enthusiasm, we'd have sold her chances for stardom for two cents right then. We remember writing that, although she came from Boston, he feet weren't big and she spelled her first name peculiarly, but there didn't seem much else to say. Or so we judged, for there was no way of knowing that in a short year the world would want to know many things about that sensational new star, Bette Davis.

We completely forgot that little experience several years later when Ralph Huston of Paramount studios insisted we do a piece on a funny man who sorely needed the publicity. Ignoring the usual studio prophecy that all newcomers are destined to be overnight sensations, we glumly took off next day for Paramount. Halfway there, we remembered we'd forgotten the comic's name. "It's Hope—Bob Hope," Ralph told us, "and he's waiting for you in the studio commissary."

He was natural, eager, and Hope-ish without being clownish, but how or in what capacity this good-looking, clean-cut young man was destined to roll us into the aisles we failed to see, heaven forgive us.

"I think we have a great song in this picture," he said as soon as we'd got seated, and, leaning across the table, he sang the song that has since echoed from every outpost where our boys have listened to a radio program that begins:

Thanks for the memory
Of rainy afternoons—

Several years later the studio sent us out to Bob's new Toluca Lake home to gather material for a life story. He was the biggest hit on the air then, the funniest comic on the screen, platform, and golf links. And he was the same Hope at home.

Dinner was an amazing experience, with the butler entering one door, meat loaf on platter, to find Bob exiting from another, a butter plate in one hand and a glass of water in the other. He was a streetcar crowded to the doors, as we remember. Later, between entrée and dessert, he was an elevator and kept going up every time the butler tried to get him down to the pie department. Once the bewildered servant, finding the master gone completely (Bob was planning an entrance a prizefighter), lifted the table cover d anxiously peered beneath. Mrs. Hope, beautiful and charming woman, took it as a matter of course.

it is natural that occasion for embarassment should arise from time to time in he course of a writer's travels about ollywood. Several years ago we wanered onto a Hal Roach sound stage in earch of Laurel and Hardy, and found urselves being ceremoniously introduced a tall, heavy-set blondish young man ho seemed to be lingering embarrassingly n the edge of things.

“You are very lucky to have a role with aurel and Hardy,” we said, shaking his nd. “In my opinion, they are the funiest men in the world—with the possible xception of Hitler and Mussolini, of ourse,” we added, in an attempt at umor.

The sudden chill on all sides warned hat something was terribly amiss.

“I'm so sorry. I don't believe I caught our name,” we faltered.

He glanced quickly at the publicist as if tterly disbelieving.

“Mussolini,” he bowed. “Vittorio Mussoini.”

Anyway, we like to think our dash of old water, even if delivered accidentally, elped terminate the Hollywood tour of he dictator's son and precipitated his sudlen return to Italy in a frozen huff.

THE one actor whose presence invariably filled our heart with humbleness and endered our complex hopelessly inferior as the late John Barrymore, the greatest rtist, wit, raconteur, and wielder of sarasm ever to appear on the Hollywood scene.

Despite our stage fright, however, our first interview with Mr. Barrymore went rather well. He lingered in the Paramount ommissary two hours past our luncheon terview to entertain with stories of himelf, places, and things.

A half dozen years had gone by before e talked again with Mr. Barrymore. Circumstances had brought him down to his last year of life.

Despite the fact that the interview was set for lunch in his home, he was quite lone in a small den, spooning up a white ubstance from a bowl.

“Are you eating clabber, Mr. Barrymore?” we asked.

Spoon poised in mid-air, he smiled at s, the old dimple flashing again in his till-handsome profile.

“Now, how the hell did you know that?” he demanded.

At two o'clock Elaine, then his third wife, ushed in with excited chatter about agents and future plans for both of them. Mr. Barrymore seemed to comprehend but lightly. The fire had gone out and aleady the dreams were dead. But, at table finally, he seemed to have regained his sparkle and at least a caricature of his old spirit.

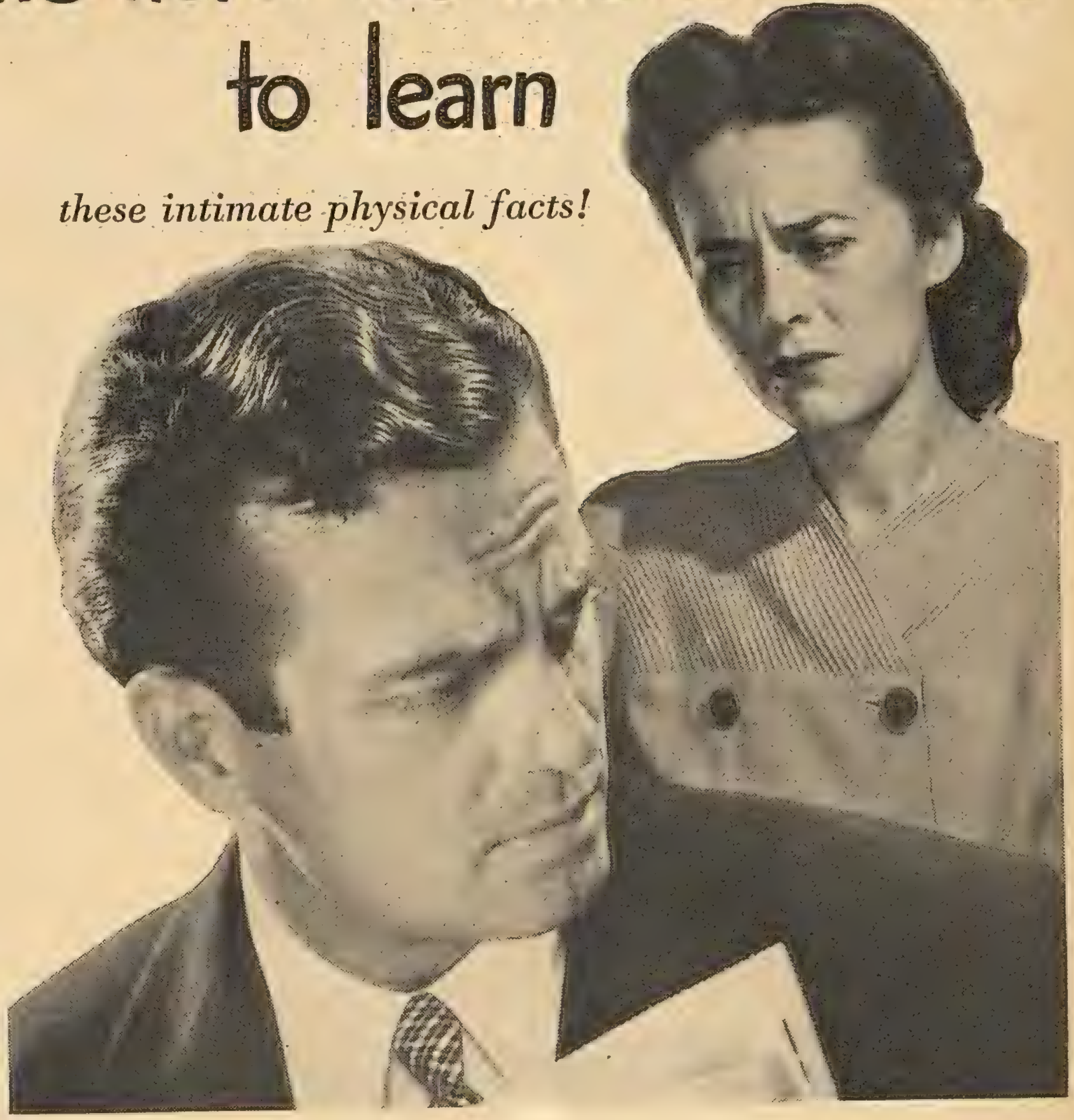
Leaning over, he confided in that richly-mellowed voice that he'd done everything in theater, on the screen, and in radio. “I'm now planning a balloon-ascension act. You, my dear”—he turned to Elaine—“can be in it. You'd look wonderful in tights.”

We have often felt that no group of people anywhere are so peculiarly bereft as he Hollywood press. The glamor boys and irls of the screen who people a world of romantic escape to outsiders are just plain old Cousin Charleys to us. We are present at their birth, coo over them at baptism, batter our typewriters with joy at their first step, and endure like good parents when they prove to be only human after all.

THE END

It's never too late for a wife to learn

these intimate physical facts!



Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it. DO something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself — her carelessness and neglect of *proper* intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

Many wives "think" they know and foolishly use old-fashioned, weak, home-made mixtures of their mothers' and grandmothers' time — or overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you'd use this *newer* scientific method of douching with *modern* Zonite—how much happier your life might be!

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Your own Doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist.

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OUR NAVY'S FLYING WEAPONS

Continued from Page 23

hard and effective work. The experience of war has changed the status of the dive bomber in the fleet. It is still a very important part of carrier operations, but it is no longer completely dominant.

Under the original conception, the dive bomber was expected to defend itself against attacking enemy planes. Therefore the pilot had machine guns, and he also had a rear-seat gunner to fend off attack from behind. Both Dauntless and the Helldiver are still designed upon this principle. But it is a rare thing for the rear-seat gunner ever to press his triggers. Fighter planes, under our modern tactics, always provide an escort for the bombers, and they take care of Japanese that rise to the battle.

There has been some agitation in the fleet for the design of a combination fighter-bomber and all-purpose single-seater. But it is not likely that such a plane will be built.

A BOMBER squadron leader, a commander now fighting with the fleet, recently wrote to me:

"As you know, I don't feel at this stage of the game that the fighter-bomber will replace the dive bomber. No doubt some compromise will take place between our bomber and the torpedo plane. I think it will shortly be manifest in a single-seater dive bomber-torpedo plane combination. Our fighter must be the best in the air—no compromise. The essence of the matter is to have bombers which are designed for their job—to deliver bombs on the target—and the finest possible fighter planes to protect them."

The Dauntless is the development of an original design by Northrop. It weighs about 9,000 pounds and has a single Wright engine of 1,200 horsepower. Its top speed is about 230 miles an hour and its range is about 1,000 miles. The plane's rigid nonfolding wings have a span of 41 feet 6 inches, and its over-all length is 33 feet. It is equipped with retractable landing gear and special wing flaps to reduce speed in diving attacks. It is not good to come down too fast in those steep dives which begin at about 10,000 feet and end just over the target, where bombs are usually released.

Morris Markey

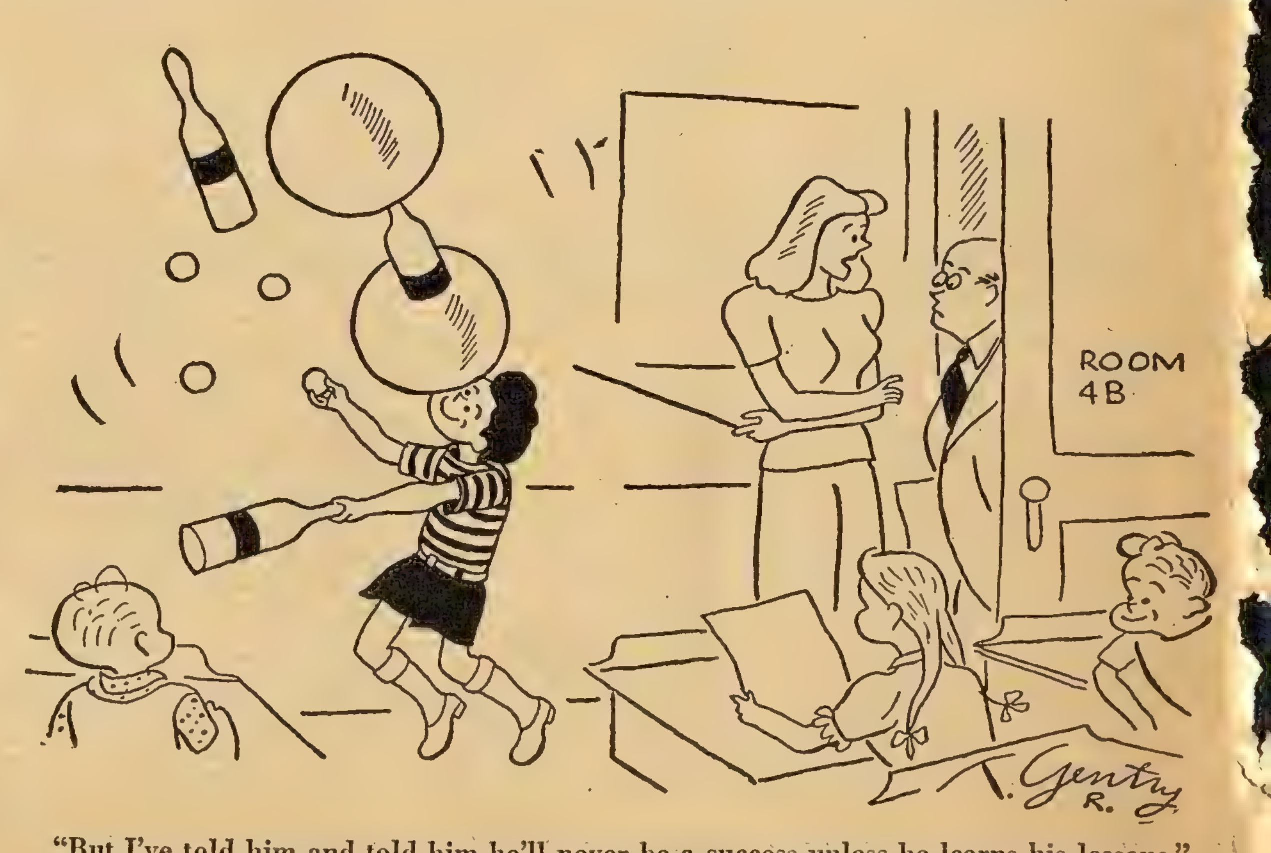
IT seems likely th Morris Markey, aut of Our Navy's Flyi Weapons, was bor with a train ticket in h mouth. His trips bega when he served i France in World War then hit a slump in th '20s, when he led more or less sedent journalistic life. In 193 Markey made a cros country tour, writing on phases of "Amer cana"; in '32 he toured Russia, Manchuria, an South America to meet the people and wri about them. Since Pearl Harbor, Markey ha covered most big war theaters as Liberty correspondent—North Africa, the Mediterra ean, Atlantic, and Pacific—being Johnny on th spot for the Marshalls and Marianas cam paigns.

A 1,000-pound bomb load is carried. A the instant of release, a special yoke gea kicks the bombs out, clearing them away from the plane and particularly from the propeller.

Specifications for the Helldiver, built by Curtiss, were prepared in the Navy's own Bureau of Aeronautics. It is a somewhat larger plane than the Dauntless, having a wingspread of 49 feet 8 inches and a lengt of 36 feet 8 inches. The Wright engine turns up 1,600 horsepower, giving the Helldiver a speed of 250 miles an hour in leve flight and a range of about 1,000 miles.

The pilot controls four 50-caliber machin guns, and the rear-seat gunner has two The bomb load is the same as the Dauntless, 1,000 pounds. It is the first dive bomber ever built with folding wings. While this feature is extremely useful in handling and parking planes on a crowded carrier it does add to the problems of maintenanc and operation.

All the moving elements of the plane' structure are controlled by hydraulic systems, and in the Helldiver these systems are developed to an almost baffling complexity. Maintenance of their proper functioning is difficult, and any hit from enemy fire is almost certain to disrupt one o another of the hydraulic lines inside the wings and fuselage. The Helldiver pilots with whom I talked are unstinting in their praise of the flight characteristics of the plane. But the repair crews on the carriers



"But I've told him and told him he'll never be a success unless he learns his lessons."

generally mutter a few unprintables and open up their tool kits whenever a Helldiver comes down on the elevator to the hangar deck.

Grumman now has in production a two-engine Navy fighter. Its specifications and performance are still on the secret list, but I have seen the plane and it is impressive. The builders seem to think it will be most useful as a land-based Navy fighter. All the Navy test pilots who have flown it are extravagant in their praise of its performance in the air.

An important new development in all carrier operations is the introduction of jet propulsion to assist planes in take-offs from flight decks. This has not yet come into general use, but a recent demonstration before a group of war correspondents made many eyes pop. Each jet unit is an engine in itself, easily mounted outside the plane's fuselage and easily detached. A unit delivers a thrust equal to about 330 additional horsepower throughout the take-off period. This cuts the take-off run down a carrier deck just about in half. That means that more of the flight-deck space may be used for the spotting or parking of ready planes, and more planes, carrying heavier loads, can get into the air far more quickly than ever before. The device is now in quantity production.

"What shall I say if anyone calls?"

THE observation scouts that serve with the fleet on ships other than carriers are the Navy's general-purpose two-seaters. Battleships, cruisers, and even an occasional destroyer carry these planes and launch them from catapults. They spot gunfire and report results. They carry out scouting and reconnaissance and rescue missions which would be difficult for carrier-based craft, because the latter cannot land on water. There have been several designs, of which the Curtiss Seagull and the Vought-Sikorsky Kingfisher have seen the most service.

The Kingfisher (OS2U) is typical of the class. It is a monoplane built upon a long central pontoon with two balancing pontoons at the wing tips, and weighs, empty, 4,674 pounds. The span is 36 feet, the length 33 feet 10 inches. It is powered with a Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine of 450 horsepower and has a top speed of about 170 miles an hour. Its range is 1,000 miles plus.

Depth charges and small bombs may be carried in racks under the wings, but the most critical equipment is an extremely powerful radio set. Generally speaking, however, the changes in tactics which place battleships and cruisers chiefly in support of great carrier task groups have reduced the usefulness of observation scout planes within the fleet itself. It would not be surprising if their future usefulness were confined to shore-based stations and to training.

No more important job has been done anywhere than that done in the Pacific by the seaplanes. Big and often clumsy-looking, not very fast, they lumber through the sky performing countless duties. These are the PB fellows, the patrol bombers, which serve as extremely long-range scouts, heavy bombers, cargo carriers, and ambulance planes, among other things.

The PBM (Martin Mariner) carries a crew of eleven. It is of gull-wing design built about a sturdy hull, with two Wright Cyclone engines giving it a total of 3,000 horsepower. Its top speed is 200 miles an hour, and it has the tremendous range of 3,000 miles. The PBM's wingspread is 118 feet, and it is 80 feet 1 inch long. Its gross weight is about 56,000 pounds.

The PBY (Consolidated Catalina) carries a crew of nine. Its wings are straight, and it has two Pratt & Whitney engines giving it a total of 2,400 horsepower. Top speed is 196 miles an hour, and range is nearly 3,000 miles. The wingspread is 104 feet and the length 63 feet 11 inches. The PBY's empty weight is 20,000 pounds; gross weight is 34,000 pounds.

The performances turned in by both of these planes are phenomenal. They have participated in every major action in the Pacific. It was a PBM which located the Japanese fleet for us when our fleet was trying to defend the Saipan operation from sea attack, and knew the Japanese fleet was out, but had not the faintest notion where.

Generally speaking, their job is to work and to avoid trouble. Most of their hours are spent in endless, boring searches over the ocean, giving our Intelligence people eyes hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the fleet or base. When the pilot sees something, he has to report it by radio. Opening his radio gives his position away to the enemy's direction finders and locators. So the PBM or PBY often has to run for it, away from fighter planes that can make nearly 400 miles an hour. Often, too, they have to fight for it, all alone over the empty sea. They are well armed. Flexible 50-caliber machine guns are located in the waist blisters. A tunnel gun covers blind angles below, and in the latest models there are power-operated gun turrets forward. Both types carry two-ton bomb loads in case they sight something that should be blown up.

These planes also transport medical supplies and emergency rations, doctors and nurses, over great distances. They fly press copy back from correspondents in the battle zone thousands of miles from the nearest cable head.

The PBs usually operate from the most advanced captured seaplane bases, mothered by seaplane tenders, on which the pilots and crewmen and repairmen live.

Big sister is the PB2Y, the seaplane which Consolidated built as a nautical companion to its own famous Liberator bomber. Its name is the Coronado, but it is more generally called the Flying Boxcar, and, after countless hours spent hunched in its hard bucket seats, I can testify that the name is a proper one. In superficial dimensions, it is not so large as the PBM, having a span of 115 feet and a length of 79 feet 3 inches. But the body, the hull, is immensely larger. Stand amidships in a PB2Y and you are in a room 20 feet high and 12 feet wide. The plane weighs 30 tons. It has four Pratt & Whitney engines which turn up 4,800 horsepower, giving it a speed of 200 miles an hour, top, and a range of 3,000 miles.

These planes have retractable wing-tip landing floats, which fold up in flight and become part of the wing itself. On combat missions they carry up to six tons of bombs. The armament includes twin 50-caliber guns mounted in nose and tail and in a blister topside. Flexible 50-calibers fire from side ports. There are ten men in the crew.

All Coronados have comfortable crew's quarters, a cook's galley, and stores of food. Often they operate for weeks entirely on their own, dropping in here and there for fuel replacements.

Many of them, with armament removed, fly for the Naval Air Transport Service, carrying personnel. I flew in one converted Coronado which had beds for fifty hospital patients. I flew in another which carried nine tons of mail to our farthest Pacific outpost.

THE principal planes of our land-based Navy bomber groups are the Liberator and the Lockheed Ventura. The Liberator is the same airplane which has figured so prominently in the big air show over Europe. From the forward bases in the Marshalls, at Eniwetok and in the Marianas, these Navy landplanes carry out their daily missions, and from these missions emerge such heroes as Commander "Bus" Miller, who has sunk more than twenty Japanese ships and been decorated with every award the Navy can give.

The Ventura has been used principally in the Aleutians. The plane has a wingspread of 65 feet 6 inches and a length of 52 feet. It is powered with two Pratt & Whitney engines, total horsepower 4,000. The plane has a top speed of 300 miles an hour plus, a range of 2,000 miles, and has a crew of five. It is well protected by machine-gun armament.

Another landplane recently placed in service by the Navy for transport purposes is the Douglas R5D (Army designation, C-54), a huge plane. It has four Pratt & Whitney engines of 1,350 horsepower each, cruises at about 225 miles an hour, and carries thirty-six passengers. The range is 3,000 miles plus.

The Navy operates other types of airplanes, of course, but these represent the basic air fleet. They are the shaken-down, proven designs. They testify to the ingenuity of American designers and production men.

They add up to the superior aircraft our pilots deserve.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

RECEIVED a CDD on October 19, 1943, after four years in service. This means that a year of the time I am allowed to get a loan has passed. The G. I. Bill of Rights says I must apply within two years of discharge or before the end of the war.

Have contacted the Veterans' Administration in both Washington and Wisconsin, my home state. Also the local American Legion and Veterans' Administration. The only advice I can get is that no arrangements have been made as to how the loan is to be handled. Have the property I want lined up, and with the promised aid I could swing the deal. What's the dope?

S. C., Columbus, O.

APPLICATION FOR LOAN
PROPERTY FOR SALE
APPLICATION
APPLICATION
APPLICATION FOR LOAN

How soon?

Under the G. I. Bill of Rights you have until two years *after* the termination of the present war to apply for a guaranty of loan. The regulation reads "within two years after separation from the military or naval forces, or within two years after the officially declared termination of World War II, whichever is later."

You don't actually borrow this money from the government. The veteran negotiates the loan with an eligible lender, and the government guarantees payment of half of the sum up to $4,000 (or a maximum of $2,000) to make it easier for him to establish himself after the war in his own home, farm, or business.

Arrangements for guaranty of home loans, covering purchase of property, construction, structural improvements and alterations, etc., specifically for a home or dwelling, have recently been completed. Guaranty of loans for the acquisition of farms and farm equipment and guaranty of loans for the purchase of businesses will follow.

The instruction pamphlet, Guaranty of Loans, and copies of the application form are obtainable at regional offices of the Veterans' Administration and many banks. You and the prospective lender should complete and sign in duplicate Finance Form 1802 (formal application), and submit it with the other papers required to the Veterans' Administration.

* * *

I'd like to know if we of the Regular Army will get the same benefits from this Bill of Rights as the drafted men.

S/Sgt. A. B. G., Jr., New Guinea.

Yes. The Regular Army men on discharge are eligible for the same benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights as draftees, covering the period of service from September 16, 1940.

* * *

My son, a member of the U. S. A. A. F., is stationed in Italy. His rank is that of Private First Class. As to what his regular duties are, I have no knowledge. I am, however, convinced that he is fulfilling them to the best of his ability.

Some time ago he was given orders to be delivered to a plane which was taking off from a nearby base. He was ordered to deliver them in a hurry and he was accompanied by a sergeant on the errand. He evidently took the order to hurry very literally and drove too fast for safety. Result was, because of the condition of the roads, a tangle between the jeep and a tree. The sergeant and he spent about twenty-five days in the hospital.

On their release they were called into the office of the Finance Officer and were presented with a bill for $187.50 each, to cover costs of repairing the jeep.

As this accident occurred in the line of duty, by what possible rule of justice can such a procedure be justified?

This evidently is something that is not an isolated case, and I am not writing because of its affecting one so near to me; but if this is regular procedure in the Army it is about time that we rose in wrath and demanded that something be done about such conditions.

I am intensely proud that I have a son fighting for the things that are right. I am proud of all the upright Americans who are offering their all for our glorious country. But I hate like hell to see an injustice such as this perpetrated on any of them.

H. L., Detroit, Mich.

Property damage in the Army must be thoroughly investigated by a specially appointed officer before an enlisted man can be held responsible. The officer makes a Report of Survey and the enlisted man has the opportunity to present his facts and appeal the decision. As a rule, every effort is made to be perfectly fair to those concerned. If you believe that a mistake has been made in the instance of your son's unfortunate experience of jeep versus tree, his commanding officer will, at your request, write you the facts of the case as presented to him. Your congressman can then introduce legislation relieving your son of the debt, or reimbursing him if he has already paid it.

* * *

I put in nine years in the Pennsylvania National Guard, was discharged January 1, 1940, and was drafted back into the Army January 3, 1944. Can I wear hash marks? Does National Guard service count toward retirement?

Pfc. K. A. W., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Yes, if you were on active duty in the National Guard in Federal service. Write the Adjutant General, Pennsylvania National Guard, applying for a copy of your certificate of service. Then take the certificate to your C. O., who will see that you are given credit. AR 35-2360, dated August 1, 1942, covers longevity pay for service in the National Guard, and AR 600-40, Par. 55, March 31, '44, covers authorization to wear service stripes.

My husband is overseas and wishes to send me $15 a month. Can he have an extra allotment made out to me whereby this $15 would be withheld from his monthly pay and sent to me by the government? This would save him the trouble of getting money orders all the time.

M. J. C., Union, Mo.

Your husband may apply for a class E voluntary allotment of $15 a month to be deducted from his pay and sent to you in addition to the regular allotment. Have him speak to his Company Clerk.

* * *

I re-enlisted on February 7, 1939, in the Regular Army; appointed S/Sgt. on February 14, 1941; First Sergeant (temporary) DEML on August 8, 1941; discharged October 6, 1942, to accept commission in A. U. S. How long after discharge do I have to re-enlist and in what grade will I be re-enlisted?

Lt. R. G. W., Camp Claiborne, La.

You may re-enlist within six months of discharge in your permanent grade of Staff Sergeant.

* * *

How are the overseas stripes and service stripes worn on an O. D. uniform? Which comes first?

Cpl. J. B., D. A. A. F., Dalhart, Tex.

The overseas service stripes are worn four inches from the bottom of the sleeve and the hash marks above the overseas stripes.

* * *

I was an overseas soldier in World War I and am now sixty-two, with no service-connected disability. At what age can I apply to the Veterans' Administration for a pension? And what might the pension amount to? How much might I receive?

Ex-Pvt. H., Pryor, Okla.

MARKOW
BILL
$187.50

Costs of repairs

You may apply at age sixty-five if you had ninety days' service or more, terminated honorably. The amount would be $60 a month.

* * *

Do submarines carry chaplains to conduct church services for the men while at sea?

Mrs. D. W., Columbia, S. C.

No—but services may be conducted at sea by the skipper or a member of the crew.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

"He's in the INFANTRY"

THOSE OF US who can say those words . . . about our sons, husbands, brothers . . . let's say them with pride, but softly. Let's not shout them. Let's not stick out our chests. Let's say them with a kind of awe.

The boy can't tell us much about it . . . and wouldn't if he could. Maybe he'll say it's "rugged." Maybe he'll get across the idea that you have to be quick in the head, as well as quick with your hands, to get along in the Infantry. And that, even so, your chances aren't *too* bright. But that's about all. Few of us, here at home, will ever know what it means, in a war like this, to be "in the Infantry," the knockout corps, the Army's infighters. But we can remember, at least

. . . that a doughboy has to master a dozen weapons;

. . . that skill and smartness count for as much as muscle;

. . . that he may have to live for days on end on congealed food, in mud and slop halfway to his waist, where the rain is iron, the wind is cordite and the light is liquid fire;

. . . and that, at the end, he comes face to face with a *personal enemy* . . . another infantryman whose ten inches of cold steel snake out for his belly, and whose gun butt swings in a short quick arc to crumple his skull.

Face to face . . . that's the Infantry's war. They're out where that thin black line moves forward on the map . . . to kill or be killed.

Keep your eye on the Infantry—
THE DOUGHBOY DOES IT

HOME IS THE HUNTER

Continued from Page 26

clear cut in the moonlight, weird and red and beautiful, broken by the mouths of huge canyons bursting out to the lower country here.

Slowly she left the window. Now she did drink, but the water did not want to go down. She heard the outside door close, and Martin's voice.

"Dave, I'm sure sorry, but I can't take you up on that. I reckon I've been a lion hunter too long to settle down." He finished lamely, "Whenever I'm here, I'll help you all I can with the cattle."

She caught a lukewarm note in the "whenever I'm here," as though he knew he wouldn't be here very often, even at first. No doubt he thought that out in the canyons he could forget things he'd seen. It was wrong, wrong! It would keep him remembering, brooding. He'd begin to change gradually. Panic seized her, panic for what would happen to Martin if he lived that way.

She went past them through the other room, and as she crossed between Martin and the lamp, living copper danced in her hair. She saw Martin turn his eyes away.

"I'm going to bed if you don't mind. Good night, father and Martin."

She lay and watched the stars creep up her window. She heard the wailing of coyotes, and once the bark of a gray fox.

SO Martin and Nola had got married. Nola hated the lonesome grandeur of the Rim country; she made him sell hounds and horses and move to Prescott, to work at any job he could find. During that two years, they heard of him mostly through old Jud Saunders of the Box P, who kept loosely in touch with him. It seemed that Martin's life was plain hell. Nola even ran around brazenly with other men.

Then, six years ago it was, he'd come riding up on a scrubby horse. He'd swung off, and stood as though he didn't know what to say. Her father walked up and laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Martin, I've kept your room waiting."

No word about what had happened. They got it from old Jud. She'd run off with somebody else. And a year later old Jud brought over the telegram. Martin read it with set face and turned slowly.

"Dave, can you lend me five hundred dollars?" He hadn't got his new pack working yet, and he had no money.

Her father didn't have enough, but Jud offered the rest. Martin thought he should let them know what it was for, so he silently handed them the telegram. Nola was dead up in Butte, and somebody had wired him for funeral expenses; he wired them back that night. There was a letter afterward, but he never told them what was in it, how she had died.

Kay knew she hadn't heard nearly all he'd been through, and never would. No wonder he recoiled from women after that! He seemed both to dread and despise them; still, it could not change his innate gentleness when he was around one.

But she could see that he avoided her more than any other woman, so she waited. He'd got the new pack working. Cattlemen, even in New Mexico and Utah, had begun to write for him when nobody else could handle the lions killing their stock. He'd gradually brightened up until he was almost the old Martin.

And then that Sunday when the stupefying news of Pearl Harbor had come in over their squeaky battery set! Martin had gone out and walked around the yard a while, and come back in.

"Dave, it looks like I got a new job waiting for me. Can you take care of my hounds and horses while I'm gone?"

And here he was, home again, with a bad arm and a lost look in his eyes. And listening to the red rocks calling.

From over toward the Rim, the cry of a mountain lion drifted faintly to her.

At last she slept. And she dreamed. She stood near the house, and she was shabby and wretched. Martin was there, and another woman, a woman who was tall, majestic, beautiful, with long, flaming red hair and lips red as her hair. Her eyes were the mystic violet one sees in the distant reaches of some great canyon. Martin was looking at this Red Woman, his lips parted in adulation.

But Kay had the cunning of a dream. She turned quickly. Ah-hah! She'd caught her off guard. For a moment she had seen that her red hair was the wild jagged cliffs of the Rim, her eyes the openings of dark gloomy canyons.

The Red Woman saw her imposture discovered. She turned with terrible fury upon Kay. She screamed at her, the scream coming forth in a strange tumble of sound. Why, it was the tonguing of a lion pack! And Martin, in horror, was shouting to warn her.

Kay found herself sitting up in the bed, shivering. It was still dark, and the baying of hounds rang through the house. Martin was calling excitedly, "Get up! A lion's killed your blue colt out in the pasture!"

She lit her lamp and hastily threw on a wrapper. She hurried to the living room and saw her father standing half dressed, blinking sleep from his eyes.

"Blue colt?" he said. "Lion?"

"It's Leo, big fellow with a crooked left front paw. So he's still around!"

Martin looked eager. This Leo was the most notorious horse killer in Arizona, and if he got him on his very first day home his name would be more than reestablished. A lion hunter must have a reputation to have cattlemen send for him.

He did it when we thought the hounds were barking at a coyote; they'd heard something. The wind changed in the night and they got the scent and began whimpering. I went out and let Boone loose, and he ran straight to the kill."

He turned. "Kay, can you rustle me up some breakfast while I wrangle?"

He hurried out, jamming on his big battered hat; he was in his old riding clothes. It took him a long time to wrangle afoot in the darkness; the horses were nervous, panicky, and they broke back twice before he could corral them.

EASTERN PRISON
VIC HERMAN

"It looks like he had outside help."

Bolting breakfast, he seemed to be thinking hard, planning his hunt. It would need planning: Leo had been run so often that he knew all the tricks, and no hunter but one long skilled in the ways of lions could hope to bring him to bay. At last he looked up.

"Kay would you do me a favor? Would you take my horse and a couple of hounds up to the cypress thicket and wait for me there? Worst jumble of cliffs around; and I figure that's where he'll end up. He'll hit for country too rough for riding, and I don't want to leave my horse and then have to go way back after him."

Of course she would. But it was a bitter disappointment; she had counted on joining in the hunt.

Gray dawn was just breaking as she watched all his hounds but two go tonguing over the ridge, and he after them. She waited until the pack was well out of hearing, so that Crockett and Tweedles would not attempt to follow. Then she mounted and rode slowly off, leading Martin's big sorrel.

Noon came. She was sitting among prehistoric stone ruins on a red knoll. It was a strange place; the knoll was on a knife edge, with the tremendous Mogollon Rim dropping like a plumb line for three thousand feet on one side, and the wild abyss of Devil's Canyon on the other, not quite so sheer. Around her and down the side of the canyon was what appeared like a tangled forest of pygmy pines: Arizona cypress, rare, and found mostly on such bright red sandy soil as this.

In the clear air, from up here she could plainly see mountains a hundred and fifty miles off.

The height, the queer cypress, these long deserted ruins—it all combined to give her a lonesome feeling. The grandeur of the scene around seemed menacing, as though the mighty Rim were warning one to flee unless within one lay something large enough to bear it.

No wonder, she thought, that Martin, whose whole life had been spent in such places, seemed different to her from other men.

BUT where was Martin and when would he come? Now the sun was low. She was hungry, thirsty, and the nearest water would be in the bed of Devil's Canyon three thousand feet below. Martin might well be twenty miles off, running with his hounds; one never knew where a lion hunt might lead. He had told her to leave before dark if he did not get here; the Rim trail down was treacherous enough by daylight.

That would be a suitable end for such a lonesome day—riding alone down that steep trail, leading his horse.

She straightened suddenly as a faint sound came from the depths of the gorge. She hurried down the knoll to make sure that the two hounds were securely tied before they heard it. They had not, yet, for the long-eared trail hound has poor hearing and worse sight; he has been bred through ages so that all his faculties are concentrated in his keen sense of smell—the opposite of the greyhound, bred for vision and speed.

She went to the edge of the canyon and stood looking in. Now she could hear plainly the tonguing of exhausted hounds, slowly working up toward her.

And there was Martin coming up ahead of them! She gasped as she saw him leap over a wide cleft and keep on up among tangled ledges. A lifetime at this had made him nimble as a squirrel. No wonder he could elude those little yellow men in the crags of Lin Island!

He came climbing up a last steep break in the rock. His face was flushed.

"Well, I guessed right! Got Crockett and Tweedles?"

He did not say much more. He stood listening to the voices of his hounds. Even she could tell that they were only blundering along, too slow and sore-footed to catch up with the lion in such rough country; it sounded more like howls of pain than tonguing on a hot trail.

He waited until they were fairly close, and loosened the other two. Fresh, eager, they went like bolts into the cypress and soon the wild excited wail of Tweedles rose, Crockett's deep boom joining. The others took new heart now and forged upward. Martin turned to her.

"Let's go! He must be out of the canyon."

They ran to their horses, and Martin kicked his legs into his chaps. He mounted quickly and tore down the knoll, hurling his horse at the tangled wall of cypress; he was leaning out over the sorrel's neck, his wide hat and leather-cuffed forearms shielding his face.

A SUDDEN anger swept over Kay, about the first anger she had ever felt toward Martin. He'd run off and left her! After she'd sat up here all day, hungry and thirsty, waiting for him! Of course he had to overtake his hounds, but wasn't it just like a man to take it for granted that a mere girl couldn't keep up?

She jammed her hat down hard over her hair. She jabbed with her spurs and bent over the saddle horn as the roan threw himself at the wall of branches. She struck it with a smashing of brittle limbs and a loud swish of chaps.

Martin broke out into an opening where the noise of his own progress did not drown all else. He heard the crashing of branches behind. He turned, incredulous, to see Kay bursting out right on his heels; she was lying almost flat on the roan to bore her way through. She straightened, twigs raining from her hatbrim and, still in a dead run, she was fishing easily for a stirrup from which one boot had been dragged. His eyes opened with surprise, and he flung back, "Say-y, you've got to be a real brush hand while I was gone!"

He slackened a trifle and she came alongside. She was still angry with him.

"Sure! I'm Mogollon Kay, the gal from the Rim."

They raced side by side. A wide dry wash lay ahead. He reached out a hand.

"Here we go!"

Their gloved fingers met, and together their horses rose high and sailed across, to strike with a swish of sand on the other side. Her roan stumbled and would have gone down rolling, but she picked him up expertly. Martin threw a quick glance of wonder at her.

"Good Lord, Kay, but you *can* ride now!"

"Had to learn. Women in war work, you know—including cowpunching."

They both laughed. She couldn't stay mad at Martin, not when he had that admiring look on his face. And she'd made him notice.

Another half mile of thicket, with the branches trying to drag her from the saddle. Again an open spot. She came out right behind him, and now her face was flushed and part of her coppery hair streamed behind. She saw Martin's eyes upon her. He was slowing, listening for his hounds. They heard them; not the long trailing cry but short excited barks. Martin whirled his horse.

"They've got him!"

They raced side by side down the open place, leaping manzanitas. They broke through a last thin screen of cypress and came out on the Rim.

A. JOHN KAUMUS

"You'll find the shovel lying somewhere near my victory garden."

"There he is!"

Before them a long tongue of rock jutted out from the Rim like the horn of a huge anvil. On its tip grew a gnarled wind-beaten juniper, its roots anchored deep in a crack of the stone. And in this juniper was the lion.

He was a splendid brute. With his black-marked face, his powerful hindquarters for leaping, and his smaller chest, he resembled nothing so much as a monster Siamese cat, a cat big enough to pull down the largest horse with ease. As they swung from their saddles he turned from the noisy pack below and looked at them, and they were near enough to see his great luminous green eyes.

So this was Leo, the horse killer, at last brought to bay.

"Let's let the hounds hold him a while, for practice. He can't jump out here."

There was an odd note in Martin's tone, and she glanced at him. Why, he did not look exultant, as one would expect; he looked—was it weary, or something else? Yes, the war had changed him.

They sat on the edge of the Rim with their boots dangling over space. The stone horn curved slightly toward them, and between them and its tip was a void. Kay was used to heights, but it gave her a twinge to think of the lion, when he was shot, tumbling down, to be shattered upon the rough ledges so far below.

Again she stole a glance at Martin. That troubled, puzzled look was back on his face, that look he'd had since he came home. She laid a hand on his arm.

"What is it? Won't you tell me?"

He tried to grin, but the grin failed; it came out crooked.

"Yes, Kay, I'll tell—you. There's no sport like a lion hunt, is there? The excitement, watching the hounds work, climbing around in the canyons. But it ends in blood. Kay, I'd like to get away from blood for a while; I've seen too much of it." Again he tried to grin, and failed. "I suppose I sound sissy."

"No, Martin," she said. "Only civilized. And now that I've had time to think it out, I'm glad you came back this way. You had to come back this way or—hard."

She was not expecting the look of relief on his face.

"You don't think I'm—queer?"

So Martin had been worried about that. She said nothing, but smiled at him.

He burst out impulsively, "Kay, you always were a brick! You always did understand. But I didn't see it in time." Nola. His head sank.

A movement in the juniper drew her eyes. The lion had recovered his wind and was shifting restlessly. He was looking at them, and she saw the glint of his long claws as he dug them into the rough bark; his hindquarters were settling quickly, like a cat's, swaying. And then she understood. She screamed.

"Martin!"

Sheer horror clutched her throat as the tawny brute came flying toward them over the void. She saw his bared fangs, the green slits of his eyes, the long tail streaming behind. He was falling short; his claws would barely grip her knees, and they'd go tumbling down, down!

But the arc curved, and he struck the cliff ten feet below; she heard the thud, the rake of claws on stone. And then he was dangling by one paw from a ledge no wider than her hand, with those jagged ledges waiting a thousand feet under him.

She heard Martin catch his breath sharply, and only then she realized that the lion had not tried to reach her, that he was only wildly gambling on escape.

Frozen, big-eyed, she saw his great tawny body twist as the hind paws came up. Dimly she was aware of Martin reaching for the rifle lying behind them. The lion could not climb onto the narrow ledge, but he found purchase for another long leap alongside the cliff.

Again a soft thud and the rake of claws on stone. By a hairbreadth, he pulled himself up where the ledge was wider. Then, his side pressed hard against the rock, not to be forced over, he was hurrying off with the long smooth stride of a cat. The black tip of his tail vanished around a curve of the cliff.

She heard Martin speak with a chagrin that did not quite ring true.

"Fine lion hunter I am, to let him get away!"

"Well," she said, "the lions were here before we were, and I just can't help feeling that they have a right here. If the high and mighty cattlemen hadn't killed off so much of the game, they wouldn't bother their stock."

Martin stood grinning down on her.

"Kay, you do understand about everything, don't you?"

She thought suddenly of the blue colt.

"But will he stay around here now?"

"No. He'll be only too glad to clear out of this part of the country. And I don't feel responsible for other cattlemen's lion troubles."

She started to speak; but she stopped as the implications of what he had said came to her, and her color rose.

"Martin, you don't mean—"

THERE was a long silence. She became aware that the sun had set and the purple mists of dusk were creeping over the country below. In the west the evening star blazed brightly. He spoke at last.

"Kay, off there, I made myself believe it was the Rim I wanted to get back to."

Her hand was on the rock beside her, and she felt his fingers close on it.

"About that offer your father made me. Kay, I couldn't stand to live at the ranch unless you'd— Kay, will you—"

Somehow her hat came off and her coppery head rested on his wide chest. Over in the east a great red moon crept up from the far horizon. And from down in the tangled red ledges floated the wild free call of a lion.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

The young Chopin, playing at a formal dinner, finds his audience hungry and impolite.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

(Columbia)
Paul Muni, Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde

ONE of the most delightful pictures ever designed on a musical theme makes its appearance in this beautifully turned-out cinema biography of Frédéric Chopin. Not only does it regale your ears with a wealth of appealing Chopin music ingeniously woven into the story, but it also rejoices in color, magnificence, a fine cast—and Romance.

From the first glimpse of the fairy-tale cottage where the little Frédéric can be heard practicing his lesson through the rain, a delicately romantic mood carries the tale into a colorful blend of fact and fiction. Quaint old Professor Elsner (Paul Muni), Frédéric's teacher, watches over the boy's promising first attempts at composition and looks forward to the day of his Paris debut. But they are in Poland in the 1820s—a time of tyranny and hotheaded young revolutionists. Young Chopin (Cornel Wilde) grows up to be a fervent patriot, and is finally forced to flee for his life. At last he finds himself in Paris.

There in the brilliant, gay city, with the faithful Elsner at his side, Frédéric providentially falls in with the young virtuoso Franz Liszt (Stephen Bekassy), through whose friendship he meets many celebrities—among them the redoubtable lady novelist who calls herself George Sand. This unique personage, addicted to masculine attire, not only turns out to look stunning in tailor-made trousers, but fills a satin evening dress with equal éclat. She takes the handsome young Chopin under her wing, sponsors him, aids him, and finally whisks him off for a romantic interlude on the island of Majorca.

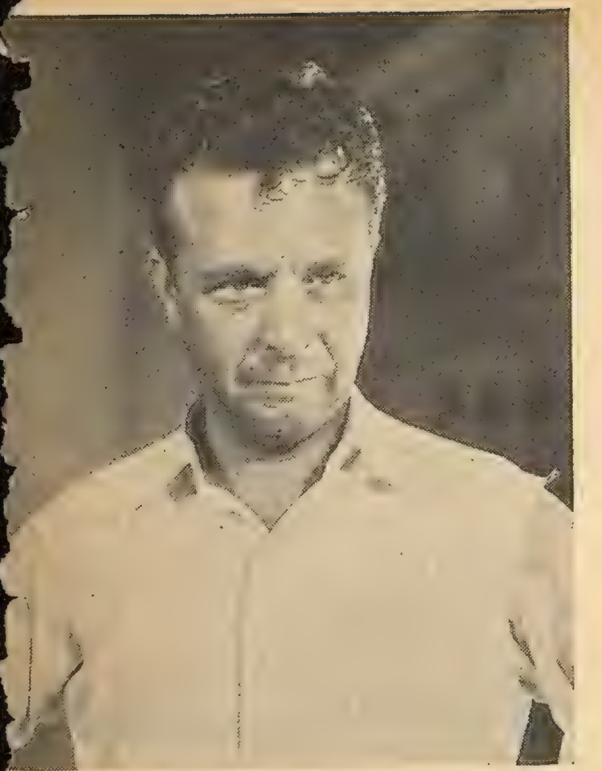
But the rainy weather and Chopin's failing health combine to cheat romance, and Mme. Sand brings her ailing protégé back home. Here she hides him from his old friends and keeps even the wistful, neglected old professor from seeing him. Only when Chopin learns that money is desperately needed for the sake of Poland and his compatriots does he finally come out of retirement, leave the jealous domination of George Sand, and sacrifice the last vestige of his strength in giving concerts to aid his native country.

This idealistic history is based on truth, but ignores such disturbing historic details as George Sand's famous cigars and the two children she took along to Majorca. The part that Elsner and patriotism played in Chopin's life is freely expanded in the interest of the script, and the complex personalities of Frédéric and George herself are boiled down to romantic simplicity. She seems little more than an attractive, enigmatic figurehead; he, a martyr to a cause. But all this is unimportant when the picture is viewed simply as the first-rate entertainment which it is.

Merle Oberon and Paul Muni contribute their customary fine-quality performances, and Cornel Wilde, a striking, dreamy-eyed six-footer who acts as well as he looks, walks right into stardom in Chopin's polished boots. But it is the music itself which deserves super-billing here. The splendid piano performances (to which the well-practiced Wilde digits are uncannily synchronized) were recorded by José Iturbi. Chopin fans will recognize such well-loved pieces as the Minute Waltz, the A Flat Polonaise, the E Flat Nocturne, the A Minor Mazurka, and the Fantaisie Impromptu, besides a finely-woven background of orchestral arrangements. Such deference to Chopin the artist more than justifies a bit of romancing about his personal life—especially when it comes out such a fine all-around picture as this.

Frédéric (right) is toasted by Franz Liszt and Mme. Sand.

Professor Elsner begs George Sand to relinquish her hold on Fréde



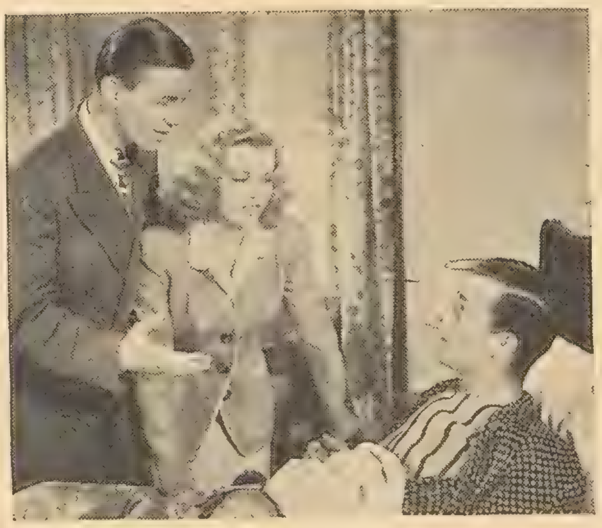
FAREWELL MY LOVELY

(RKO)
Dick Powell, Claire Trevor, Anne Shirley

THE plot in this adaptation of Raymond Chandler's lurid novel is as complex as n overturned jigsaw puzzle. What makes a peculiarly gripping movie is the sinister ir of suspense and impending evil which arries a distraught hard-boiled Dick owell through an incomprehensible tangle violent events.

Cornered by the police, and with his eyes gruesomely bandaged, small-time private detective Marlowe (Dick Powell) endeavors to explain the steps leading up to the murder in which he's involved. It's a grim, graphic revelation, which takes the tory back to Marlowe's first visit from uge thick-witted "Moose" Molloy (Mike Mazurki) who wants help in tracking down is missing sweetheart. What Marlowe encounters in this quest is enough to discourage anyone except a down-at-the-heel Sherlock who needs the cash. Before he knows it, he's up to his ears in a plan to get back a jade necklace from some mysterious crooks. He gets slugged; he gets shanghaied; he gets beaten up, shot at, implicated in murder, threatened, and cajoled. He gets tempted by a blatant blonde (Claire Trevor) and fooled by a wholesome one (Anne Shirley). He meets a mysterious blackmailing quack psychologist (Otto Kruger), learns too much, gets shot full of drugs. In this state he has terrific Dali-style nightmares, falls through space, claws at nonexistent smoke wreaths, pulls himself back to normalcy by sheer nerve—and finally discovers what the fireworks are all about.

If your sensations crave priming, you'll find this combination of the hard-boiled and the weird carries quite a wallop.



THE TOWN WENT WILD

(PRC)
Freddie Bartholomew, James Lydon, Edward Everett Horton

THIS rambunctious little comedy is the bouncing brain child of three young men who put their heads together and decided to produce a picture. When Bernard Roth, Clarence Greene, and Russell Rouse conceived this foolhardy ambition, they had nothing to start on but ideas. They wrote a script, collected a cast, enlisted the support of PRC, snagged Ralph Murphy to direct—and came out with a lively sleeper."

There's a distinct Sturges flavor in this oisterous small-town dilemma of two angling adolescents whose birth certifiates reveal a mix-up just at the moment hen one of them (Freddie Bartholomew) about to elope with the sister of the other (James Lydon). The horrifying implications of this situation are made worse by two pugnacious fathers (Edward Everett Horton and Tom Tully), a court order calling for the exchange of the boys, and the thought of what the town will say if that marriage license comes to light. Efforts to recover it involve plenty of slapstick, and merge right into frenzy in a courtroom scene touched up with such sly commentaries as the dismay of the judge snapped by a news photographer in the middle of a magisterial burp. The whole ridiculous escapade abounds with a zest and enthusiasm which lift it right out of the shoestring class and augur well for the enterprising trio who dreamed it up.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!

Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel "Jimmy" Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read *Life?*) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert ("Hargrove") Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, "The Ruptured Duck."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley" that you're hearing on the hit parade.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

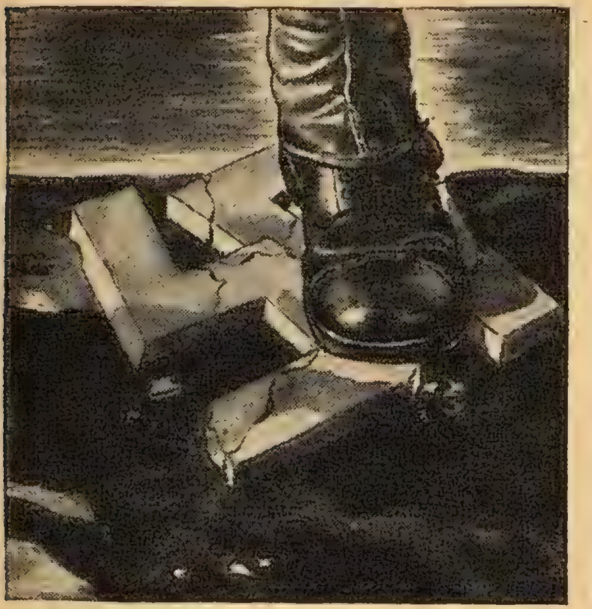
★ ★ ★ ★

Which, by the way, we've wished you.

1945

—*Leo*

HASTEN



THE DAY!

YOU can help hasten the day—THE day of final unconditional surrender—by investing your war-time earnings in War Bonds.

Hastening the day means shortening casualty lists. In war, bullets, shells and bombs are exchanged for lives. The War Bonds you buy help pay for the bullets, shells and bombs that will speed the victory.

Your consistent War Bond investments will work for you too at the same time that they work for your boy in service. They will give you that luxurious feeling of freedom that goes with a well-lined pocketbook. For whatever you may desire ten years from now, your War Bonds will add one-third more to what you've invested.

Help hasten the day of victory, and help make that victory more secure—buy your War Bonds today.

BUY WAR BONDS

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

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THE THIN MAN GOES HOME

(M-G-M)
William Powell, Myrna Loy, Lucile Watson

THE Thin Man—that suave, sophisticated sleuth with the pretty wife and the predilection for mysteries and martinis—is back again. After a three-year hiatus, the sprightly series of William Powell-Myrna Loy detective yarns (begun in 1934) goes into its fifth installment, as deftly comic and refreshing as ever. The only major change in the Nick and Nora Charles ménage seems to be in Nick's choice of beverages; what currently gurgles out of his silver flask is strictly cider. As for Asta, the original terrier, he's still on hand, but rates a younger double now for eve thing but close-ups.

The story this time is no very hefty op but it allows for plenty of typical Powe Loy high jinks. When Nick takes Nor home for a visit, Papa (Harry Davenpor is contemptuous of detectives. But Ni gets a chance to demonstrate his prowe right on home territory. This feat, however, seems less noteworthy than the ligh diverting blend of irony and affection w which Nick and Nora continue to enlive their adventures.

1 Nick and Nora, en route to Nick's home town, travel blithely in the baggage car when Asta is evicted from the coach.

2 Nick relaxes, blissfully unaware tha Nora has broadcast his sleuthing fam and hinted that he's home to solve a case.

3 When a real murder mystery develops, Nora gets into the thick of it by buying a mysterious picture loaded with trouble.

4 Nora, doing some sleuthing on her own hook, trails a suspect through a pool hall, causes a fight, and gets her man.

5 Meanwhile Nick and an old friend find the town character, Crazy Mary, knows something about both murder and picture.

6 At a final showdown, Nick coolly round up all the suspects, demonstrates h methods, and discloses the murderer.

SPECIAL MENTION

GUEST IN THE HOUSE (United Artists). Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, Aline MacMahon.
A psychological thriller about a sweet-faced neurotic who undermines a family.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor.
Family life in good old 1903, set off with Technicolor and nostalgic songs.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (RKO). Cary Grant, Ethel Barrymore, Barry Fitzgerald.
Clifford Odets' superbly acted version of the gloomy novel set in the London slums.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE (RKO). Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo, Walter Brennan.
Bob Hope in a rollicking piratical burlesque full of color, gags, and slapstick.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Phyllis Thaxter.
The splendid, authentic story of the famous 1942 Doolittle bombing raid.

SEA-WATER PROSPECTOR

Continued from Page 30

ises his voice, except when he's rooting r the Dow Chemical basketball team. his basketball team is an industry in self, a successful Dow by-product run long big-time college football team lines, alent hunting and all.)

Competitors who try to size him up are onfronted by a slight figure, usually gotten up in impeccable but quiet blue, a olor he favors perhaps because his father elped crack the German indigo monopoly. le enjoys talking, and his speech is rich ith the homey idiom of the small Midvestern town.

"Didn't know enough economics to ound sand," he tells you cheerfully in ecounting how he flunked his economics ourse at the University of Michigan. Three onorary degrees and the Dow Chemical nterprises prove that he has now acquired nough economics to pound sand.

The first American industrialist to receive the cherished Columbia University handler medal, his aside to friends was: 'Wouldn't Professor Gomberg have a start he heard about this?" Professor Moses omberg of Michigan, who had received he medal two years before for achievenents in organic chemistry, apparently had iscovered no astonishing promise in illard Dow, the student.

UT what young Dow failed to learn from professors in classrooms he learned the Dow Chemical plants at Midland rom a sterner taskmaster, his father. ike many another industrial crown nce, he learned the business the hard y, punched in at 8 A. M., carried his n lunch pail. Dr. Dow, the boss, still unches in at 8 A. M., still carries his wn tray at the Dow office cafeteria.

To most of the townsfolk who watched im grow up, he is still Willard. Once when called a cab and announced himself as r. Dow, the cab driver asked, "Who?"

Dr. Dow corrected himself. "Willard," he said. The cab came right over.

When the milkman invented a trick milk-bottle cap, "Willard" was the first know about it. "Can we patent it, Willard?" Dr. Dow was asked excitedly ver the phone.

*************★************

Wandering through a secondhand bookstore one day, George Bernard Shaw chanced to pick up a volume of his own plays which he had given to a friend some years before, inscribed: "With the compliments of the author." He purchased the book and, taking out his pen, wrote: "With renewed compliments"—and sent the book back to the original recipient.

—*Max Herzberg.*

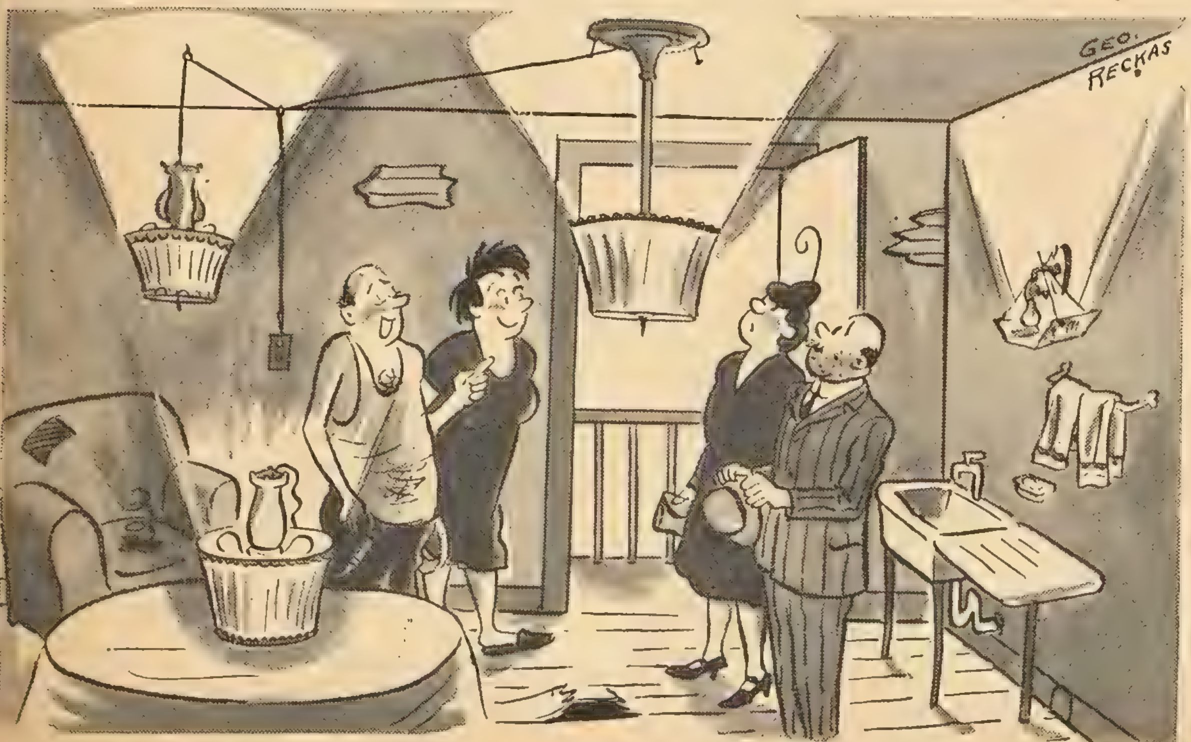
****

In a one-man town (war-swollen population, 12,000) in which practically everyody works for Dow Chemical, including the mayor, Philip Vogelsang, Dr. Dow is head man and everybody's friend. In his more intimate circle he entertains frequently, but for a long time served nothing stronger than soft drinks. Now, on occasion, there is sherry at the dinner table.

The Dow home is a story in itself. Flanking it are the functional modern angularities designed by his younger brother, Alden, a disciple of the celebrated Frank Lloyd Wright. Dr. Dow is very proud of his brother's achievements and points them out to Midland visitors. He vows, however, he'd never live in one of Alden's daring creations himself. To prove it he chose a comfortable sprawling traditional English-style house. It is staffed by four servants, war-work competition at Dow Chemical permitting. When Herbert, seventeen, and Helen, nineteen, are away at school in the East, the Dow house is empty more often than not, for Dr. Dow spends half of his time away from Midland on company business, and Mrs. Dow usually goes with him to see that he's properly cared for.

At Midland, inside the plant, company bigwigs are reduced to small-town size. Willard remains Willard. Dow Chemical's corporation lawyer, Calvin A. Campbell, is "Tink." The general manager of the important Texas Division, Albert P. Beutel, is "Dutch." And Dow Chemical has a shirt-sleeved board of directors that can be called into meeting on ten minutes' notice because, with one exception, it is made up of working executives at Midland. There are no bankers on it.

The shirt-sleeve board meets in the sunny glass-enclosed functional office building brother Alden designed. From their offices, board members look out on a little river with a storybook name—the Titabawassee. In winter the Titabawassee sports a thick



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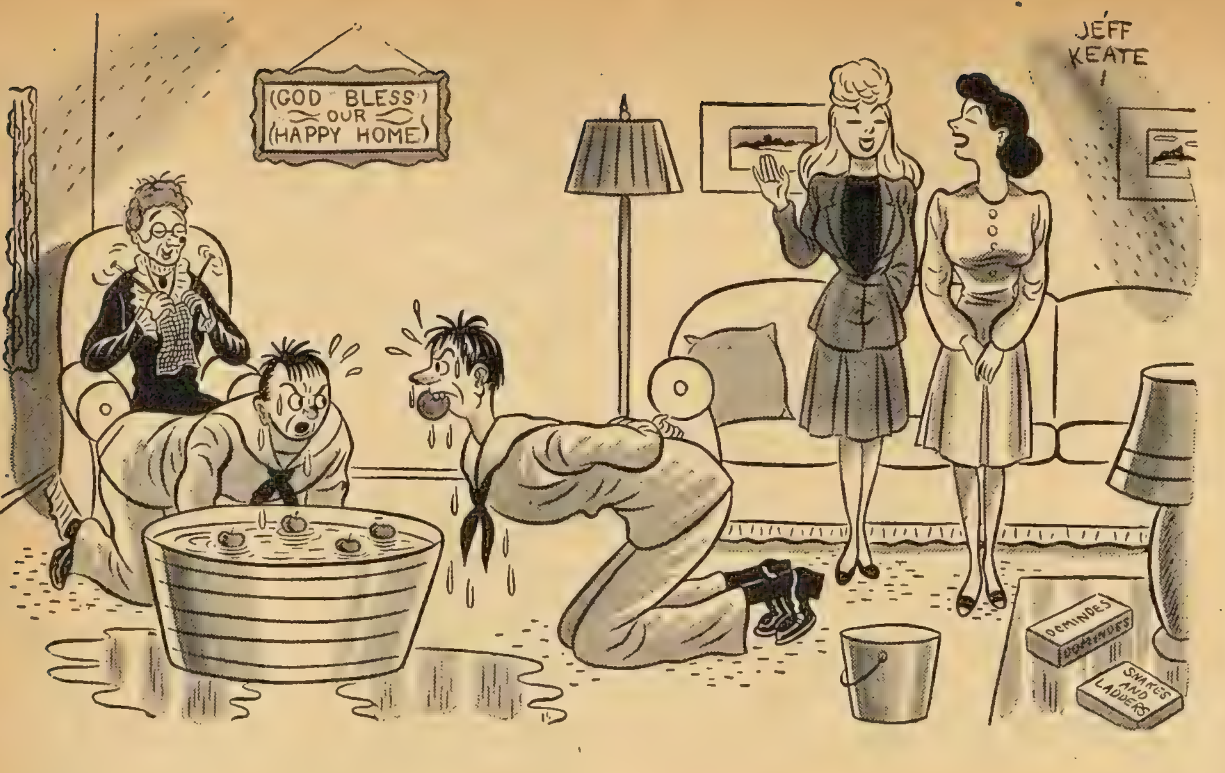


"You see! I told you that you've got to be careful about girls you meet in parks!"

ice coat, and, of late afternoon, is gay with Dow Co. skaters. That includes the board and Willard Dow, who cuts no mean figure on the ice.

The visitor to Midland—and there is a steady stream of military and government people Midland-bound these days—drives up along the river from Detroit on Federal Highway 10. The country is flat and sandy and unrelieved by the cut-over timber that lies farther on beyond Midland.

The Dow Chemical empire rises up and strikes the approaching traveler without warning. It strikes him through his eyes and through his nose. Visually, it rises up as a compact miniature Gary, smokestacks belching and glass and tin and steel surfaces gleaming in the sun. Olfactorily, it strikes him with a sulphurous nose-twinging odor.

Now and then, when the odor assumes a burnt-rubber quality, E. W. Bennett, treasurer of Dow Chemical, wrinkles his nose apprehensively. "The boys are a bit off on that thiokol process today. That smell is costing us money."

Dow Chemical researchers might have something to retort to that. For on some smells Dow Chemical makes money. The attar of roses that once came from Bulgaria, the musk from the Tibetan musk deer, the oil of geranium that used to come from Algeria are all home-town products now. They are made from nitrogen in Midland's good fresh air, and from oxygen in Midland's water, and from the natural gases in Midland's neighboring oil wells.

SNIFFING the air, the visitor enters through a gate in a chain-line fence. These war days the fence sprouts guard towers and floodlights in the hands of a heavy cordon of auxiliary military police. It encloses 300-odd buildings, compacted into some 100 city blocks, and a seventeen-mile railroad (225 cars, five locomotives, fifty railroad men). Best way to get around is the company's four shuttle bus lines.

An acute observer would note the abundance of laboratories, fifteen in all, and the army of Ph.D.s employed in them. Some of these researchers are tailored to Dow Chemical specifications in the company's own school for chemical engineers. Their postgraduate work has included development of the Hale-Britton process for making phenol, the cheapest method in the world; the building of a seaside plant to extract bromine from ocean water for antiknock fluid, and the building of the first plant by which man extracted metal from the ocean.

The chemical hocus-pocus by which the ocean is forced to disgorge its magnesium treasure is only a little less fantastic than the wacky decoctions the medieval alchemists brewed in their quest for gold.

Thousands of gallons of sea water (it takes 200,000 gallons to make a ton of magnesium) are treated with lime produced by barge loads of oyster shells. The resulting milk of magnesia is treated with hydrochloric acid, cracked with an electric current, and at the end of the process comes molten magnesium.

The first magnesium from sea water flowed in 1941, about half a year before Pearl Harbor. And history bears witness that it was lucky it did.

Dow Chemical spent millions of its own funds, and the government spent many millions more setting up facilities that could produce some 600,000,000 pounds of magnesium a year, or about 100 times the amount Dow Chemical made before the war. So swift was the upbuilding of plants to make magnesium that the critical shortage of magnesium has now turned into a surplus. The government cannot use all the magnesium that Dow Chemical and half a dozen other producers could manufacture.

But it's not how much the government buys that counts. It's what the government does with magnesium.

For the big catch in the skyrocketing production of magnesium is that most of the metal is not used in the way most metals are used. About 40 per cent goes into incendiary bombs and tracer bullets and star shells. Another 20 per cent goes to our allies for the same purposes. About 40 per cent of the current magnesium output goes into structural-metal uses, the sort of uses that could carry over into the peace.

If raining fire on what is left of the Axis continued to be magnesium's chief job, its wartime triumph would be short-lived and it would return to a relatively modest role.

But the war is setting magnesium ahead at least twenty years. At least 1,000 pounds of magnesium go into every military plane, displacing 1,500 pounds of aluminum. And designs are on the drafting board to work 10,000 pounds of magnesium into big transports, to replace 15,000 pounds of aluminum. Translated into terms of troop-bearing, it means twenty-five more soldiers can be air-borne without increasing a present-day plane's weight.

Equally important, the Army and Navy worked hard to have these lighter planes carry lighter equipment, lighter air-borne artillery, lighter field equipment. Ordnance officers, poring over drafting boards in Washington, rushed designs which called for greater use of magnesium parts. Engineers at Midland bent over laboratory forges, testing alloys that would make magnesium behave like a useful metal.

Important fruits of their labors included magnesium bazookas strapped in clusters of three beneath the wings of fast fighters to lob rockets against Nazi tanks and other vehicles. The world was awed at the speed and power with which Allied armies in France swept all before them. Big tanks carrying as many as sixty magnesium bazookas capable of blasting ten-foot-thick concrete pillboxes into powder were one reason.

MAGNESIUM'S pyrotechnic properties which fit in so well for destruction have long been a stumbling block to its acceptance as an industrial, workable metal. One of the most bothersome kinks—welding magnesium without setting it afire—has already been straightened. A new welding torch now blows a blanket of helium on the magnesium weld, excludes the oxygen in the air, and prevents the metal from bursting into flame. Magnesium engineers visualize a thicker airplane wing, skin-smooth and polished, to reduce the drag which the riveted skin gives.

Engineers have already developed a sturdy magnesium airplane wing requiring no inside bracing, which will permit the air transports of the future to carry more cargo. And so air transport—wher every pound of dead weight saved mean $800 more in cargo carried over the lif of the plane—offers a promising market.

Electric wiring offers another. A magnesium electric wire, twice as thick as the familiar copper wire, weighs one third as much and costs one third less.

Magnesium is inexhaustible. The Great Salt Lake of Utah is rich with it. The crust of the earth is rich with it. Great underground seas, such as the one at Midland, are rich with it. From these bottomless storehouses can come the magnesium refrigerator cars, the lighter vacuum cleaners, and portable industrial tools, the lighter machinery parts that reduce vibration, and the lighter transportable homes of the future. The list is limited only by the engineer's imagination. There is no limit to the wealth of material with which he can work.

In the early days of the war the Office of Production Management sent a questionnaire to Dow Chemical inquiring, "How great are our magnesium resources?" Across the questionnaire Dr. Dow scribbled, "As great as the ocean."

How much magnesium is available? Time and Dow Chemical's great oceanside projects have underlined Dr. Dow's answer: "How deep is the ocean? How wide is the sea?"

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

At a naval training center a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit. "Wash your hands," he instructed.

"Both of them?" queried the sailor-to-be.

The pharmacist's mate hesitated in thought. "No," he said grimly. "Just one. I want to see how you do it."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Woman-Talk

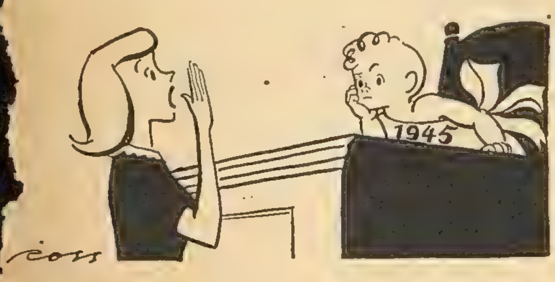
BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

GREETINGS!

Happy New Year! May you thrive
n nineteen hundred forty-five.
May peace on earth, good will to men
oon bless this battered world again!

MORE OF THE SAME: So here it is time to make those same old New ar's resolutions again, plus a few new odels. To wit:

1. *This* year I really am *not* going to re helpless friends with the bright say-gs of my offspring, which are bright only his doting mama.



2. So help me, I am *not* going to bore yself, my relatives, or my friends with y further talk about the shortage of nestic help.

3. Instead of worrying about the win-ws when I can't get them washed, I'm ng to regard city soot as a silver lining ich renders visibility practically zero d keeps guests from seeing the casual ay the house looks inside.

4. If another year goes by before I get se blankets rebound, I am *not* going to t them reproach me and make my con-ience unfit to live with. On the contrary, shall defy them and take pride in letting em slide, while I remain tranquilly good-tured instead of turning into an old hen fore my time. This applies to innumer-e other household thorns in my too sitive flesh, such as the dust lying in it on the top bookshelves. Heaven ows, it'll wait—I can be sure it won't alk away and leave me!

5. I am going to salvage *all* waste paper eatly, and that goes for incoming en-elopes and answered correspondence. (If ousewives don't do better in 1945, the pa-er shortage will long outlast the war.)

6. I'm either going to repair or alter othes that need attention, or give them ay to a more upstanding character.

7. I'm not going to froth at the mouth hen my dentist keeps me parked for an ur in his congested waiting room. I'll ake beans to string or letters to write, lus a small cask of brandy and a cake of hocolate to fend off starvation.

8. I'll stop crossing against the light and nning up escalators. The seconds saved ren't important enough to justify the risk my trivial neck.

9. When I must reprove my child, or in-st that he be a little quieter for the sake the neighbors, I am going to be sure my own manner is above reproach. Moth-ers too frequently behave atrociously when exhorting their young to behave. I am going to remember that toys are to play with and not to keep on a shelf, so what the heck if he *does* litter up the whole apartment? To put them away once a day is enough!

10. Instead of resolving to abolish my own and my family's petty vices which we enjoy, I shall cherish them for what they are—harmless pleasures.

KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS: The seasonal headache is now at hand for merchants who must provide innumerable clerks committed to patience and resignation in the face of thousands of women exchanging gifts or asking for refunds. For the stores there is no after-Christmas letdown during which the help may recuperate from the ordeal of last-minute shoppers. Again clerks and customers will wonder why so many people buy socks, pajamas, gloves, and sweaters that bear no relation to the size of the recipients. Wives, secretly flattered that their men still think of them as the black-chiffon type, will try unsuccessfully to change the size 14 nightie for the necessary 38, and listen morosely to the clerk's statement that the model doesn't come in large sizes. Husbands, however, will manfully wear misguided ties purchased for them by the Little Woman, rather than hurt her feelings or go to the trouble of exchanging them. And the whole after-Christmas picture will once more show up how little we know about our friends and relatives, their stature and their tastes. Thank heaven for the kids at a time like this—they have fun with all presents, no matter how preposterous. . . . P. S. Don't forget to smooth out the gift paper and put it away for next year—the paper shortage will be with us still. Besides, some of the wrappings make much more sense than the gifts themselves.

DURABLE WOMANHOOD: In Women and Men, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Amran Scheinfeld says; "In a recent study of mental states in wartime England, Dr. R. D. Gillespie showed that there were more cases of hysteria among men and that psychological reactions to bombing were worse among men civilians, on the whole, than among women. . . . One of the clearest proofs that women have a better psychological 'shock absorber' is found in the far smaller proportion of suicides among women. Of more than 18,000 suicides in the United States annually, there are less than one third as many by females as by males. . . . In old age there are seven times as many suicides among men."

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KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

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DR. MILES NERVINE

(Continued from page 55)

goods—whether civilians who got bundles of clothes which German soldiers stole from Russian peasants and sent home, or manufacturers who received Russian machinery—and German farmers and householders who employed Russian civilians deported forcibly to Germany for slave labor are also common criminals. They, too, must face trial.

While Professor Trainin concerns himself chiefly with the legal aspects of the trial and punishment of German war criminals, the Russian atrocity commission, through its highly-ramified organization, as well as the Red Army, through its many agencies, especially its intelligence service, are gathering lists of names of Germans who have committed any of the above-mentioned crimes against international or common criminal law.

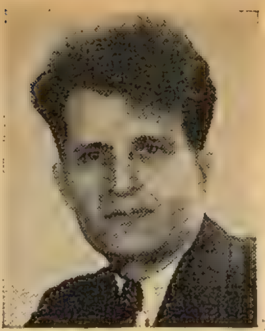
STALIN has repeatedly declared that Russia does not seek to achieve the destruction of Germany or the extermination of the German people. "We do not pursue the aim of destroying Germany," he said on November 6, 1942. "Hitlers come and go, but the German people and the German state remain," he declared on February 23, 1942.

He was even more explicit in his speech of last November 6. The Russians hate "the German invaders" not because they are Germans, he said, but because they have brought "untold calamities and suffering" on the Russian people. "It's an old saying of our people," he emphasized, "that the wolf is beaten not for being gray but for devouring sheep."

In Kiev alone the Germans executed nearly 200,000 civilians and war prisoners. In Minsk the number of such victims rose to 300,000. At the time Professor Trainin wrote his book, at least six months ago, two million Russians had been wantonly put to death by Germans in occupied territories. This doesn't include the Russians killed in the murder factory at Maidanek, outside the Polish city of Lublin, nor in other murder and concentration camps in Poland and Germany itself. The Russians officially went on record as determined to avenge these murders by the law of the Supreme Soviet on April 27, 1943.

The punishment of war criminals and the political, economic, and military disarmament of Germany don't exhaust the demands of Stalin and the Russians on Germany. They are determined to collect full reparations for all damage the Germans have inflicted on the Russian population and to retrieve all stolen property or its equivalent, whether art treasures, industrial machinery, household goods, books, clothes, or anything the Germans have shipped to their homeland.

Let the reader also ponder the meaning of the following words spoken in Blackpool, England, by Kuznetzov: "The German invaders must be obliged to restore what they have destroyed."



Maurice Hindus

THE life story of M rice Hindus, author Russia's Postwar for Germany, is no actly a rags-to-ric story, but it has a cided Horatio Al flavor. As a Russ immigrant, only fourt years old, Hindus for himself to learn twe new English words day and also atten night school. Next he went to Colgate Univ sity, where he was graduated with hon After a year at Harvard, Hindus became free-lance writer. Since then he has m several trips to Russia and written eight bo about that country, his most recent being M er Russia. Currently, he is again in Russ covering the war for the New York Her Tribune and Liberty.

Recently I visited the Cossack villa of Slahyanskaya in the Kuban Cossa territory. "Not a cock crowed in o village," said a Cossack woman, "when t Red Army came back." During the eig months the Germans held this populo village, they shot and hanged more th 1,000 civilians, nearly all Cossacks. The were scarcely any Jews in the village. the 9,000 head of cattle which Slahyanska possessed in prewar days only 242 h remained. All the others were slaughte So were 7,000 sheep, 18,000 pigs, and 27. chickens. Three thousand horses w either driven away or killed a few d before the Germans left.

When they were gone there was no gra for either bread or seed. Cossack wom walked forty kilometers to bring 375 ton of grain for seed in sacks on their backs.

I HAD been in this village in prew days. As I drove around it now hardly recognized it. The scores of bri buildings that had been put up duri three five-year plans were stacks of rub Not one escaped complete or partial molition. No girls anywhere in Russia we as well dressed as those in this famous an prosperous Cossack village. But the Ger mans stole most of their clothes and sh and shipped them to Germany. Most of t best furniture was also shipped to Ger many. The Cossacks are a cheerful peopl They don't weep like ordinary peasants, n matter how great the misfortune vis upon them. But as I spoke to them, it w clear that they expected the Germans pay in reparations for everything t had destroyed and stolen. The Cossac have already drawn up a bill of the damages. The sum is 2,042,000,000 rubl or, roughly, $408,000,000.

Nowhere else are the Germans mo hated than in the Cossack country. Ye though the Cossacks hate the German they expect them to help rebuild what had taken three feverish five-year plan to construct.

These Cossacks are not impressed by argument one often hears in England a America, that making the Germans r build what they have wantonly destroy is like introducing slave labor into Russi They cannot get away from the heaps o shattered cement and brick they face ever day of their lives. They see no reason why they should slave to put up what, especia ly in the last few days of their stay Slahyanskaya, the Germans deliberatel blew up with dynamite or set afire torch and barrels of gasoline.

I don't know any Russians anywhere in the villages or cities which the Germans held who don't heartily concur in the demands of the Cossacks of Slahyanskaya.

THE END

Answers to What Do You Remember About 1944?

ON PAGE 10

. (*a*) Ham Fish, who didn't even carry
wburgh, New York; (*b*) Louis Brom-
ld. He hasn't eaten his words yet.

2. The alleged attempt on Hitler's life
ring a staff meeting at Berchtesgaden.
e quote is Hitler's.

3. Pensive won the Kentucky Derby.
member?

. Mrs. G. B. Shaw. They were furious!

5. (*a*) Tommy Hitchcock. (*b*) Peter
hman. (c) David Lardner. (*d*) General
ingate. (*e*) A prolific writer who wrote
der dozens of pseudonyms, including
ax Brand, and who was killed while war
rresponding in Italy.

6. Mrs. Roosevelt.

7. Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, electrocuted
Sing Sing. He was a piker compared to
mmler.

3. It refused to change its name to
stomo, the Lidice of Greece, at Maxwell
derson's request.

9. Churchill hung that one on Hitler.
ho else could have?

10. D Day.

1. Father O'Malley was Bing Crosby in
tender film, Going My Way. Father
emanski was a Springfield, Massa-
usetts, priest who went to see Stalin to
scuss the Polish question. Orlemanski
as reprimanded by his superiors.

2. (*a*) Eighth (or last) place. (*b*) The
iladelphia Phillies of the National
eague. (c) Nobody. (*d*) Frankie Parker,
ter a dozen tries. (*e*) Gilbert Dodds,
ivinity student and racer. (*f*) Swedish
ler who beat Gunder Hägg, set new
rld's record of 4.02.6. (*g*) Army, 59;
tre Dame, 0.

3. General MacArthur, when he landed
Leyte.

14. (*a*) Mairzy Doats. (*b*) Is You Is or
You Ain't My Baby?

15. By discovering how to synthetize
uinine.

16. Lieutenant General George S. Pat-
n, Jr., Old Blood and Guts.

17. (*a*) The Voice of the Turtle, by John
an Druten. (No I can't get you tickets.)
b) Harvey, with Frank Fay.

18. (*a*) A strong point near Cassino. (*b*)
e big town on Saipan. (*c*) The Anzio
arbor. (*d*) The road to Rome from
ssino. (*e*) Place near Arnhem where
e British paratroopers took such a beat-
g.

9. (*a*) Coast Guardsman Victor Ma-
e; (*b*) Koiso, new Jap premier; (*c*) Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; (*d*) Frances Langford; (*e*) the Hon. C. B. Luce; (*f*) Thomas E. Dewey.

20. He discovered penicillin.

21. Five thousand dollars.

22. An enemy of Dick Tracy. Fell from a window, was impaled on a flagpole flying the American flag. (Hooray!)

23. Major Richard Ira Bong, fighter pilot, had brought down thirty-six Japs when we last heard from him.

24. Charles A. Lindbergh.

25. The *collaboratrices* got Sing Sing haircuts from their irate fellow Frenchmen.

26. Mostly England. It was V-1, the murderous robot bomb that traveled like a rocket, exploding on concussion.

27. (*a*) Eric Johnston, president, U. S. Chamber of Commerce. (*b*) Vinegar Joe Stilwell clashed with Chiang. (*c*) Henry A. Wallace and Donald Nelson. (*d*) Fala went to Hawaii and Aleutians with F. D. R.

28. (*a*) Forrestal became Secretary of the Navy after Knox's death; (*b*) Himmler is probably No. 1 Hun now; (*c*) Batista let another man win the Presidency of Cuba—and stepped down.

29. He came armed with a dozen eggs and hit Frank Sinatra with one, defying 30,000 rabid, drooling bobby soxesses. Said he was sorry later, the siss!

30.

Pegler	d.	Howard, married Hearst
Roosevelt	d.	Roosevelt
Fontaine	d.	Aherne
Goddard	m.	Meredith
Jones	d.	Walker
F. D. R.	d.	Wallace
Hirohito	d.	Tojo
Crane	d.	Turner
Bulgaria	d.	Germany
Manville	m.	Edwards
Texas	d.	Dies
S. Dakota	d.	Nye
Frau Hess	d.	Hess (insanity and desertion)

31. Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City.

32. Charles E. Kelly, known as Commando, got the Congressional Medal for bravery in Italy. The other Kelly crashed the line for Notre Dame (except against Army and Navy).

33. (*a*) A Greek leftish guerrilla outfit; (*b*) the French underground army; (c) Allied Broadcasting Service in Europe, operating from England before D Day, keeping Europe informed of developments.

34. Senator Claude Pepper of Florida.

35. There were two hurricanes and one Presidential election.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. Get **Cystex** from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. Three guaranteed sizes: **Only 35c, 75c, $1.50 at druggists.**

Gas Pains

25c Home Trial Relieves Excess Acid in 5 Minutes or DOUBLE MONEY BACK

If you still suffer from suffocating gas and heartburn due to excess acid, chances are you've never tried UDGA Tablets. Now make this 25¢ *double-your-money-back* home trial. Yes, in only 5 minutes the very first tablet may show how you may gain happy relief from gassy excess acid pains. UDGA Tablets, different from "candy" and baking soda, is a real medicine, containing 3 fast-working ingredients. Udga helps relieve in minutes. That's why over 200 million have been used by victims of stomach and ulcer pains, sour upset stomach, indigestion, burning stomach ache, due to excess acid. Ask your druggist for Udga Tablets today.

PAIN

Pulls You Down

DO you sometimes have **Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia** or **Functional Monthly Pains?** Take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc. Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES Anti-Pain Pills

ITCH

CHECKED *IN A JIFFY*

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

FOR VICTORY—FOR FREEDOM!

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY!

FOR RELIEF OF

ASTHMA

Try Brater's Powder now. For over half a century Brater's Powder has brought soothing relief to countless sufferers from those choking, wheezing, gasping spasms of asthma. Caution, use Brater's Powder only as directed. Large size box $1.00. At your druggist or write to . .

JOHN K. BRATER AND CO., Inc.
369 Third Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

JAN. 6, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
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EDWARD MAHER
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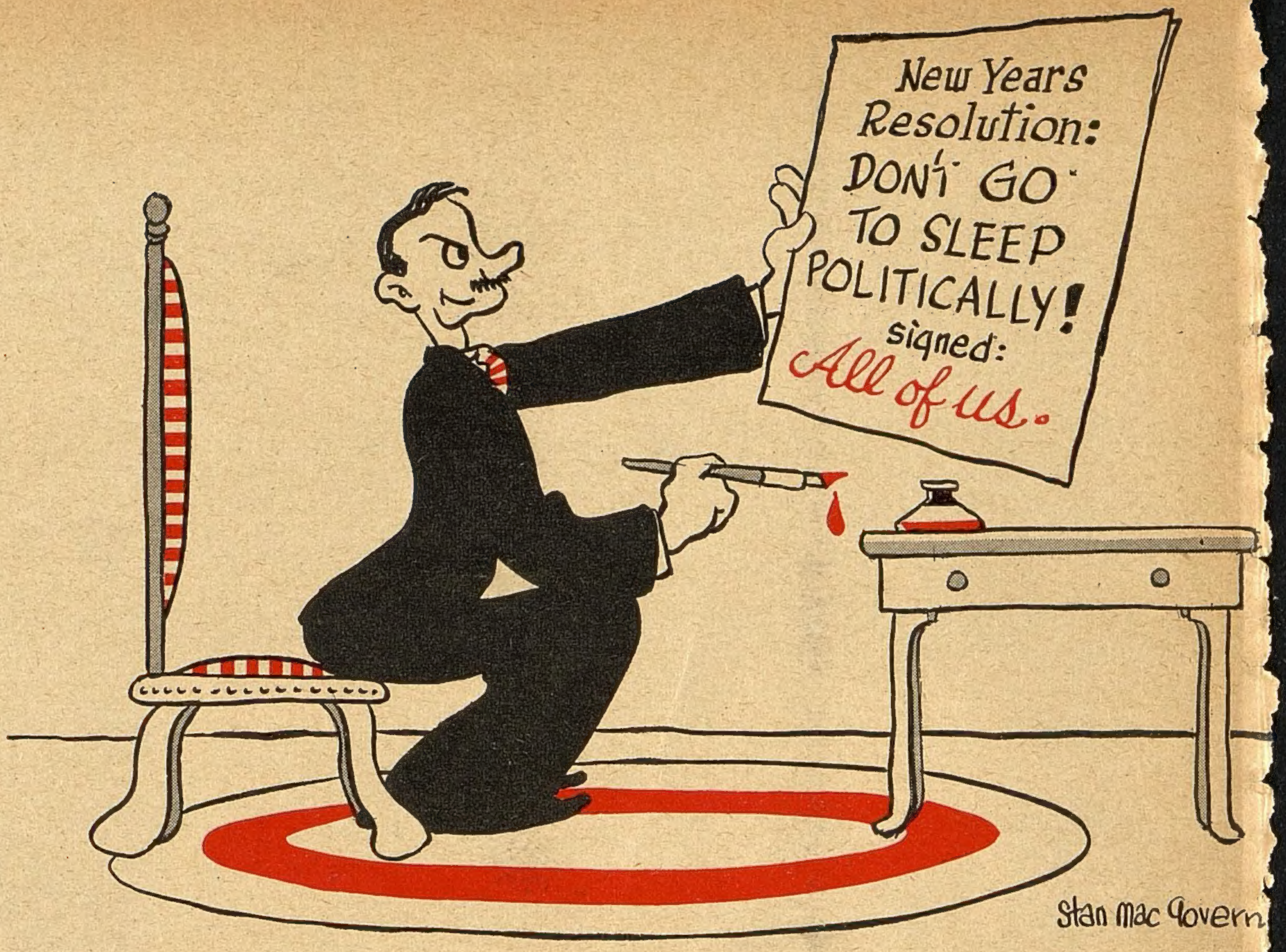


RESOLUTION FOR A FATEFUL NEW YEAR

STARTING off each New Year with a set of good resolutions is a time-honored practice which might profitably be adopted by nations as well as by individuals. This New Year's Day in particular, the people of America would do well to make a few resolutions for their country as well as for themselves. We have certain national objectives of which we ought to take stock, and also certain shortcomings as a people which often prevent us from realizing our objectives.

The coming year is one of grave decision. During 1945 the peoples of the world will lay the basis of a lasting peace or of future wars. In determining which it is to be, the United States of America will play the most prominent part. We can lead the world into an era of co-operation and good will. By refusing to lead, we can allow a drift backward to mistrust, narrow nationalism, and the international skulduggery which leads to war.

At the threshold of 1945 America stands as a colossus of world power. As Winston Churchill said recently, we are the strongest military, naval, and air power on earth. This fact is the most profound reality in the world today. It forces leadership upon us. If we do not accept this leadership, all efforts by other nations toward international understanding will be thrown into chaos. The ancient rule of devil take the hindmost will come to the fore and this golden moment in mankind's history will be lost.

Therefore, on this New Year's Day, Amer cans all must realize their responsibilities an the responsibility of their country. Accordi to political experts, an overwhelming majority voted for an abandonment of narrov isolationism and for participation in a co-operative world organization. But as we kno from past experience, unless we keep our ey on the ball and retain our determination, thi objective will be thwarted.

Therefore let us resolve, this New Year' Day, to retain an active interest in politi and world affairs; to follow closely the actio of our representatives in Congress and to ma sure that they express our will in the momentous decisions which they will be called up to make in the ensuing twelve months. Ou old habit of indifference to what goes o abroad must not be allowed to return. Eve when the fighting is over and our boys ar home, we must each of us continue to take lively interest in our country's foreign dealings.

If we do not, we probably will go throug all this again after a few years have passe The best means of prevention is to make th following our New Year's resolution for 1945: America must do her part to lead the worl to a peaceful, co-operative, and humane future. Let's make it and stick to it.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

What will be the
Air Giant of the Future?

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

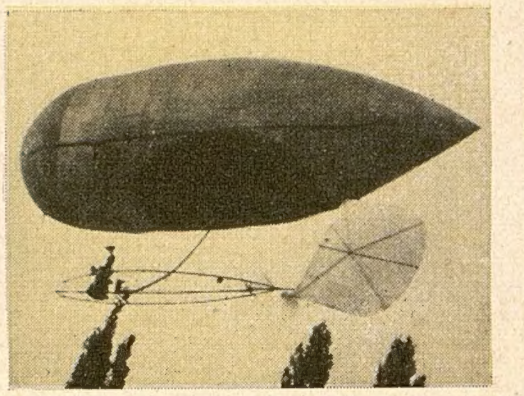
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

BUY
WAR
BONDS

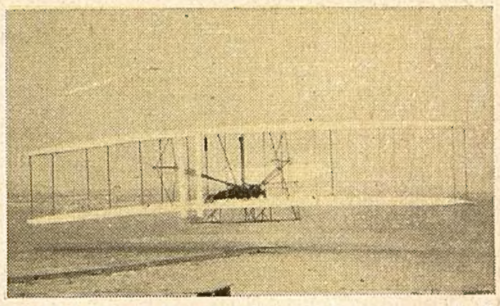
PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Air travel is an interesting topic. So is the way in which the name Corby's travelled from Canada to the U. S. A. Greatly respected by Canadians for 87 years, this light, sociable whiskey was accorded an immediate acceptance in state after state. You are invited to try Corby's as it becomes more available. Watch for your chance to meet the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.

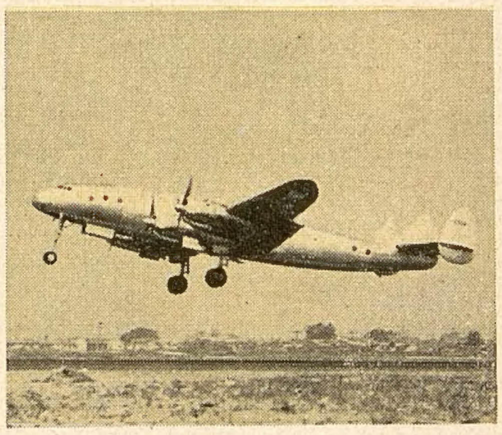
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



1900 **THE LIFTING POWER** of warmed air and various gases had been proved for over a hundred years. At this time, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian whiskey name for 42 years, balloon ascensions were still chiefly exhibition stunts.



1903 **THE FIRST** airplane carried one man aloft for 59 seconds. Early flights were limited to less than 25 miles. A French aviator successfully flew the English Channel in 1909, Corby's 51st year as a renowned Canadian whiskey name.



1945 **TODAY'S 70-TON** flying giants are only forerunners of huge and luxurious coming aircraft that will go around the world in less than 130 hours. Future air routes criss-cross the globe in this, Corby's 87th year as a grand Canadian name.

First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

Yours to enjoy
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

With its rare basic whiskies* drawn from precious pre-war stocks, Three Feathers is skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!... Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 12½% straight whiskey 5 years old, 12½% straight whiskey 6 years old, 15% straight whiskey 7 years old.